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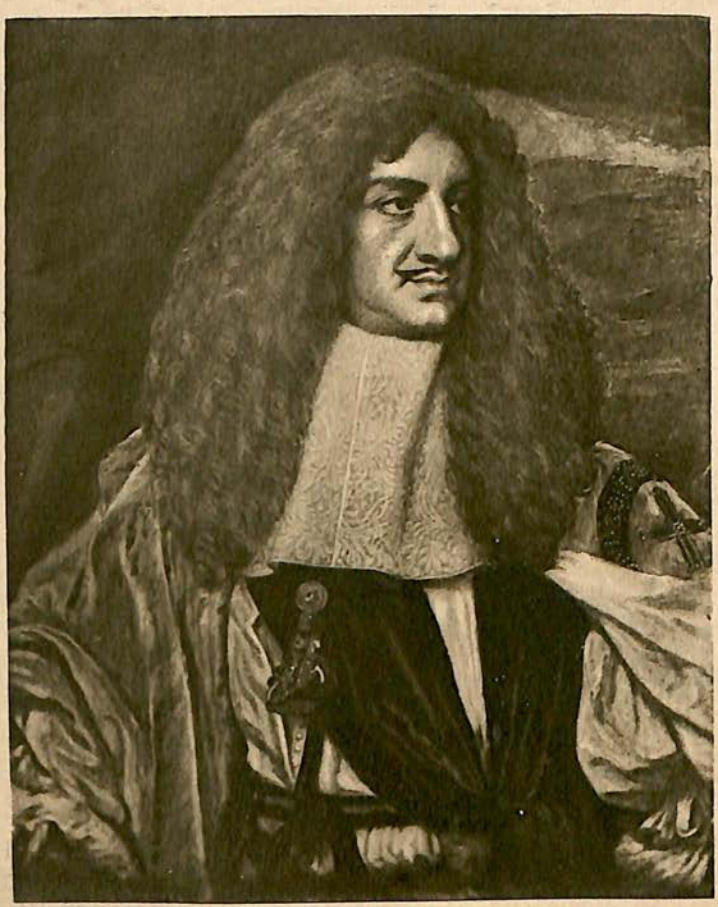
The Flight of the King

After the Battle of Worcester



Charles II.

The
Flight of the King

Being

A Full True and Particular Account of the Miraculous Escape of His Most Sacred Majesty King Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester

By Allan Fea

With Numerous Sketches & Photographs by the *Author* & 16 Portraits in Photogravure

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John Lane, *The Bodley Head*
London & New York
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"*Antiquities or remnants of history, are, as was said, Pictures of a Wreck; in which industrious persons by an exact and scrupulous diligence and observation, out of monuments, names, words, traditions, private records and evidences, fragments of stories, passages of books that concern not story, and the like, do save and recover something from the deluge of time.*"—BACON.

"*There are few episodes in the chronicles of real life which raise human nature so much in our own estimation as the story of the escape of Charles after the battle of Worcester.*"

JESSE'S "MEMOIRS OF THE STUARTS."

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press

To

FRANCIS WHITGREAVE, Esq.

And other descendants of those loyal families who risked their lives and fortunes in preserving the life of their Sovereign, the following pages are respectfully dedicated, to perpetuate the fast fading recollection of their fidelity and the memory of the old spirit of loyalty in England

CONTENTS

PART I

AN HISTORICAL TOUR FROM WORCESTER TO SHOREHAM

CHAP.		PAGE
I.	WORCESTER TO WHITELADIES	3
II.	WHITELADIES	17
III.	HOBBAL, EVELITH, AND MADELEY	25
IV.	BOSCOBEL AND THE ROYAL OAK	36
V.	MOSELEY HALL	63
VI.	BENTLEY HALL, LONG MARSTON, AND CIRENCESTER	81
VII.	ABBOTS LEIGH, CASTLE CARY, AND TRENT HOUSE	97
VIII.	CHARMOUTH, BRIDPORT, AND BROAD WINDSOR	129
IX.	FROM TRENT TO HEALE HOUSE	144
X.	FROM HEALE TO HAMBLEDON	161
XI.	FROM HAMBLEDON TO BRIGHTON	173
XII.	FROM SHOREHAM TO FÉCAMP	184

PART II

TRACT		
I.	A TRUE NARRATIVE AND RELATION OF HIS MAJESTY'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE FROM WORCESTER ON THE 3RD OF SEPTEMBER 1651, TILL HIS ARRIVAL AT PARIS	199

Contents

TRACT		PAGE
2.	A SUMMARY OF OCCURRENCES, RELATING TO THE MIRACULOUS PRESERVATION OF OUR LATE SOVEREIGN LORD, KING CHARLES II., AFTER THE DEFEAT OF HIS ARMY AT WORCESTER IN THE YEAR 1651	219
3.	EXTRACT FROM DR. GEORGE BATE'S "ELENCHUS MOTUUM NUPERORUM IN ANGLIÂ," 1662-3	237
4.	CAPTAIN ALFORD'S NARRATIVE	269
5.	COLONEL GOUNTER'S NARRATIVE	279
	APPENDIX	305
	PEDIGREES:	
	CARLOS FAMILY, OF BROOM HALL	307
	WOLFE FAMILY, OF MADELEY	309
	TOMES FAMILY, OF LONG MARSTON	311
	CONNECTION BETWEEN THE NORTON, TRENCHARD, LONG AND PENRUDDOCKE FAMILIES	313
	CONNECTION BETWEEN THE FAMILIES OF HYDE, GOUNTER AND SYMONS, AND THE DESCENT OF THE BLACKMANS FROM THE LAST-NAMED	315
	INDEX	339

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

King Charles II. (*From a miniature by Samuel Cooper in the possession of His Grace the Duke of Richmond.*) *Frontispiece*

Map of the King's flight from Worcester to Shoreham . 3

Charles's lodgings at Worcester: present day. (*From a sketch by the author*) 4

Charles's lodgings at Worcester in 1799. (*From an old drawing by J. Ross*, 1799) 5

Gloves left by the King at Worcester. (*From a drawing by W. B. Redfarn in the Anastatic Society's Publications*, 1877) 7

The "Old White Horse," Stourbridge. (*From a sketch by the author*) 15

House near Stourbridge where the fugitives halted. (*From a sketch by the author*) 16

The half timber house of Whiteladies, showing a portion of the older structure, which still exists. (*From a sketch by the author, enlarged from an old print in Blount's Boscobel*, 1660) 18

Whiteladies: present day. (*From a sketch by the author*) . 19

Dame Joan's headstone at Whiteladies: in 1809. (*From an engraving in the "Gentleman's Magazine,"* 1809) . . 20

Dame Joan's headstone at Whiteladies: present day. (*From a photograph by the Author*) 21

Hobbal Grange. (*From a sketch by the author*) 27

Mr. Wolfe's house at Madeley. (*From a sketch by the author*) 30

Old Court Yard, at Madeley. (*From a sketch by the author*) 31

List of Illustrations

PAGE

Barn where the King was hidden: Madeley. (*From a sketch by the author*) 32

Entrance to Barn: Madeley. (*From a sketch by the author*) 33

Tankard given by Charles II. to Francis Wolfe of Madeley. (*From a sketch by the author of the facsimile in possession of the Society of Antiquaries*) 34

Boscobel House: present day. (*From a photograph by M. Laws, Wolverhampton*) 37

Ancient barn at Boscobel. (*From a photograph by the author*) 38

The "Parlour" Boscobel. (*From a photograph by M. Laws, Wolverhampton*) 39

Exit from hiding-place in the chimney, Boscobel. (*From a sketch by the author*) 41

Entrance to the "Priest's Hole" in "The Gallery," Boscobel. (*From a sketch by the author*) 42

Hiding-place behind the wainscot in the "Squire's Bedroom," Boscobel. (*From a sketch by the author*) . . 43

Interior of "Priest's Hole," Boscobel. (*From a sketch by the author*) 45

Boscobel House: as it appeared at the end of the last century. (*From an engraving in Shaw's Staffordshire*, 1798, *reproduced in "The Gentleman's Magazine,"* 1809) . . 46

The successor to the Royal Oak: present day. (*From a photograph by the author*) 48

The successor to the Royal Oak: as it appeared in the beginning of this century with the old brick wall enclosure. (*From an engraving in the "Gentleman's Magazine,"* 1809) 49

Gold acorn vinaigrette, set with rubies and turquoise. (*In the possession of C. Penruddocke, Esq*). 53

Salver in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford; made from the wood of the Royal Oak 54

Medals commemorating the escape of Charles II. . . 55

Relics given by the King to the Penderel family. (*From engravings in "The Mirror," vol. xxi. p.* 345) . . . 60

List of Illustrations

PAGE

The Royal Oak Cup, said to have been originally intended for the proposed Knights of the Royal Oak. It bears the inscription: "Donum Munificentissimi Regis Caroli Secundo anno 1676." (*In the possession of the Worshipful Company of Barbers. From an engraving in Cripps' Old English Plate*) 62

Moseley Hall. (*From a sketch by the author*) 65

Back entrance, Moseley, approached from "The Long Walk." (*From a sketch by the author*) 67

Staircase, Moseley Hall. (*From a photograph by the author*) 68

"The King's Bedroom," Moseley. (*From a photograph by the author*) 69

Staircase, Moseley. (*From a Photograph by the author*) . 71

Entrance to hiding-place, Moseley. (*From a sketch by the author*) 72

Hiding-place where the king was concealed by Thomas Whitgreave, Moseley. (*From a sketch by the author*) . 73

Entrance to Thomas Whitgreave's "study" over the porch, Moseley. (*From a sketch by the author*) . . 75

Entrance to "the chapel," Moseley. (*From a sketch by the author*) 76

Impression (enlarged) from Thomas Whitgreave's signet ring 78

Entrance porch, Moseley. (*From a sketch by the author*) . 80

The old stables, Bentley Hall: present day. Where the King's horse was kept while he was in hiding at Moseley. (*From a photograph by the author*) 82

Bentley Hall. (*Sketch from an engraving in Plot's History of Staffordshire*, 1686) 83

Mr. Tomes's house, Long Marston. (*From a sketch by the author*) 87

Mr. Tomes's house, south side. (*From a photograph by the author*) 88

Mr. Tomes's house. (*From an old drawing in possession of Commander Carrow, R.N.*) 89

List of Illustrations

PA

Fireplace in the old kitchen, Long Marston. (*From a photograph by the author*) 90
The Long Marston "Jack." (*From a photograph by the author*) 91
Packington Old Hall. (*From a photograph in the possession of the Rt. Hon. Lady Aylesford*) 92
The "Sun Inn," Cirencester. (*From a sketch by the author*) 93
"King Charles's room," Sun Inn, Cirencester. (*From a sketch by the author*) 94
Old Gatehouse, Abbots Leigh. (*From a drawing in the King's Library, British Museum, by J. H. Grim, 1788*) . 98
Abbots Leigh Court in 1788. (*From a drawing by Grim in the British Museum*) 99
Abbots Leigh Court, side view. (*From a drawing by Grim in the British Museum*) 101
Gold pouncet box, given by Charles II. to Jane Lane. (*In the possession of the Rev. Vernon G. Yonge*) . . . 106
Snuff box, given by Charles II. to Jane Lane. (*In the possession of John Cheese, Esq. From a photograph by G. Ward, Amersham*) 107
Impression from the First Cut of the Lane Crest after the Grant by Charles II., 1678. (*In the possession of Colonel Cecil Lane*) 108
Exterior of the King's secret quarters at Trent House: present day. (*From a sketch by the author*) 111
"Lady Anne Wyndham's room," Trent. (*From a photograph by the author*) 113
Trent House in 1864. [The upper window above the flagstones which formed the garden boundary is that of Lady Wyndham's room.] (*Sketch by the author from a drawing by the Rev. J. S. Brooke, in the Anastatic Drawing Society's Publications of* 1864) 114
Interior of the Brewhouse, Trent. (*From a sketch by the author*) 115
Entrance to hiding-place, Trent. (*From a sketch by the author*) 116

List of Illustrations

PAGE

The King's hiding-place, Trent. (*From a sketch by the author*) 117

Cap worn by Charles II. at Trent House. (*Now in the possession of Mrs. Harbin of Newton Somerville. From a photograph by Messrs. Chaffin and Sons, Yeovil*) . . . 119

Melbury Hall, Dorset. (*From a photograph in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Ilchester*) 122

"Elsdon's Farm." (*From a sketch by the author*) . . . 124

Wylde Court, Hawkchurch. (*From a photograph by the author*) 125

Panelled room, Wylde Court. (*From a sketch by the author*) 126

Entrance porch, Wylde Court. (*From a photograph by the author*) 127

Jane Lane. (*From a rare print in the possession of E. W. Hennell, Esq.*) 128

The "Queens Armes," Charmouth: south side. (*From a sketch by the author*) 131

The "Queens Armes," Charmouth: south side. (*From a photograph by the author*) 132

The "Queens Armes," Charmouth: interior. (*From a sketch by the author*) 133

The "Queens Armes," Charmouth: as it appeared in the early part of this century. (*From an old drawing*) . . 135

Remains of the old "George Inn," Bridport. (*From a photograph by the author*) 137

Pilsden. (*From a photograph by the author*) 138

Remains of the old "George Inn," Broad Windsor. (*From a sketch by the author*) 141

Interior of Outhouse of the old "George Inn," Broad Windsor. (*From a sketch by the author*) 142

Remains of the Broad Windsor bedstead. (*From a sketch by the author*) 143

The "King's Arms," Salisbury. (*From a sketch by the author*) 145

The "King's Arms," Salisbury: window facing the yard. (*From a sketch by the author*) 149

List of Illustrations

PAGE

The "King's Arms," Salisbury: interior quadrangle. (*From a sketch by the author*) 150

The "King's Arms," Salisbury: corner of panelled room. (*From a sketch by the author*) 151

John Coventry's house, Salisbury. (*From a sketch by the author*) 153

Entrance to hiding-place in the summer house, Salisbury. (*From a photograph by the author*) 154

Summer house: showing the carved facing wherein is the peep-hole from the hiding-place. (*From a photograph by the author*) 155

Courtyard of the "George Inn," Mere. (*From a photograph by the author*) 157

Interior of "George Inn," Mere. (*From a sketch by the author*) 158

"King Charles's stairs," Mere. (*From a sketch by the author*) 159

Heale House. (*From a photograph by the author*) . . . 163

Carved oak fireplace, Heale House. (*From a sketch by the author*) 164

Racton House: south front in 1782. (*From a drawing by Grim in the King's Library, British Museum*) 170

Racton House: interior in 1789. (*From a drawing by Grim in the King's Library, British Museum*) 171

Punch bowl presented to the Symons family of Hambledon by King Charles II. (*This engraving has been reproduced by permission of the Sussex Archæological Association*) . 174

Old cottage, Racton: traditionally connected with the King's escape. (*From a sketch by the author*) 176

Bramber bridge. (*From a photograph by W. Fry, Brighton*) 178

Mr. Backshall's house, Beeding. (*From a sketch by the author*) 179

Ring given by Charles II. to Captain Tattersal. (*In the possession of Sir George Shiffner, Bart.*) (*From a photograph by E. Reeves, Lewes*) 187

Pension Grant to Robert Swan, and his Autograph. (*Facsimile of original document in the possession of E. W. Hennell, Esq.*) 193

List of Illustrations

PAGE

Charles II. (*From a miniature by Samuel Cooper in the South Kensington Museum*) . . . . . *To face page* 197

William Penderel at the age of 84. (*From a print in the possession of the author*) 205

Jane Penderel, mother of the Penderel brothers. (*From the Boscobel copy of a portrait in the possession of Henry Dutton, Esq., at Conway*) . . . . . *To face page* 209

Richard Penderel. (*By Zoust, formerly in the Jennens Collection.*) (*From a mezzotint by Houston in the possession of the author*) . . . . . *To face page* 212

"Trusty Dick." (*Richard Penderel.*) (*From a rare print in the possession of the author*) 217

Thomas Whitgreave. (*From a painting in the possession of the Whitgreave family at Burton Manor, Stafford*) *To face page* 219

Father John Huddlestone. (*From a portrait in the possession of Mrs. Stopford Sackville at Drayton House, Northants*) *To face page* 228

Jane Lane. (*From a painting in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Aylesford at Packington Hall, Warwickshire*) . . . . . *To face page* 237

Colonel John Lane. (*From a miniature by Samuel Cooper in the possession of the Rev. Vernon G. Yonge at Charnes Hall, Staffordshire*) . . . . . *To face page* 245

Charles II. and Jane Lane riding pillion. (*From a contemporary print in the possession of the author*) 249

Jane Lane. (*From a painting said to have been painted in* 1652, *in the possession of the Lane family at King's Bromley Hall, Staffordshire*) . . . . . *To face page* 252

Jane Lane. (*From a painting, attributed to Lely, in the possession of the Earl of Aylesford, at Packington Hall, Warwickshire*) . . . . . *To face page* 256

Tapestry needlework by Jane Lane representing portraits of Charles I., Charles II., James, Duke of York, and (?) the Earl of Derby.* (*In the possession of Mrs. Meyer of Wimborne.*) [*Jane Lane died before it was completed*] . 261

List of Illustrations

PAGE

Jane Lane. (*From a painting in the possession of the Rev. J. W. Darnbrough, and now at "High Berrys," Ripon*) *To face page* 264

Mary Lane (supposed portrait of). (*From a miniature in the possession of Mrs. Dilke* of York. This miniature is said to be Jane Lane, but it more probably represents her sister*) . . . . . *To face page* 269

Colonel (Sir Francis) Wyndham. (*From a painting [formerly at Trent House] in the possession of Mrs. Harbin at Newton Somerville, Somersetshire*) . . . . *To face page* 272

Mrs. Hyde of Heale. (*From a painting by Jansen in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon at The Grove, Watford*) . . . . . *To face page* 279

Dr. Humphry Henchman. (*From a painting by Lely in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon at The Grove, Watford*) . . . . . *To face page* 288

Colonel Edward Phelips. (*From a painting in the possession of W. R. Phelips, Esq., at Montacute House, Somersetshire*) *To face page* 296

Charles II. and Jane Lane riding pillion. (*From a painting by Isaac Fuller, in the possession of the Right Hon. the Earl of Roden at Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth*) 334

* It has been conjectured that the fourth portrait represents Henry, Duke of Gloucester, but it bears no resemblance to his features, besides being too old.

INTRODUCTION

WITH a purely historical aim in view, we have attempted in the following pages to illustrate the adventurous and romantic story of the escape of King Charles II. after the battle of Worcester, following step by step the hazardous journey from that city to the Sussex coast, and describing with pen and pencil the present condition or fate of the various houses which afforded the royal fugitive a safe asylum in the year 1651.

With this object, the first part of our work is therefore presented in the form of a tour taken in the present day; the thread of the story being sustained throughout from various authentic and contemporary sources, and from family and local traditions not hitherto recorded in a collective form.

The second part consists of five interesting pamphlets not included in Hughes's well-known and scholarly compilation, "The Boscobel Tracts," and will therefore form a supplement to that work. It will be as well for those readers who are not acquainted with the story of Charles II.'s

escape, to peruse these Tracts *first*; because, to avoid too much repetition, the "Historical Tour" (Part I.) does not pretend to embrace all the particulars of the king's adventures detailed in them, which are best read in their original form. The five Tracts are as follows: 1. "A True Narrative and Relation of His Most Sacred Majesty's Miraculous Escape from Worcester, on the third of September 1651, till his arrival at Paris."[1] 2. "A Summary of Occurrences from the Personal Testimony of Thomas Whitgreave and John Huddleston." 3. "An Extract from Dr. Bate's 'Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Angliâ.'" 4. "Captain Alford's Narrative." 5. "Colonel Gounter's Narrative."

The first of these Tracts was mentioned by Hughes as unreliable; but with the exception of one or two slight discrepancies, it is by far the most circumstantial record of the early part of the king's adventures, and in no way can it be classified with the erroneous account of Danvers.[2] It is particularly interesting as being the first printed article upon the subject, and it was evidently used freely by Blount for his "Boscobel" (1660), generally recognised as the most accurate descrip-

[1] The same account is given in "England's Triumph," &c., 1660.

[2] See Introduction to Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts." "A True Narrative, &c.," is reprinted in the "Harleian Miscellany," vol. iv. p. 441.

tion of the king's adventures. Blount's accuracy, however, may not go entirely unchallenged, for in the "Kingdom's Intelligencer" for the year 1662 we find the following announcement: "By express command from his Majesty, we are to acquaint the reader that a little book named 'Boscobel,' (being a relation of his Majesty's happy and miraculous escape after the fight at Worcester), hath divers errors and mistakes in it, and [is] therefore not to be admitted as a true and perfect narrative of his Sacred Majesty's deliverance."[1]

Tract 2, "The Summary of Occurrences," by Thomas Whitgreave and John Huddleston, is similar to the Whitgreave Narrative, given in the "Boscobel Tracts," but contains a little additional matter, viz., some further particulars described by Father Huddleston.[2]

[1] The king's own copy of Blount's "Boscobel," from the library of Barton Hall, Bury St. Edmunds, was sold recently (July 2, 1896) at Sotheby's for £14 15s. Strong doubts may be entertained as to the authorship of "Boscobel," for Dr. Nash, in his "History of Worcestershire," mentions a letter wherein Thomas Blount denies it: "How the world," he says, "comes to be so kind as to give it to me, I know not; but whatever merit it may have . . . . I do not choose to usurp it. I scorn to take the fame of another's productions: so if the same opinion prevails amongst my friends in your part of the world, I desire you to contradict it, for I do not so much as know the author of the piece."

[2] Hughes seems to infer that the Whitgreave "Narrative" was printed first of all in the *Retrospective Review* (1826), but it was published in the *Gentleman's Magazine* thirty-seven years before. See *Gentleman's Magazine*, June 1789, vol. lix. p. 592.

Introduction

The account in Tract 3, given by Dr. George Bate, M.D. (formerly physician to Charles I.), was, as he states, "delivered from the king's own mouth," and it is therefore interesting to compare this with Charles's narrative of his adventures, dictated to Samuel Pepys eighteen years afterwards.[1] The original MS. of the King's narrative (as we shall hereafter term it, to distinguish it from his earlier accounts of his adventures,)[2] is preserved in the Pepysian Library at Magdalen College, Cambridge, and is written in cypher similar to the world-famed "Diary." It was printed for the first time in 1766, by Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), by permission of Dr. Sandby, Master of Magdalen, some fifty-nine years anterior to the deciphering of the diary by Lord Braybrooke.

A few months after Charles II. had dictated at Newmarket this account of his flight, his brother James wrote to Pepys for a transcript, promising

[1] October 3 and 5, 1680.

[2] Viz., The account of his adventures as related to the Queen mother and Court in Paris, upon his arrival there in 1651, and that described on the quarterdeck of the *Naseby* [rechristened *The Charles*] in crossing to Dover, May 23, 1660. See Harleian MSS., British Museum, No. 991, Fol. 90; Pepys's Diary; Parliamentary History, &c. N.B. The particulars of his escape, given by the king while Cromwell was in power, must be taken with caution, because naturally his lips were in a great measure sealed for fear he might jeopardise the lives of those in England to whom he owed his safety; indeed, some of his statements were no doubt calculated to mislead his enemies.

that no copies should be taken of it.[1] The letter he received in answer is worthy of note, and ought to have found a place in the preface of Dalrymple's work: "For what your Royal Highness is pleased to command from me," says Pepys, "touching the Worcester Paper, my covetousness of rendering it as perfect as the memory of any of the survivors (interested in any part of that memorable story) can enable me to make it, has led me into so many distant inquiries relating thereto, as have kept me out of a capacity of putting it together as I would, and it ought, and shall be, as soon as ever I can possess myself of all the memorials I am in expectation of towards it: which I shall also, for your Royal Highness's satisfaction, use my utmost endeavours in the hastening; begging your Royal Highness in the meantime to receive this transcript of what I took from his Majesty's own mouth, with a considerable addition I have since obtained to it in writing from Colonel Philips, suitable to what I am promised, and daily look for from Father Hurleston" [*sic*].[2]

Tract 4, Captain Alford's story, is from the Tanner Collection of Manuscripts in the Bodleian

[1] Letter from the Duke of York to Pepys, Edinburgh, May 21, 1681. See Pepys's "Correspondence."

[2] Pepys to Duke of York, June 4, 1681, *ib.* A later edition of Dalrymple's "Account of the Preservation of Charles II." was published in 1803. It is reprinted in the "Boscobel Tracts."

Library, and appeared for the first time in print in Cary's "Memorials of the Great Civil War," 1842. Though this account contains many errors —the author, a merchant, and afterwards Mayor of Lyme Regis, being abroad at the time of the king's unsuccessful expedition to Charmouth—it is too interesting a document to be ignored.

"Colonel Gounter's Narrative," Tract 5, is undoubtedly one of the most valuable of all the accounts of the flight of the king.

The original manuscript of this, now in the British Museum, was found in a secret drawer of an old bureau, formerly in possession of the Gounter family, and purchased by a Mr. Bartlett, of Havant, when their ancient seat at Racton was dismantled about the year 1830. It was first published in a newspaper called the *Surplice*, and afterwards in Parry's "Coast of Sussex," 1833, and Cary's "Memorials," 1842. This MS., however, appears to have been known more than a century anterior, for the later editions of Blount's "Boscobel" (1725, 1748, &c.) evidently had reference to it, though the authority is not specified.[1]

Some MSS. formerly in possession of Samuel Pepys,[2] at Magdalen College, Cambridge; a very

[1] A MS. copy of the original is in the Tanner "Collection of Letters and Papers during the Year 1651," in the Bodleian Library.

[2] In the Pepysian Library we also found a MS. mentioned in the correspondence of both Evelyn and Pepys, viz., An account

scarce little book published in 1664, entitled "Miraculum Basilicon";[1] the Historical MSS. Commission Reports, and the Calendar of the State Papers (Domestic and Clarendon); the marginal notes to the original manuscript of Captain Ellesdon's letter to Lord Clarendon;[2] and the 1769 Worcester edition of "Boscobel," have furnished some additional and interesting details of the king's adventures.

"Whiteladies," published in 1660, the only copy of which is in the Greville Library of the British Museum, is word for word the same as the first edition of Blount's work.

"The Royal Oak," by John Danvers, published the same year, is, on account of its numerous inaccuracies, valueless as an historical document; and this we also found to be the case with the narrative given by Père D'Orleans from the manuscripts of the Advocate-General de Lamoignon, who visited England in 1665 and personally interviewed King Charles upon the subject.

of the Escape of Worcester, taken from Charles's dictation and the Queen Mother's letters at Paris, by Sir Richard Browne, and published by Mons. Renodant in the *Weekly Extraordinary*, Anno 1651. As this MS. treats mainly of the battle (similar in all respects to Blount's account), and says nothing of the escape, it has been of little service in the present work.

[1] "Miraculum Basilicon," by Abraham Jenings, 1664. The only copy we have come across is in the British Museum Library, but unfortunately many pages are missing.

[2] Now in the possession of Mrs. M. C. Bailhie-Hamilton.

Introduction

A Mr. Manning, of Leamington, privately published in 1861 a few sketches illustrative of the "Boscobel Tracts,"[1] but though of interest, they are unfortunately very much out of drawing. Some of these sketches were utilised by Harrison Ainsworth for the illustrations of his novel, "Boscobel," and they also appeared in a little work bearing the same title by William Parke, of Wolverhampton.

With the above exception, there has been, as far as we are aware, no other attempt to illustrate a fragment in history that should be popular, not perhaps for the sake of the hero of the adventures, but because it presents a picture—unequalled in the annals of the country—of the devotion of the subject to his sovereign.

But a word may be said in defence of the hero also. The character of the Second Charles, as drawn from his subsequent life, as we all know, degenerates into far from an ideal in any sense; but it must be remembered that had he been captured (and well for his memory, perhaps it had so happened!) a far different man would have been handed down to posterity. The cause alone, in which he came forward to avenge his murdered father, with many constituted him a hero, and

[1] The descriptions of the old buildings associated with Charles's escape, given by Hughes in the "Boscobel Tracts," are but brief, and the errors in the earlier edition of 1830 remain unaltered in the second of 1857.

inspired his subjects with feelings of loyalty and affection ; but his bravery, displayed at Worcester fight, and the chivalrous manner by which he vainly endeavoured to rally his troops—encouraging and entreating his men to stand to their arms —his presence of mind, fortitude, and generous good humour displayed afterwards throughout his many trials and sufferings—proved him to have possessed, at any rate in the prime of his youth, many excellent and noble qualities.

We cannot conclude these prefatory remarks without acknowledging the kind help and valuable assistance we have received on every side.

Among those to whom we are indebted we would especially mention Francis Whitgreave, Esq., of Burton Manor, Stafford,[1] and Charles Penruddocke, Esq., of Compton Park, Salisbury, who have been ever willing to supply such information as lay in their power.

To E. W. Hennell, Esq., an unrivalled authority upon the Stuarts, we are equally indebted for the generous way in which he has placed his most valuable collection of MSS., &c., at our service ; and to Rt. Hon. the Earl of Clarendon, Rt. Hon. the Earl of Roden, W. R. Phelips, Esq., Rev. V. G. Yonge, Rev. J. W. Darnbrough, Sir G. C. Shiffner, Bart., John Cheese, Esq., Mrs. S. A.

[1] We deeply regret to say that Mr. Whitgreave after a long illness died in June 1896.

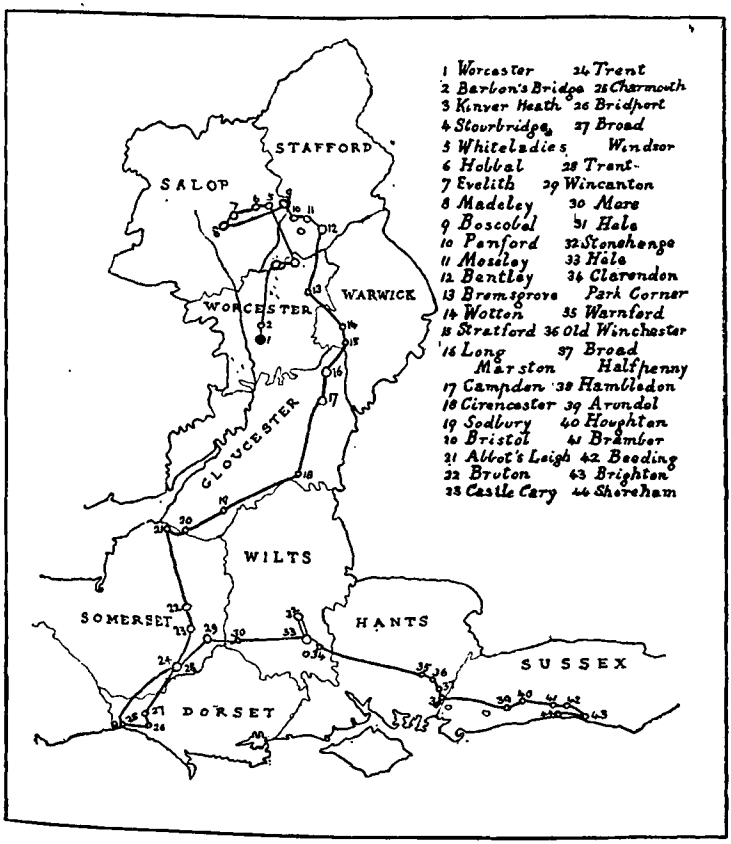
Bagot Lane, Mrs. Stopford Sackville, Mrs. Harbin, and Mrs. Dilke for permission to reproduce hitherto unpublished portraits, miniatures, &c., in their possession; and we are also under the greatest obligation to the following: Rt. Hon. the Earl of Ilchester, Sir Charles Isham, Bart., Hyde S. Tooker, Esq., Commander W. G. Carrow, R.N., Dr. Garnett, C.B., LL.D., J. W. Bradley, Esq., B.A., John G. Carlos, Esq., W. T. C. Giffard, Esq., Rev. Francis Lane, Rev. F. H. Arnold, Rev. J. B. Bloxam, Rev. L. B. Penley, Rev. Charles Druith, Colonel R. Gunter, M.P., S. H. H. Isaacson, Esq., H. Hall, Esq., Zachery Edwards, Esq., G. G. Alder, Esq., G. F. Hill, Esq., D. Nightingale, Esq., F.S.A., J. Penderel Brodhurst, Esq., Rt. Hon. Lady Aylesford, Mrs. M. C. Baillie-Hamilton, Thos. J. Mann, Esq., &c., and to the Sussex Archæological Society and the Society of Antiquaries.

PART I

AN HISTORICAL TOUR

FROM

WORCESTER TO SHOREHAM



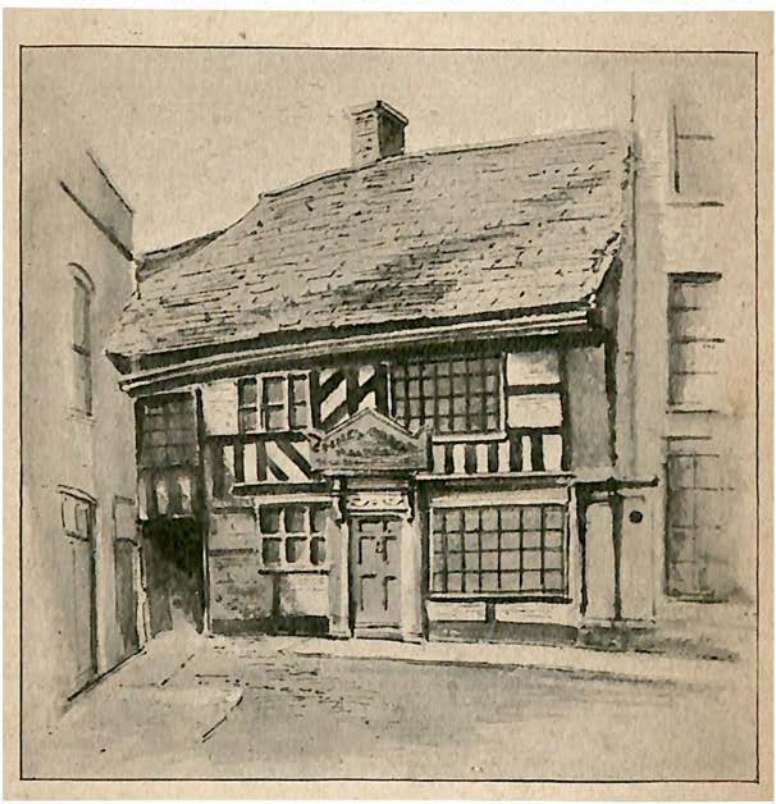
CHAPTER I

WORCESTER TO WHITELADIES

STARTING our historical pilgrimage at the "Faithful City," let us first ascend the ancient cathedral tower, as did the young king on the morning of September 3, 1651, to reconnoitre the dispositions of the enemy. To the east and south-east lie the entrenchments around Redhill and Ferry Wood:

the position occupied by Cromwell when he cannonaded the Fort Royal, the site of the fort itself being now marked by trees.

The meadows on the banks of the Severn at



the other end of the city, near the race-course, still retain the name of "Pitchcroft," where the Royalist troops lay the night before the disastrous battle. To the south-west, spanning the river Teme, are the remains of the old bridge of Powick, so gallantly defended by General Montgomery, ere

Fleetwood forced his brigade back into Worcester.

Descending the tower, let us turn our steps towards New Street. At the north end stand the remains of the old timber-framed house where the king lodged; the tradition being handed down to this day by its successive proprietors. We can, however, obtain but a poor idea of the dimensions of the original house, as the greater part was pulled down in the year 1799.

In the seventeenth century the mansion extended round the corner of New Street into the Corn-market; but this portion has been modernised. To the right of a door over a window is the following inscription:

"Love God [W.B. 1577. R.D.] Honor the Kinge."

The date in the centre probably points to the year of erection; "W. B." refers to Judge Berkeley, who was born here in 1584; and "R. D." to a Mr. R. Durant, who owned the house in 1651.

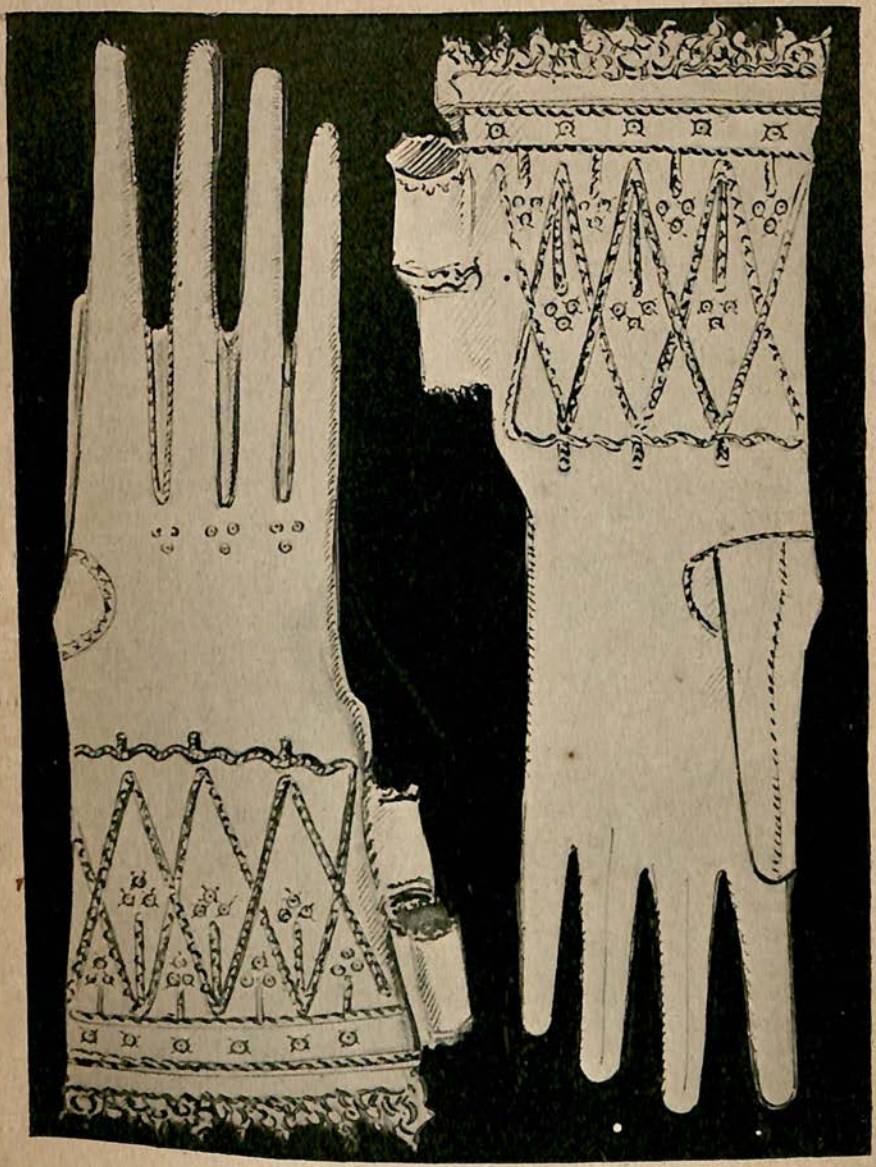
The Flight of the King

"Honour the King" is supposed to have been added subsequently, as it does not seem likely it would have been allowed to remain there during the Commonwealth.[1]

Much of the interior is interesting: the original staircase, panelling, and the king's bedroom fronting the Corn-market, containing a finely-carved mantel-piece and some old oak furniture, remain intact. In this room Major Corbett found the Royal Collar of "SS.," which he afterwards presented to the English Parliament.[2] Tradition has it that Charles had barely time to effect his escape by a back door as Corbett entered by the front, and the story is strengthened by the fact that the king, in detailing his adventures to the queen mother and the court upon his safe arrival at the Louvre, described "how he slipped out of Worcester, and how near he was taking there, first in the fort and *after in his chamber.*"[3]

The king's gloves and garters were long preserved in a now modernised house in the parish of Whiteladies[4] (which extends into Foregate), formerly in possession of the Cooksey family. The gloves (made of thin buff leather, with blue silk bands and silver lace and embroidery) in 1877

[1] *Vide* Green's "History of Worcestershire," vol. i., p. 283.
[2] *Vide* Lyon's "Personal History of Charles II.," p. 228.
[3] A letter dated from Paris, October 31, 1651. *Vide* Ibbetson's "Proceedings in Parliament," No. 109, p. 1690.
[4] *Vide* Stukeley's "Itinerary"; Laird's "Worcestershire," p. 162. This house must not be confused with White Lady, Aston, S.E. of Worcester, where Cromwell slept before the battle; or with the monastery of Whiteladies, near Boscobel.



were in the possession of A. J. Clark Kennedy, Esq.[1]

Of Sidbury and St. Martin's Gate not a vestige remains. The former stood north of St. Peter's Church, close to where the Worcester and Birmingham Canal goes under the London road; here it was that Charles, after his resolute attack upon Cromwell's entrenchments, had to dismount owing to an overturned ammunition waggon.

Blount seems to be uncertain whether this happened by accident or was upset intentionally to impede the pursuing party. Having effected his entrance by crawling between the wheels of the obstruction, the king speedily threw off his armour in Friars Street[2] and mounted a fresh horse.

A certain Mrs. Mary Graves claimed, in a petition to the restored monarch in 1660, to have sent him ten horses "furnished with men and money, and two empty, on one of which the king rode at Worcester, escaping from the field on the other."[3] But another version is given by Dr. Nash, the historian of Worcestershire, who transcribes the

[1] Anastatic Drawing Society, Ashby-de-la Zouch, 1877.

[2] In Friars Street, an old house is pointed out in connection with the king's escape. Miss Strickland, in "Historic Scenes," gives some of the traditions at Worcester, which must be taken *cum grano salis*. One of these has it that Charles changed clothes with his host and was lowered from a window in a blanket!

[3] Calendar of State Papers, 1660. Though Mrs. Graves petitioned frequently she does not appear to have received any gratuity; perhaps the name was remembered with no particular favour, for at the battle, a Colonel Graves was suspected of treachery. Colonel Raynes, who effected his escape, told this to Sir Edward Hyde, who mentioned it to Secretary Nicholas in a letter dated from Antwerp, October 21, 1651. (See Clarendon State Papers, vol. iii. p. 29.)

anecdote from the papers of Dr. Thomas, Dean and afterwards Bishop of Worcester, whose eldest daughter married the son of Mr. William Bagnal.[1] This gentleman then lived near Sidbury Gate; and according to the story, when the king, with Cromwell's cavalry close at his heels, arrived at the gate, he would certainly have been taken had not one of the inhabitants drawn a great waggon loaded with hay in front, blocking up the entrance so that a horse could not pass.[2] Hastily dismounting and crawling beneath the obstruction, a cry was immediately raised for a remount for the king, when Mr. Bagnal turned out his horse ready saddled, upon which Charles fled through the city and out at St. Martin's Gate.[3] But the donor never afterwards received any compensation either for his horse or saddle.[4]

[1] From a curious MS. diary of a resident at Worcester at the time, in possession of Sir Charles Isham, Bart. (to whom we are indebted for its inspection), he is described as "the Brewer in the Fryer Streete."

[2] There is a tradition in the family of Moore, of Elmley-Lovett, near Droitwich, that an ancestor of theirs was the person who assisted in Charles II.'s escape by blocking up Sidbury Gate. The Lodge, their old seat, one of the quaintest and most picturesque timber houses in the country, was unfortunately pulled down about the year 1880.

[3] "His Majesty mounted, the day being lost, then riding out at St. Martin's Gate and alonge by the Towne Ditche into the forgate Streete, and so his royal Majesty hapily escaped. Yet the cry throughout the city and army was nothing else but 'save the king,' not knowing what was become of him because they knew it was chiefly for him they looked after, who did breathe out nothing but his death and destruction: the next day being the 4 of September, the city was plundered, above three thousand slaine, and ten thousand taken prisoners."—MS. Diary of Thomas Vaulx (native of Worcester, Arms painter and Student of Heraldry), in possession of Sir Charles Isham, Bt.

[4] A story is told of a Scotch gentleman who brought water in his helmet to the king as he was leaving the city. At the Restoration he was granted large estates on condition that whenever a

Dr. Nash further records, that when a boy he saw several persons who were living in Worcester at the time of the battle, and remembered that "the streets ran with blood." It lasted from one o'clock until night.[1] The heat of the action lay in the east of the city; the fighting commenced in the western side, and the chief slaughter was between the end of Perry Wood and the Commandery.[2] To this old building was the gallant Duke of Hamilton carried in a dying condition. One of the Royalist cannon and some pieces of armour from the Worcester fight are preserved in the Guildhall and a document with the quaint entry:

"Paid for pitch and rosin to p'fume the hall after the Scots, 2s."

After the battle gibbets were erected, at the doors of many of the most active and loyal citizens —one of prodigious height at the mayor's door, who only escaped execution by death from fever. Cromwell having sent a party of horse northwards in pursuit of the fugitives, returned to London, being met at Acton by the members of the House, Aldermen, &c., and heartily congratulated on his "crowning mercy."[3]

Sovereign of England crossed his territory water should be brought and poured over the royal hands. This quaint custom is said to have been carried out, in a modified form, in our present Queen's first progress through Scotland; a descendant of the family presenting a golden ewer containing water, into which Her Majesty dipped her fingers.

[1] Diary of Sir Nicholas Lechmere (who was present). Before the battle Major-General Massey with 150 horse was quartered at Severn End, the grand old seat of the Lechmeres, near Upton-on-Severn. See Historical MSS. Com., Report 5, App. 299. [N.B.—Severn End burned down Oct. 24, 1896.]

[2] *Ibid.*, also Nash's "Worcestershire," vol. ii. App. cvi.

[3] "Boscobel," Worcester edition, 1769, p. 85.

The Flight of the King

Passing the site of St. Martin's Gate—a little to the east of St. Martin's Church—we will now leave the "faithful city," and follow Charles to Barbon or Barbourn Bridge, a stone erection crossing a tributary of the Severn, about a mile north of Worcester, where a hasty consultation was held as to the best direction to take for the king's safety.[1]

Deciding upon going northwards with the Duke of Buckingham, Lords Wilmot, Derby, and others of his small retinue, Richard Walker, one of Lord Talbot's troopers, acted as guide as far as Kinver Heath (the next place recorded), where the way was missed owing to the darkness of the night.

The late "Cuthbert Bede" has traced out this part of the journey according to the local tradition, viz.: through Barnhall, Ombersley, towards Hartlebury, then leaving Kidderminster to the left,[2] to Broadwaters, and across Lea Castle Park, where the particular dell down which the party rode is still pointed out,[3] and crossing the river Stour[4] by Blakeshall to the heath on Kinver Edge.

The Round Hill in this parish is pointed out as

[1] A young medical student named Thomas Cock was taken prisoner under suspicion of being the king, and after the Restoration petitioned for a mandamus to the University to grant him a doctor's degree as compensation. (See Calendar of State Papers, Domestic, 1660–61.)

[2] By way of Chester Lane and Green Hill. This is the route described by the late Mr. Frederick Manning, who was the authority of the late Mr. Tom Burgess in "Historic Warwickshire" (see "The King's Preserver," 2nd edition, p. 190), and Ainsworth in his novel "Boscobel."

[3] See Noake's "Notes and Queries of Worcestershire."

[4] *Notes and Queries*, April 1868, p. 350.

the spot where the second halt took place,[1] and here it was that Boscobel was suggested by the Earl of Derby, who spoke from personal experience of the merits of the secluded hunting-lodge as a hiding-place, having been concealed there only a few days previously in his flight from Wigan to Worcester.

The king, thinking the idea a good one, Mr. Charles Giffard being well acquainted with the country, came forward to lead the way with the assistance of "one Yates, a servant."[2] With regard to the latter, it may here be mentioned that, for the service he rendered the king on this occasion, he was shortly afterwards executed. A petition was presented to Charles, three years after the Restoration, by one William Hardwick, specifying that he was the brother-in-law of the late "Francis Yates, who guided his majesty to Whiteladies after Worcester fight—laid out most of his property in relieving and supporting his said brother and contriving his escape from prison, and, when Yates was found and put to death, was plundered of all he had for assisting him."[3]

In the year following, a warrant was granted to Elizabeth Yates for an annuity of £50, "her husband having been barbarously executed at

[1] See Scott's "History of Stourbridge," 1832.

[2] Blount's "Boscobel." In one of the petitions of Mrs. Graves, before alluded to, Francis Yates is therein described as *her* servant. (See Calendar of State Papers, 1663–64.)

[3] To this petition is annexed a certificate from the Duke of Buckingham, verifying the services of Francis Yates in conducting the king thirty miles from Worcester to Whiteladies; also to the fact of his being hanged for refusing to confess where he left His Majesty. *Ibid.*

Oxford for conducting the king from Worcester when violently pursued."[1]

We get an interesting glimpse of Kidderminster on the night of the disastrous September 3, from Richard Baxter, who then lived in the market place of the town. He records that he had just gone to bed, when hundreds of the defeated Royalists came galloping through, flying for their lives. A small party of Cromwellian soldiers who had just arrived from guarding Bewdley Bridge stationed themselves immediately in front of his house, firing upon the fugitives, and in the darkness and confusion securing what prisoners they could; "and till midnight," says Baxter, "the bullets flying towards my door and windows."[2]

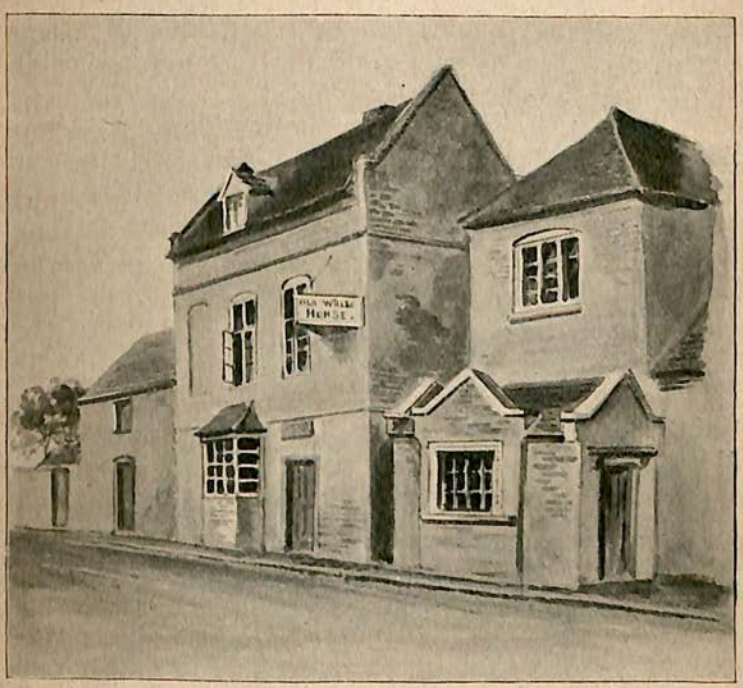
The king and his little calvalcade, however, had avoided Kidderminster, and turned out of the main road to avoid the bulk of the Scottish horse fleeing northwards, and passed through Stourbridge unmolested.[3]

The old White Horse Inn in the latter town is said to commemorate the steed Charles rode on this occasion. About a couple of miles beyond Stourbridge, at the bottom of the hill near the present Wordsley Church, is still to be seen an ancient red brick gabled house where a halt was made for a moment and "his majesty drank, and ate a crust of bread, the house affording no better provision."[4] The upper part is characteristic of

[1] See Calendar of State Papers, 1663–64.
[2] See Burton's "History of Kidderminster."
[3] King's "Narrative," and Blount's "Boscobel."
[4] Blount. Charles describing this part of his journey upon his

the seventeenth century, but the basement has been altered, and is now used as a butcher's shop.[1]

The fugitives, pursuing their course northwards at or near Himley, the high road bearing in the



direction of Wolverhampton would be left to the right, and a cross-country route taken through

arrival in Paris, said he rode with bread in one hand and meat in the other.—"Parl. Hist. Eng.," vol. xx. p. 77.

[1] An inn named the "Crab Mill" at Old Swinford, south of Stourbridge, is also traditionally pointed out as a halting-place upon the way to Boscobel.

The Flight of the King

Wombourne and the Wrottesley Woods[1] to the boundaries of Brewood Forest, where the se-

cluded house and monastery of Whiteladies was situated, which they reached just as the day was dawning.

[1] Near Merton Hill is a narrow lane along which the fugitives are said to have passed. (See Tettenhall Antiquarian Society Proceedings, May 1882.)

CHAPTER II

WHITELADIES

TURNING in at the gate leading from the high road to the sequestered spot where the ruins of the ancient Cistercian monastery stand, we can almost picture the group of cavaliers, worn out with the terrible day's fight and hard riding of nearly fifty miles, now at desperate extremity to preserve their lives, arriving at the half-timbered gate-house and hastily summoning George Penderel to give them admittance.

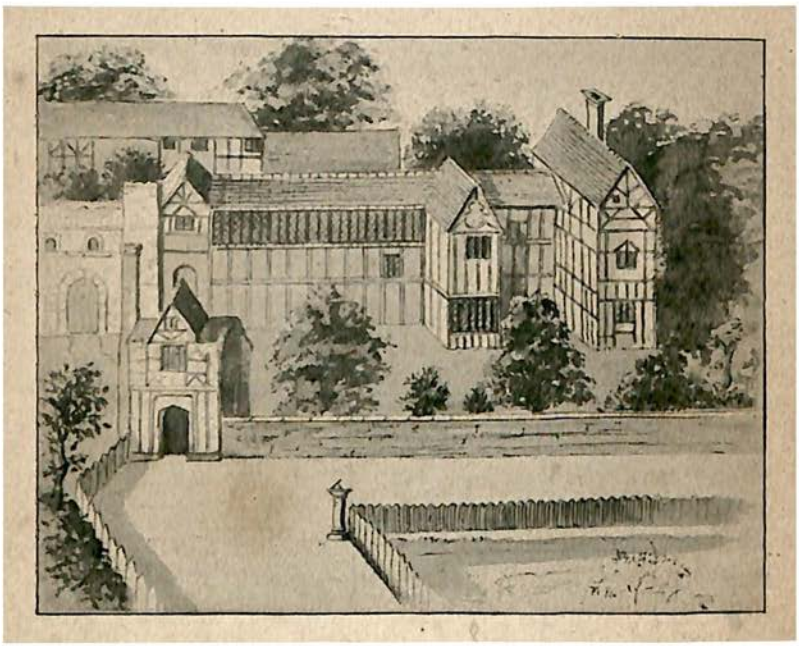
The scene of their first entry into the old hall, with the young king in their midst, not yet transformed into the unpicturesque yokel, "Will Jones,"[1] but with flowing hair and buff-coat—the king's panting horse brought inside for more security, and the bewildered Penderel anxiously inquiring news of the battle from his brother-in-law Yates—this surely is a scene worthy of the historical painter, and one that the late John Pettie, R.A., would have treated with strong dramatic power.

Of the quaint half-timbered mansion attached to the more ancient edifice not a vestige is left,

[1] "His name was agreed to be Will Jones and his arms a wood bill"—Blount's "Boscobel." This was afterwards altered to "Will Jackson."

though built at a much later period than the massive walls remaining. From the curious old engraving in Blount's "Boscobel," 1660, the house appears to have somewhat resembled the ancient Berkshire Manor House of Ockwells.

It was probably erected shortly before the



monastery was dismantled by Henry VIII. in 1536.[1] In 1651, the enclosure within the walls of the thirteenth century "chapel and cloister" of St. Leonard (for this part of the building was undoubtedly ruinous at this time[2]), was then, as

[1] See Eyton's "Antiquities of Salop."

[2] In a deed dated 1633, the monastery is alluded to as the *late* church of St. Leonard. (See Cotton Charters, IV. p. 13, British Museum.)

now, used as a burial-ground and partially as a garden.

A portion of the gate-house, converted into a shepherd's dwelling, was standing in 1790,[1] and two small cottages attached to the west side of the ruin (where the half-timber house stood, for the

foundations can be traced in dry weather), built of the old materials, were there until 1815.

An old shepherd living in the neighbourhood informed us that when a lad he had assisted in pulling them down.[2]

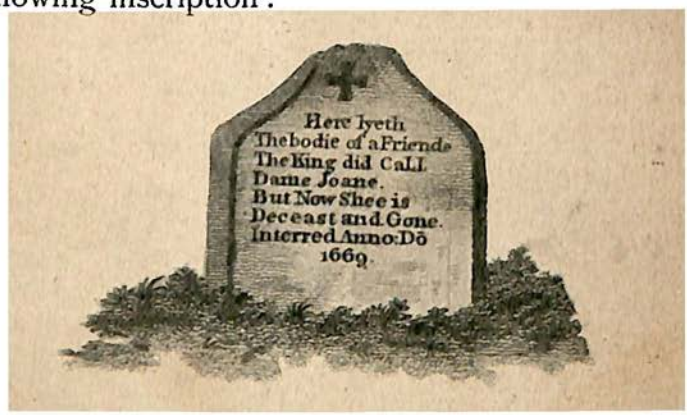
Humphry Penderel's mill was not far off—the site was a few years ago distinguishable by a large hole in the corner of an adjacent meadow. The mill-stone had lain there, time out of mind, and

[1] *Vide Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lx. p. 36.

[2] The Rev. Mr. Dodd mentions them as standing in the year 1812. *Vide Gentleman's Magazine*, new series, vol. xxxix. p. 504.

was eventually removed to the yard of White-ladies Farm, about half a mile from the monastery, where it is still to be seen. This farmhouse was built at the time the cottages were demolished, in fact the old beams and bricks were removed there and again utilised in its erection.

Within the Roman Catholic burial-ground, beside the north wall and near to a partially bricked-up archway, is a tombstone bearing the following inscription:



This is a fac-simile of the original tombstone of the "good wife" of William Penderel of Boscobel, which was destroyed in 1807, and not, as Mr. Hughes surmised, in close keeping of some neighbouring antiquary.[1] The new stone was placed there by the Rev. Joseph Dale, who gives some curious particulars concerning the original.[2] This gentleman first missed the stone in the year 1811, and for many years vainly endeavoured to ascertain what had become of it. Twenty-five years

[1] "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 53.
[2] *Gentleman's Magazine*, new series, vol. xxxix. p. 504.

afterwards, while some labourers were at work levelling the turf, the lower portion retaining the letters "Anno Do 1669" was dug up and put aside, but as ill luck would have it, this got broken up by accident and was mixed with the mortar to place on the top of the wall that now fills the lower part of the archway mentioned above. Mr. Dale at length learned from an old woman who had formerly lived in one of the aforesaid cottages,

that the "head-stone of Lady Dame Joan" had been smashed to pieces with an axe (about the year 1807) by a servant employed at Mees Hill Farm (in the neighbourhood) to scour the floors with!

Whiteladies passed by intermarriage, from the Giffards to the Fitzherbert family of Swinnerton,

near Stone, Staffordshire.[1] Frances, the daughter of John Giffard (the builder of Boscobel), married John, son of Thomas Cotton of Gidding Abbots, co. Hunts, whose daughter and heiress, Jane, marrying Basil Fitzherbert, brought the property into that family, to whom the ruins and adjacent lands of Whiteladies belong to this day, the present representative being Basil Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swinnerton and Norbury.

It may be stated here that the ancient family of Giffard—lords of the manor of Chillington, near Boscobel, since the eleventh century—is also represented by a lineal descendant, W. T. C. Giffard, Esq.

When Charles Giffard brought the king to Whiteladies, Chillington was sequestrated, and the head of the house, Peter Giffard (Charles Giffard's uncle, an active Royalist during the Civil War), made a prisoner.[2] At this time, Whiteladies then belonging to the widow of John Cotton,[3] no less than five several families lived there.[4] Besides Charles Giffard and his wife,[5] there were George Giffard, "who occupied an apartment in the house;"[6] two

[1] The family came originally from Norbury, Derbyshire, where they owned lands in the reign of Henry II.

[2] The existing mansion of Chillington was erected in 1787 on the site of an ancient Tudor structure.

[3] John Giffard left Whiteladies and Boscobel to his daughter Frances and her intended husband, John Cotton, in 1632, he retaining a life interest in the estate. Boscobel was sold by the Fitzherberts to the Evans family early in this century.

[4] See Blount's "Boscobel," Part I.; "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 251.

[5] "Mistress Giffard brought his majesty some sack and biscuit."—Blount's "Boscobel," p. 212. This is the only allusion to the wife of Charles Giffard.

[6] *Ibid.* p. 241.

of the brothers Penderel, viz., George, acting as a servant, and John, "as a kind of woodward there;"[1] a Mrs. Anne Andrew, who took charge of the king's clothes when he changed them for Richard Penderel's green suit and leather doublet;[2] Edward and Bartholomew Martin (the latter a boy in the house); and an old priest named Walker.[3]

But to return to the night of the arrival of the fugitives in the early hours of the morning of September 4, 1651. Charles being taken into the "inner parlour," the Earl of Derby[4] presently introduced William and Richard Penderel, for whom he had sent,[5] and a disguise being effected with as much expedition as possible, the latter led him out by a back way to an obscure part of the surrounding woods, called then, as it is now, "Spring Coppice."

The king's safety being provided for, his loyal

[1] See Note by Father John Huddleston to King Charles's narrative dictated to Pepys, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 151.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Ibid.* p. 149.

[4] William Penderel and his wife had secreted the Earl and Colonel Roscarrock only a few days previously, who after the defeat at Wigan had been conducted there as a safe asylum by Mr. Richard Snead.* On leaving Boscobel, Lord Derby had proceeded to Gatacre Park, which house was also celebrated for its hiding places. From Gatacre he went on to Worcester where he joined the king. The old house was pulled down not many years ago and is succeeded by a modern erection.

[5] The father of the Penderel brothers (who died before the battle of Worcester) had acted as under-steward of the estate of the Giffards.

* The Sneyds of Keele Hall, Staffs, have been stationary since the reign of Henry VIII. to the present day. Walter Sneyd is the present representative. The family being pre-eminently Royalist suffered considerably during the Civil War.

adherents galloped off towards Newport, near which town the majority were shortly afterwards taken prisoners by the enemy.[1]

[1] The Earl of Derby was captured and afterwards beheaded. The Duke of Buckingham escaped and lay concealed at Bilstrop, Notts, and Brooksby, Leicestershire, afterwards escaping to London and then to France. Lord Talbot lay hidden for some days in his family seat, Longford House, near Newport, Salop. The Earls of Lauderdale and Cleveland, among others, were captured and imprisoned in the Tower, the former being eventually released by the intercession of his wife, who is said to have had great influence with Cromwell; indeed, according to Bishop Burnet, "his intrigues with her were not a little taken notice of." Charles Giffard was taken prisoner with the Earl of Derby but effected his escape from an inn in Bunbury, Cheshire. At the Restoration he received a pension of £300.

CHAPTER III

HOBBAL, EVELITH, AND MADELEY

In a secluded part of Spring Coppice, whither Richard Penderel had conducted him, Charles spent the greater part of the day (owing to the continuous rain) under one of the thickest trees, which, as Dr. Plot says, "not being well noted has lost the honour that was after given the oak near Boscobel House."[1]

His honest companion having borrowed a blanket from the house of his sister-in-law, Elizabeth Yates herself brought out some food to the king which she had hastily prepared at the request of Penderel.[2]

Worn out with want of sleep Charles remained in the wood until dusk, when it was agreed upon that Richard should guide him to Madeley with the hope of being able to cross the Severn into Wales by the aid of Mr. Francis Wolfe, a staunch Royalist of Penderel's acquaintance,

[1] Plot's "History of Staffordshire," 1686.

[2] Richard Penderel certified in Mrs. Mary Graves's petition (see *ante*) that Yates's wife "was the first person who brought him (the king) meat, which he ate in a blanket;" also that Charles afterwards borrowed ten shillings from Yates "for a present necessity, and was pleased to take his bill out of his hand, and keep it in his own, the better to avoid suspicion." Mary Graves claimed to have maintained Yates's wife and children after he was executed. (See Calendar of State Papers, 1660).

The Flight of the King

The hardships encountered upon the night's journey to Madeley naturally were deeply impressed upon the king's memory, for he has graphically described this part of his adventures.[1] Lord Clarendon, to whom he detailed the particulars of his escape upon his arrival in France, says how "he many times cast himself upon the ground with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning that he might shift with less torment, what hazard so ever he ran. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better and sometimes assuring him that he had but little farther to go."[2]

The distance from Spring Coppice to Madeley is about nine miles, and the walk a delightful one. Passing Whiteladies and crossing some meadows, an old bridle path, still called Hobbal Lane, leads, in a little over a mile from the monastery, to the home of Richard Penderel and his mother.[3]

The modest little timber cottage—but little altered since Charles's time—with an old barn adjacent and its picturesque orchard and rural surroundings, form a very pleasing picture. Inside "The Grange" (!)[4] is a quaint little room where

[1] King's narrative (1680), "Boscobel Tracts," p. 147.

[2] Extracts from Clarendon. "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 116. (N.B.—There is no doubt that here Clarendon is describing the journey *to* and not from Madeley to Boscobel.)

[3] Richard Penderel died February 8, 1671, of a rapid fever, at the house of Mr. Henry Arundel in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, where he was buried. (See *Notes and Queries*, March, 1892. N.B.—The black marble slab of the old tomb at present forms the base of the later one, *ibid.*)

[4] "Grange"—a farmhouse; a barn or granary; a small hamlet. In Lincolnshire a lone farmhouse is still so called."—Halliwell's "Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words."

Hobbal, Evelith, and Madeley

Jane Penderel, the mother of the loyal brothers, was presented to His Majesty and his disguise perfected for the forthcoming journey.[1] Another mile along the deserted bridle-path and we are in the pretty village of Tong, with its grand old church and extraordinary Georgian castle. Presently crossing the main road from Shifnal to Wolverhampton, at a little over two miles from this spot, there is a picturesque dip in the road which is here beautifully wooded, and at the bottom is Evelith Mill where the fugitives so unnecessarily scared the Royalist miller[2] and quitted the road to wade the little brook, now a very unformidable stream and rather different from the "scurvy river" which Charles entered first in case it should be necessary to swim across.[3]

On the further side of the little valley is the "very deep and very dirty lane" which they ran up until they could run no further.[4] The mill itself is a modern erection; the second that has succeeded the one in the narrative.

Passing through the village of Kemberton the unsightly shafts of the Madeley and Ironbridge coal-pits loom in the distance, promising an unwelcome stretch of "the black country."

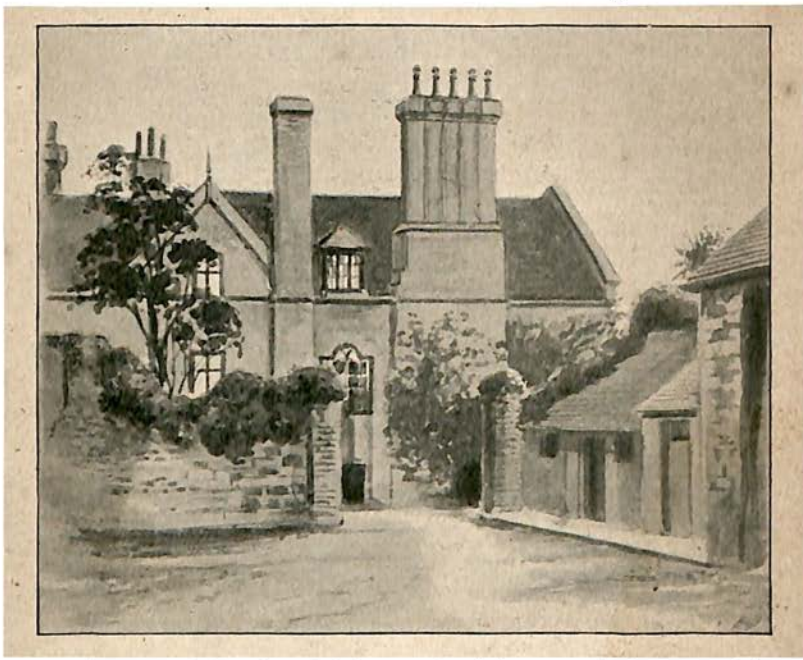
Upon nearing Mr. Wolfe's house, Charles waited in a field "under a hedge by a great tree," while Richard Penderel went to inform the inmates

[1] According to Blount, Charles went into Hobbal Grange; the king, however, in his narrative differs upon this point; but there are many errors in Charles's own account of his adventures dictated nearly thirty years afterwards (1680). The details described in "A True Narrative, &c." (see Part II., Tract 1 of this work) is probably the correct version.

[2] See Part II., Tract 1, of this work. "A True Narrative, &c."

[3] See King's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 157. [4] *Ibid.*

that the king was close by, seeking their help and protection; whereupon he was immediately admitted.[1] The old house (now called the "Upper House") is still standing, but has been very much



modernised both within and without; indeed, with the exception of an old panel with the initials

W
F. 1621. M.

there is but little of ancient date to arrest one's attention.

In an attic a "priest's hole" retaining a wooden bench can still be seen, there is however no secrecy about it now, it having been converted into a cupboard.

"Mr. Wolfe durst not put me into the hiding holes of his house," says Charles, "because they had been discovered and consequently if any search should be made, they would certainly repair to these holes; and that, therefore, I had no other

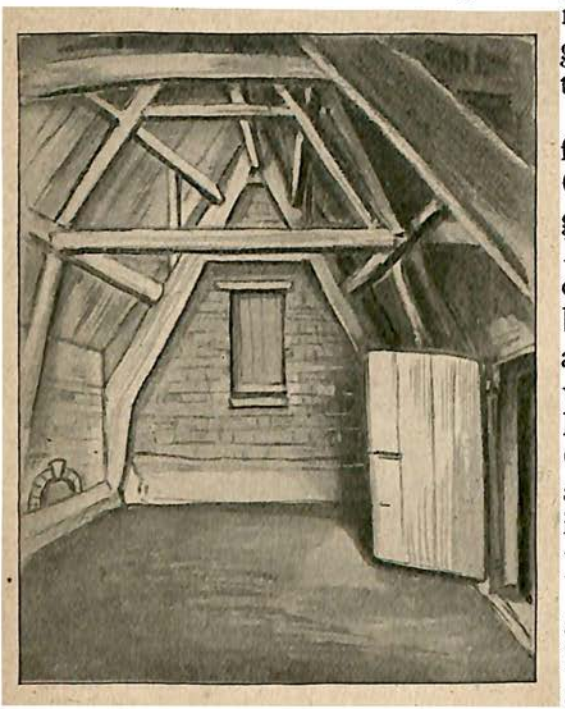
way of security but to go into his barn and there lie behind his corn and hay."[1]

The old barn, courtyard, and outbuildings remain more in their original state than the house. The former has been recased with brick, but the ancient timber framework remains unaltered and the corner where the king lay hidden is still pointed out.

Of recent years it has been used as a malt-

[1] King's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 156.

house. The big gateway leading into the road from the yard is the way by which Penderel and Charles approached the house; the barn is on the left of this, and runs at right angles with the road, the end gable abutting upon it.[1]



It appears from the Church Register that Francis Wolfe died December 7, 1666, aged 84, which would make him 69 when Charles was at his house in 1651. His wife Mary Wolfe (who stained the king's hands and face with walnut leaves the better to disguise him) died in 1667.

[1] The barn in after years was utilised as the market house, the butchers' shambles being still discernible. W. F. Legge, Esq., to whom we are indebted for inspection of the "Upper House," informs us that since our visit, a picturesque gable end of the old stables has been rebuilt owing to its becoming insecure. Madeley Court, a remarkable old Tudor mansion (now unfortunately in a deplorable state of dilapidation), was the seat of Sir Basil Brooke, who at John Giffard's house-warming, so aptly christened Boscobel from the Italian words "Bosco bello."

Their daughter Ann (who admitted Penderel to the house on the night of the tramp to Madeley) lived until 1672.[1] Besides Ann there were four sons—Francis, John, Thomas, and Lawrence. We hear of Francis in the year 1679, when it was moved in the House that he "might have leave to come to, and stay in town," the laws

then being very strict with regard to Popish recusants.[2]

Descendants of the second son, John, can be traced down to the year 1764. From Thomas, the third son, was directly descended the late Richard Woof or Wolfe, for many years town clerk of Worcester, and the last representative of

[1] Church register, Madeley.
[2] See House of Lords MSS. xiii. 554, May 5, 1679. (Report II. Appendix 1–3 of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, p. 142).

the family : he died in 1878, and from his papers, left to the Society of Antiquaries, we have gleaned some interesting particulars. It appears that the year after the Restoration, the services of the

Wolfe family were recognised by Charles, who offered them an annuity, but being then in prosperous circumstances, they declined pecuniary reward, but in lieu asked for an augmentation of their arms. An imperial crown was added to

their crest of a demi-wolf,[1] and the king further presented Mr. Wolfe with a service of plate and a silver tankard, engraved with the Wolfe arms embellished with the crown.

This tankard was purchased about the year 1789 at a sale at Madeley (until which date the Wolfes had lived there), by a Mr. Reynolds of Coalbrookdale, to whose descendants it still belongs.

A fac-simile of the tankard was left by the above-mentioned Richard Wolfe,[2] to the Society of Antiquaries, with his papers. The original was exhibited at a meeting of the Lancashire and Cheshire Historic Society in 1851, by W. Rathbone, Esq., a grandson of the purchaser.

[1] Granted by Royal Warrant, July 4, 1661. (See copy in Appendix.)

[2] See pedigree of the Wolfes in the Appendix.

CHAPTER IV

BOSCOBEL AND THE ROYAL OAK

THE River Severn being strictly guarded and the ferry-boats secured, all hope of effecting a crossing was now abandoned, and there was nothing to be done but to return to Boscobel and seek refuge there, it being considered a far safer retreat than Madeley; Charles, therefore (on the night of September 5), accompanied by the faithful Richard Penderel, and guided upon the way for the first mile or so by Mr. Wolfe's maid,[1] retraced his steps to Evelith and thence to Boscobel.

At John Penderel's house[2] they heard the news that Lord Wilmot had found safe quarters at Moseley, and that Colonel Carlos had also come to seek refuge at Boscobel, fearing to return to his own estate at Broom Hall in the neighbourhood of Brewood.

Leaving Charles in Boscobel Wood, Richard Penderel speedily brought Carlos out to him, who was overjoyed to find the king in safety and in such good hands. The three now returned to

[1] *Vide* Part II., Tract 1, "A True Narrative, &c." Wolfe's maid is also mentioned by Blount among those who assisted in the escape.

[2] See King's narrative. Probably Whiteladies is here meant, for John lived there. (See *ante*, chapter ii.)

the house, and the wife of William Penderel attended to the king's footsore condition, and prepared a hasty meal prior to his acting upon Carlos's suggestion of concealing himself in the wood in preference to the house, as it was now daylight and the latter would probably be searched.

But before we proceed with the story let us describe this historical spot.

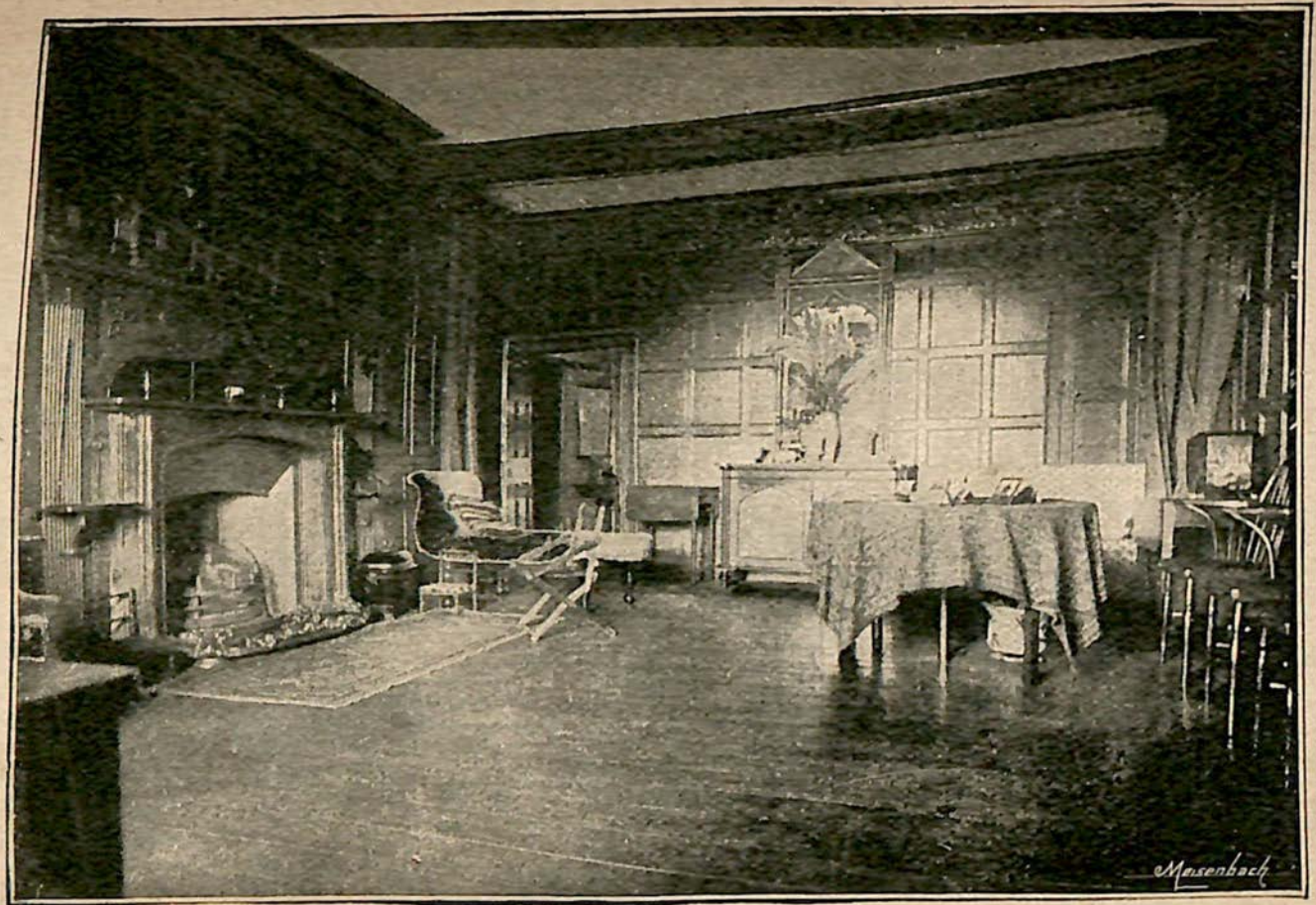
Even now, one might pass along the road without catching a glimpse of the secluded old hunting-lodge, so hidden is it with trees and hay-ricks, and far different from the majority of conventional "show-houses." It is a pleasant surprise to find so peaceful an old-world charm about its timber-built barns and picturesque surroundings, not to mention a beautiful prospect to be

obtained of the Wrekin and the Welsh Mountains from the elevated ground between here and Whiteladies.

The roomy old garret—"cheese room" or "gallery," which the king preferred to his close quarters in the hiding-place—with the window

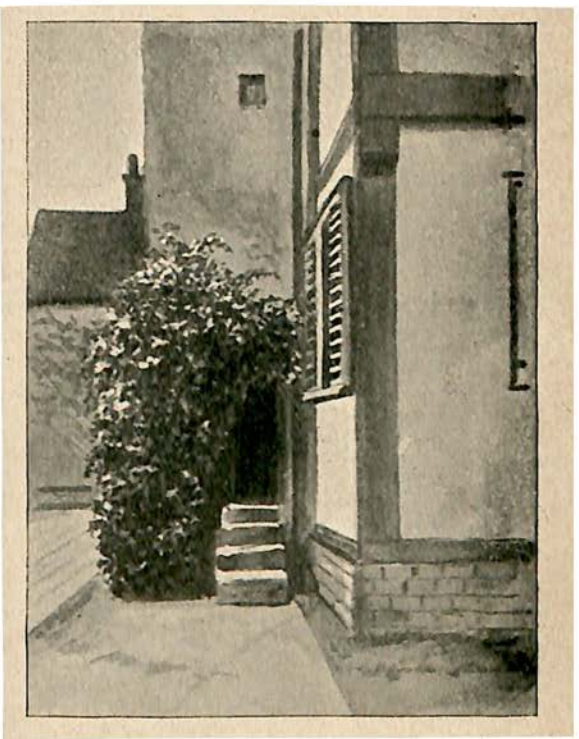
"surveying the road from Tong to Brewood," is far more interesting to our mind than the more pretentious "parlour or music room," whose painted panels, marble fireplace, and modern window, whatever may be said in their favour, do not carry us back to the seventeenth century.

From the "parlour" a door to the left leads up a few steps into a little oratory known as "the king's study." More interesting is the "squire's bedroom,"


Mosenbach

a large room on the first floor, having a less modernised appearance than the apartments below.

The hiding-place behind the wainscoting, near the fireplace, is one of Brother Owen's ingenious contrivances for secreting recusants,[1] but, as in the case of most existing examples, an ordinary door has succeeded the sliding panel. In 1809 "the concealing-place behind the wainscot" had been long stopped up; the present door of admission was made about the year 1812, when Boscobel passed into the possession of the Evans family.[2]

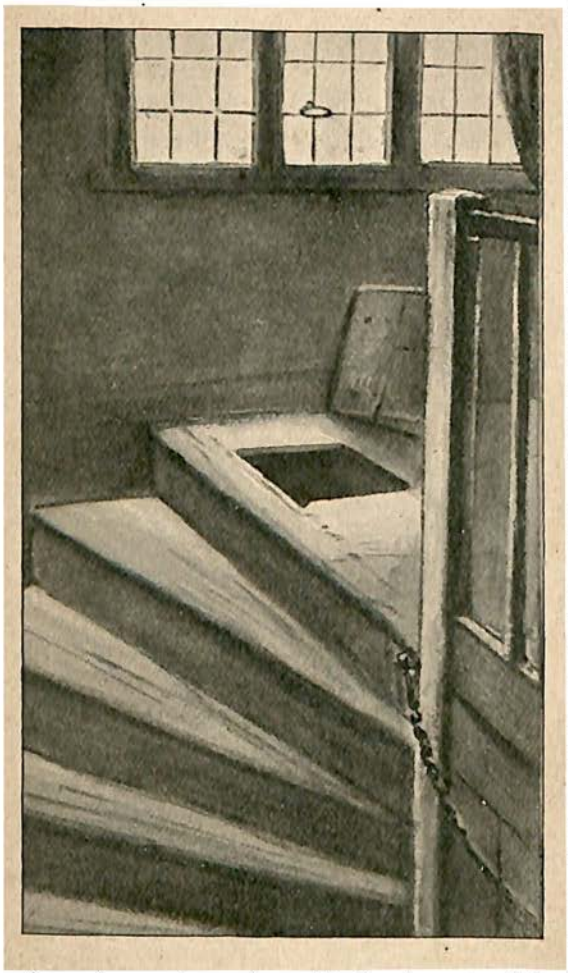


[1] The Jesuit, Nicholas Owen, nicknamed "Little John," devoted the greater part of his life to designing and constructing these secret hiding-places or "priest's holes," in the principal Roman Catholic houses all over England. (See Tanner's "Vitæ et Mors," 1675, p. 75.)

[2] Since the death of the late Sir Thomas Evans, the property has passed into the hands of the Rev. Canon Carr.

The Flight of the King

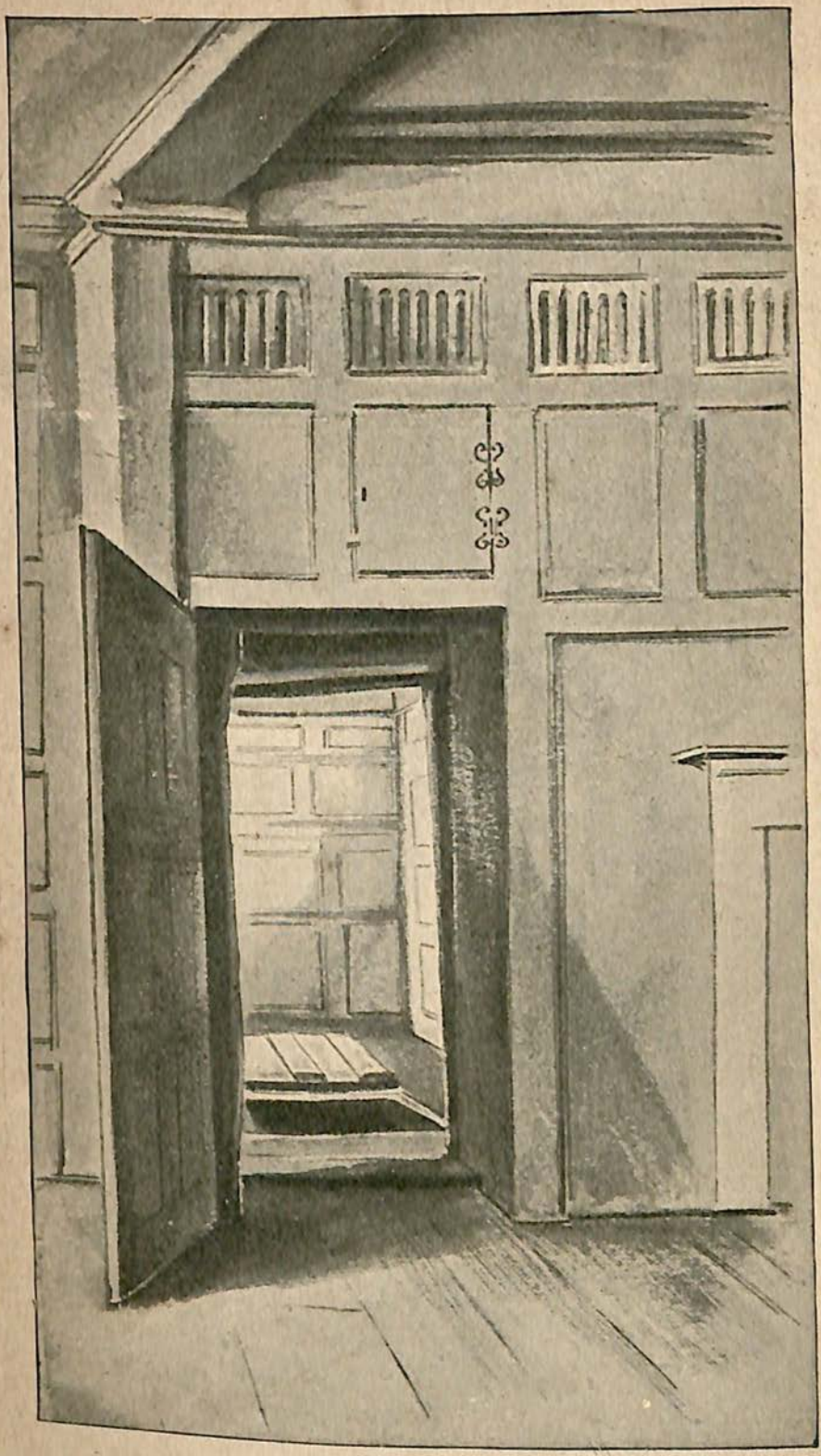
The recess in the great chimney-stack measures about five feet across, and a trap-door in the floor



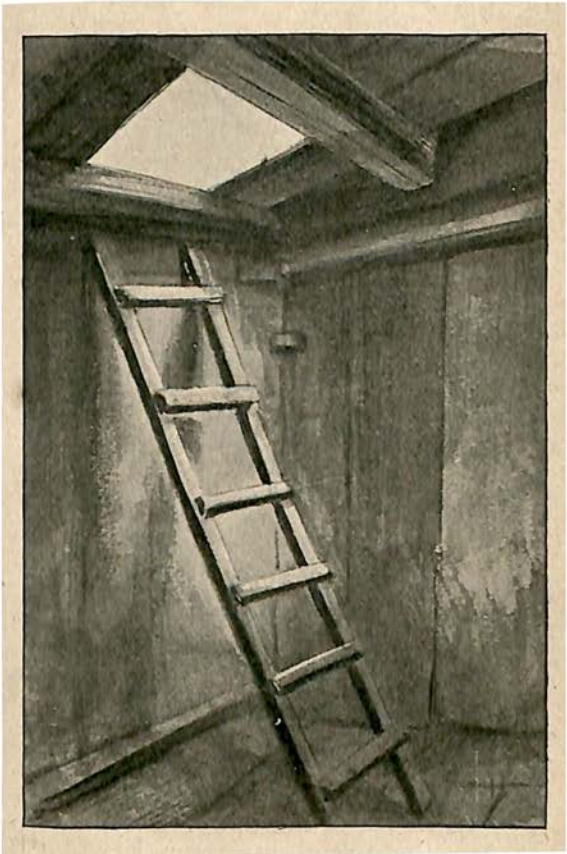
gives access to the hiding-hole, and from this one could formerly descend, by means of steps in the chimney shaft, to an exit leading into the garden.[1]

The other hiding-place, better known as "the priests' hole," is entered through a small square trap-door in the floor of the before-mentioned garret, and has a small ladder leading down into it. Referring to this latter hiding-

[1] This exit is now a very palpable doorway. It is said to have been formerly screened from observation by thick creepers.



place, Hughes says: "It is a mere low, flat hole, covered by the floor, and in no wise connected with any anecdote." From Blount's description, however, it seems most likely that it was here that Charles spent the night of September 6: "On Sunday morning his majesty got up early (his dormitory being none of the best, nor his bed the easiest), and near the secret place where he lay had the convenience of a gallery to walk in, where he was observed to spend some time in his devotions, and where he had the advantage of a window which surveyed the road from Tong to Brewood."[1]



[1] Blount's "Boscobel," Part I. ("Boscobel Tracts," p. 231). In 1785–6 this hiding-place in the garret was shown as that in which

The Flight of the King

Dr. Stukeley, who visited Boscobel in 1713, when a granddaughter of William Penderel was still living in the house, alludes to the garret as the "Popish chapel," so doubtless here as in many ancient Catholic houses, this part of the

building was reserved for the religious rites of the once strictly forbidden faith.

Until the year 1790, there existed at the east angle of Boscobel House, a semicircular projection containing the original staircase. Many alterations have subsequently been made, viz., a new staircase constructed, the principal entrance removed,

the king lay. (See *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1790.) It is now pointed out as having been occupied by Colonel Carlos, while the king was secreted in the other hiding-place.

and the area of unenclosed land in front of the house laid out as a pleasure-garden.[1]

The gentleman who purchased Boscobel from the Fitzherberts in 1812 (Mr. Walter Evans), made further alterations, restoring the house, by the aid of the quaint, old seventeenth-century plan in the early editions of Blount's work, into something of its former state. In the engraving is represented a curious octagonal stone table with a stone bench all round it, standing near the corner of the wood and not far from the "royal oak."

"His majesty," says Blount, "spent some part of this Lord's-day in reading in a pretty arbour in Boscobel Garden, which grew upon a mount,[2] and wherein there was a stone table and seats about it, and commended the place for its retiredness."

Now, from this description, it would appear that there were two stone tables, one in the arbour and the other in the wood. Blount possibly may have confused the two, for the arbour conspicuously placed upon the mount could scarcely be commended for its "retiredness," while the position of the stone table within the wood was a far more secluded and likely spot for Charles to select under the circumstances.

Towards the end of the last century the old stone table had been removed, and was standing up against the side of the house.[3] To-day the curious may still trace its remains, as one half now

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lx. p. 36, and vol. lxxix. p. 105.

[2] The idea of having a summer house erected upon a hillock in the garden probably comes from abroad. One similar to that at Boscobel still exists at Nagy Szöllös, according to the Hungarian writer Jókai.

[3] *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. lx. p. 36.

forms the doorstep under the rustic porch and the other a step by the little wicket gate leading from the garden into the meadow where the present "royal oak" stands.

Of recent years there has been a growing tendency, especially in the neighbourhood of Bos-

cobel, to believe that the existing "royal oak" is the identical tree where the king was concealed, but there can be little doubt that it is a successor, grown from one of its acorns.

The diarist Evelyn tells us that the tree was killed in *his time* by "the people, who never left hacking of the boughs and bark, till they killed the tree."[1] Even in 1660, all the young branches

[1] "Silva: or a Discourse on Forest Trees, &c.," 1704.

had been lopped off by visitors anxious to obtain loyal relics.[1]

In 1702, nothing but the trunk was remaining, and had nearly been cut in two by curious travellers,[2] when the wall was erected around it by Basil Fitz-

herbert,[3] and this was standing *before* 1690, for the rector of Donington (in which parish Boscobel stands), writing in 1707, alludes to it as having been built about twenty or thirty years previously.[4]

The first mention of the existing tree was in

[1] Blount's "Boscobel," 1660.
[2] Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, September 26, 1702.
[3] Gough's addition to Camden's "Britannia," vol. ii. p. 419.
[4] Rev. George Plaxton, "Philosophical Transactions," 1707, vol. xxv. No. 310.

1713, when Dr. Stukeley, after a visit to Boscobel, records: "The tree is now enclosed within a brick wall: the oak is in the middle, almost cut away by travellers whose curiosity leads them to see it; close by the side, grows a young thriving plant from one of its acorns."[1]

The Rev. Joseph Dale[2] heard from some old people (in 1805) that the last remains of the "royal oak" "were rooted up many years ago," and a portion of it made into a pig-trough at Kilsall; and they described the position of the present tree, standing in a corner of the old enclosure, which afforded "a fair opportunity of taking out the whole of the stock and the thickest portion of the roots."[3]

A visitor to the spot in 1784 wrote that the old tree had been carried away piecemeal by the curious, and that another of a middle size was standing within, but not in the centre of the wall enclosure.[4]

Another visitor, five years later, says: "I found a brick wall, now ruinous, which encloses a laurel hedge, now stunted and decayed, and there stood the tree, which is now gone, and which even in the days of Charles II. was a lone and pollarded tree."[5]

[1] "Itinerarium Curiosum," 1776, vol. i. p. 60. At a meeting of the Salopian Archæological Association of 1878, the Rev. W. A. Leighton stated that an aunt of his, born near Boscobel, in 1756, remembered when a child, the old stump of the "royal oak," with the younger tree growing beside it. (See "Salop Archæological Transactions," August 1878, vol. i.)

[2] Curate of Donington, 1811–49.

[3] The above is quoted from a letter from the Rev. Mr. Dale to Mr. Botfield, and mentioned in an interesting little pamphlet by the Rev. H. G. De Bunsen, entitled "Boscobel," 1878, p. 30.

[4] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. liv. p. 249 (foot-note).

[5] *Ibid.* vol lix. p. 1076. Charles in his narrative says the oak "had been lopt some three or four years before" (1651). King's Narrative, p. 159.

Boscobel and the Royal Oak

Shortly after the Evans family came into possession of the property, the remains of the old wall were removed and iron palisades put up around the younger tree, making it the centre-point, as had been the case with the original tree within the older enclosure.

An inscription was put up at this time (succeeding an older one), stating that the existing tree had sprung from the original royal oak.[1] The wording was altered, however, about thirty years afterwards into the following, as it now stands: "*This tree*, under the blessing of Almighty God, the King of kings, had the honour of sheltering from his foes His Majesty King Charles II.," &c. Miss Evans, the then proprietor of Boscobel, being persuaded that it was not *a successor to*, but the identical oak that sheltered the king.[2]

In various parts of England saplings were raised from acorns of the royal oak. Charles, after his accession to the throne, is said to have revisited Boscobel and carried away an acorn in the pocket of his pea-green surtout,[3] which he planted himself

[1] This was in 1817. [2] De Bunsen's "Boscobel," p. 39.

[3] See Pepys Correspondence. The king intended to visit Worcester the year after the Restoration, on the anniversary of the battle, to return thanks at the Cathedral for his deliverance. "The king tells me," writes Dr. Morley (the Bishop of Worcester), "he will certainly visit us at Worcester sometime betwixt this and Michaelmas, but that the precise time when he will be there he cannot yet resolve on, only he tells me it cannot be so soon as the 3rd of September, which I am sorry for, because the only end of this journey being to pay God his thanks upon the place where he received that great deliverance from his bloody and malicious enemies, it were to be wished it might have been upon the same day as well as the same place, that it might have been 'opus dïei in die suo.'" (See Historical MSS. Com. Report 14, App. 8, p. 190. N.B.—A solemn festival was held, but the king was not present; he doubtless had more pressing engagements elsewhere!

in his private pleasure garden in St. James's Park, and always watered it with his own hands.[1]

At the death of Catherine of Braganza in 1705 (for whose use the Pleasaunce had been reserved), "the ground taken out of St. James's Park," was leased by Queen Anne to Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, who erected Marlborough House on its site.[2] In laying the foundations, the young oak sapling so cherished by the merry monarch was ruthlessly uprooted and destroyed, and so great was the feeling of indignation at the time at this act of vandalism, that the queen and her bosom companion were pelted with epigrams expressing the popular resentment:

> "Why dost thou root me up, ungrateful hand?
> My father saved the king, who saved the land,"

ran one of these invectives headed "The Murmurs of the Oak."

Two descendants of the royal oak are also said to have been planted by Charles II. in Hyde Park, on the north side of the Serpentine.[3] One of these trees remained overgrown by ivy and

[1] For Charles's intended progress in Worcestershire, see Hist. MSS. Com. 5 Rep. App. 203.

[2] "The next grant, of which, by my Lord Godolphin's means, I obtained the promise from the queen, after the queen dowager's death, was the ground in St. James' Park upon which my house stands."—"An Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough," p. 292.

[3] Other descendants grown from acorns of the old tree stood in the Botanic Gardens at Chelsea, Donington churchyard, Salop, &c. At Dropmore, near Maidenhead, is one with the following inscription: "This tree, raised from an acorn of the oak which sheltered Charles II. at Boscobel, is placed and cherished here as a memorial, not of his preservation but of the re-establishment of the ancient and free monarchy of England."

protected by an iron rail until 1865, when it was blown down by a gale.

The relics made from pieces of the famous tree were innumerable, forming tankard salvers, inkstands, snuff-boxes, hafts of knives, tobacco stoppers, and various other articles for domestic use. These curios occasionally come into the market and examples were recently to be seen at the Stuart Exhibition in London.[1] Smelling-bottles made out of royal oak acorns mounted in gold or silver were much in use by the fair ladies who frequented the Court of the second Charles.[2]

Not only did the royal oak form the sign of inns all over England but it figured in the city spectacles of the seventeenth century. "Going to London," says Evelyn, "my Lord Mayor's show stopped me in Cheapside. One of the pageants representing a greate wood, with the royal oak and the history of his majesty's miraculous escape at Boscobel."[3]

Two rare and curious medals commemorating the escape of Charles II. are preserved in the British Museum. One represents the king on horseback, attended by the Penderels, outside the walls

[1] In the Ashmolean Museum is preserved a salver made of the royal oak given to the University by Lætitia Lane. A table made of the wood is in the possession of H. S. Cuming, Esq., F.S.A. The standards of the communion table in the chapel of Gopsal Hall, Leicestershire, are also of the same, and a portrait of Charles II. at Kiplin Hall is framed with the wood of this historical tree.

[2] One of these was exhibited at the meeting of the Archæological Association at Christchurch, Jan. 1861.

[3] Evelyn's Diary, October 29, 1660.

of the city of Worcester, with the inscription "God bles my Lord Wilmot, Lady Lane, Col. Carles, Cap. Tedersal." The other represents the royal oak containing in its branches three crowns: Leg., "God Did Presarve C. R. from Woster, 1651."

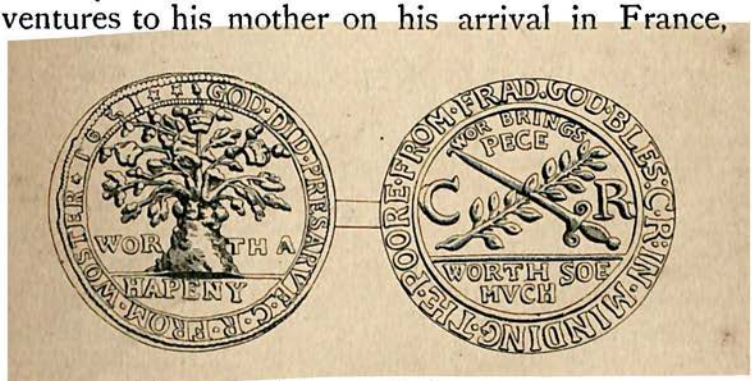
Situated as the tree was in rather an open spot near a horse track running through the wood,[1] Charles and Carlos could see from their "thick-leaved" hiding-place some Parliamentary soldiers at an uncomfortable proximity, searching the

[1] See Stukeley's "Itinerarium Curiosum," vol. i. p. 60.

adjacent wood for fugitives,[1] who as appears from the state papers, were put off the scent by William Penderel's wife. A warrant was issued in 1663

"for £100 for Joan Pendrell, *the person who gathered sticks and diverted the horsemen from the oak his majesty was in.*"[2]

Lady Wood, who heard Charles relate his adventures to his mother on his arrival in France,


GOD DID PRESARVE C R FROM MOSS TER IC
WOR TH A HAPENY
FROM FRAD GOD BLES C R IN MINDING THE POORE
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relates: "how the king and the moss trooper go into a hollow ivy tree,[3] nine or ten yards from the rode-side, where they saw the enemy goe by;

[1] See King's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts."
[2] Calendar of State Papers, July 10, 1663.
[3] "The royal oak was a fair-spread thriving tree, the boughs of it were all lined and covered with ivy."—Rev. George Plaxton's "Natural Observations," 1707.

there they stayed till evening, the trooper quaked and shak'd so much, the king imagined by shaking the leaves would betray him."[1] Doubtless it was the cold and dampness which made the poor so-called moss trooper "quake and shake," for there was no question as to Carlos's courage; unless that Charles dreamed it, for he slept soundly most part of the day with his head reclining on the loyal colonel's lap.

It seems from an amusing detail (not elsewhere recorded as far as we are aware) in a rare little work entitled "Miraculum Basilicon," 1664—that Carlos had no easy task of it for "whilst his majesty was thus sleeping he chanc'd so to rest his head upon one of the armes of the colonel, that by compressing the nervous parts of it, it caused such a stupor or numness in the part, that he had scarcely strength left in it any longer to support his majesty from falling off the tree, neither durst he by reason of the nearness of the enemy (now hunting so greedily after him) speak so loud as to awake him; nevertheless, to avoid both the danger of the fall and surprise together, he was (though unwillingly) constrained to practise so much incivility (as I was credibly informed by a worthy person who received this information from the colonel's own mouth) as to pinch his majesty to the end he might awake him to prevent his present danger."[2]

Colonel William Carlos died in 1689 and was buried in Brewood churchyard; but his tombstone

[1] Extract from Richard Symond's Pocket Book, 1656. Harlean MSS. (British Museum), No. 991, folio 90.

[2] "Miraculum Basilicon," by Abraham Jenings, 1664.

has entirely disappeared. His birthplace, Brom or Broom Hall, an old thatched timber house, was pulled down and rebuilt about the year 1884.

Carlos married and had a son Thomas (born 1643), who died in 1668 and was buried in Fulham Church.[1] Upon his tomb in the chancel are the Carlos arms, granted to the family in 1658, when the name was altered by royal command from Careless into Carlos. The colonel afterwards adopted his nephew Edward,[2] the eldest son of his brother John, whose great-great-grandson, Edward John Carlos, Esq. (a solicitor and antiquary of some note), died in 1851,[3] and his son, the Rev. Edward Stafford Carlos, is the present head representative of the family.

A sword, said to have been given by Charles II. to his companion of the oak, was formerly preserved as an heirloom, but was disposed of by Thomas Carlos Esq. (uncle to Edward John Carlos), in the early part of this century.[4]

In 1687 £300 "bounty" was paid to the colonel from the secret service fund of Charles II. and James II.[5]

The king, Blount tells us, was indebted to Carlos for his Sunday's dinner, September 7, 1651, and the mutton provided by him came from "Mr. William

[1] In the Carlos pedigree given in the "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, he is referred to as "William."

[2] *Ibid.* His parentage does not appear in this.

[3] From a grand-daughter of his uncle Thomas there are also descendants.

[4] To John G. Carlos, Esq., the youngest son of the late Edw. J. Carlos, Esq., we are indebted for the above information, as also for the Carlos pedigree, which we give in the Appendix (Part II.).

[5] Camden Society, 177.

Staunton's sheep-coat, who rented some of the demeans of Boscobel."[1]

In the survey of the Parliamentary Commissioners, part of the tithe of the Hattons is described as in the occupation of Mr. Stanton, descendants of whom held their own freehold cottage in the parish of Brewood until a few years since.[2]

With regard to the annuities granted by Charles II. to the Penderels and their heirs from certain Crown rents in trust, £100 was settled upon William and Joan Penderel,[3] £100 to Richard and Mary Penderel, and 100 marks each to John, Humphry, and George Penderel, and £50 to Elizabeth Yates and her heirs.

The fee-farm rents were, in the seventeenth century, and are still, payable out of properties situate in the counties of Stafford, Worcester, and Salop. The trustees appointed were Sir John Wrottesley, Mr. Congreve, and Mr. John Giffard of Blackladies[4]—the survivor of the three and his heirs to continue the trust. Mr. Giffard was the survivor, and his descendant, W. T. C. Giffard, Esq., of Chillington, is now sole trustee for receiving and paying the different amounts to the descendants of the Penderel family.[5]

There are now in all twenty recipients of the annuities, among whom one only retains the family

[1] Blount's "Boscobel," and "A True Narrative," &c. (Part II. Tract I.).

[2] J. H. Smith's "Brewood": Additions and Emendations.

[3] Their daughters, Frances Jones and Anne Loyd, received £50 per annum, and this was continued to their sons by grant of William III., 1695.

[4] The old mansion of Blackladies, near Boscobel, remains intact.

[5] From information kindly provided by W. T. C. Giffard, Esq., and Charles H. Inge, Esq. A tax on the income of the living at Hodnet, £3 0s. 4d., up till 1831 went to the Penderel descendants.

name, viz., Charles Stuart Pendrell, son of the late Mr. John Richard Pendrell, of Brighton, who traces his descent from John, the most active of all the brothers.[1]

The late M. Waddington, the French Ambassador (*ob.* 1894), was descended from Margaret Yates.[2] His grandfather, Thomas Waddington, was the last recipient of the pension, which was sold by him, it having been brought into the Waddington family through an heiress. The Penderel Brodhurst family, of Walsall (of whom James Penderel Brodhurst, Esq., is the living representative), also receive the annuity, tracing the descent from Humphry, the miller of Whiteladies, who died in 1687 or 1688, and was buried at Bloxwich. (Humphry's wife, Eleanor, died in 1710.[3]) His son, Edmund, was the godson of Queen Catherine of Braganza, and was educated at Rome, where he became the secret agent of the exiled Stuarts. Charles Emanuel III. of Sardinia created him Marquis Penderel di Boscobello, a title which still exists.[4] From this branch of the family also descended the late Humphry Penderel, Esq., who left issue.

A Mrs. Cope, who was living in 1833, had in

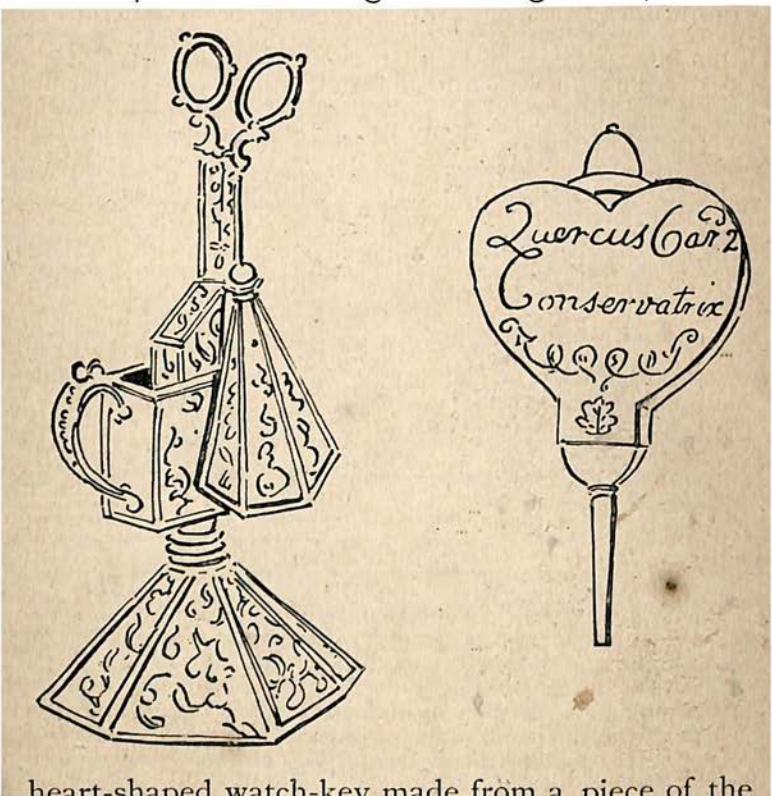
[1] In the Salt Library at Stafford, there is a warrant, dated November 9, 1674, and signed by Charles II., for £200 to John Pendrell, as a further reward for his good and faithful services. "This John was he," says Father Huddleston, "that took the most pains of all the brothers." (See foot-note, King's narrative.) After the Restoration, John lived at Beamish Hall, Albrighton. (See *Notes and Queries*, February 1892.) There is a power of attorney, in the Salt Library, of Eleanor Penderel, bearing her mark and the signature of William of Boscobel.

[2] F. W. Yates, Esq., of the "Wood," between Albrighton and Codsall, claims to be a descendant. His family have lived in the neighbourhood for 250 years.

[3] *Notes and Queries*, February 1892.

[4] See "Dictionary of National Biography," vol. xliv. p. 290.

her possession two curious relics given by Charles II. to one of the Penderel brothers : a brass stand, with plaques of coloured porcelain holding a pair of snuffers and a hexagonal extinguisher ; and a



heart-shaped watch-key made from a piece of the royal oak, mounted in silver, having on one side a profile bust of the king surrounded by oak boughs, and upon the reverse the words, "Quercus Car 2nd Conservatrix, 1651," and a silver acorn on the top.[1]

[1] See *The Mirror*, vol. xix. p. 276, and xxi. p. 345.

Other relics formerly belonging to descendants of the Penderels were a gold coin surrounded by a margin of sixteen brilliants, with the motto, "Usque ad aris fidelis;"[1] a silver ring set with a yellow tapering diamond and a ruby; an oil painting of Richard Penderel, framed in the wood of the "royal oak;" and a bowl, made of the same wood, mounted in silver.

All these, with the exception of the coin, were gifts from the king to "trusty Dick."[2]

At a sale of the effects of two maiden ladies named Barratt, of Broseley (descendants of the Penderels), an old canvas, which for years had served the purpose of "a blower" to the kitchen fireplace, was sold to a Mr. Shaw for a few pence. Upon being cleaned, it turned out to be a portrait of Jane Penderel, the mother of the five brothers, and the inscription, "Dame Pendrell, 1662," was brought to light. The purchaser gave the picture to a Mr Oare, of Bridgnorth, who willed it to Mr. Henry Dutton, of the

[1] The coin represents Ferdinand II., and is dated 1638; the brilliants are encased in silver and enriched with blue enamel. It was purchased from a Penderel descendant some years ago. (See "Journal of the Archæological Association," vol. xv. p. 183.)

[2] The ring is, or was, the property of a Mr. Whiteley, formerly of Beckington. A ring is mentioned in the *Wilts Archæological Magazine*, vol. xiii. p. 15, in the possession of Mr. J. W. Singer, of Frome. It is possibly the same, and is said to be handed down in the female line of the Penderels. (N.B.—We understand Mr. Singer has recently parted with his collection of rings.) The bowl and portrait descended to Mr. John Richard Pendrell, of Rottingdean, Sussex. We are informed by an old resident that Mrs. Pendrell was persuaded to part with the bowl to some unknown purchaser. The portrait, as far as we can ascertain, is still in the possession of the family (now represented by Mr. Charles Stuart Pendrell, of Islington). From a photograph of it, it appears to be a replica of that by Zoust, formerly in the Jennens collection which we reproduce in Part II. of this work.

Castle Hotel, Conway, where it may yet be seen.[1]

In concluding this chapter the following anecdote may be told of William Penderel. Upon his arrival in London at the Restoration, he met the king walking in St. James's Park, and at once ran up to greet him, familiarly taking him by the arm. Charles, rather taken aback, demanded who he was; but upon being informed, immediately ordered the Marquis of Ormond, the Lord High Steward of the Household, to see that he should be well provided for.[2]

ENGRAVING OF
"ROYAL OAK CUP,"
Presented by King Charles II. to
Barber Surgeons' Company.
LONDON 1676

[1] The representation of this picture (in Part II. Tract 1) is from a copy preserved at Boscobel. Mr. Dutton's brother has shown us a large copper-plate engraving of the original from which no copies have yet been struck. The picture was doubtless executed by some local artist. The quaint steeple-crowned hat, similar to that in the painting, is still worn by the inmates of the almshouses at Castle Rising, Norfolk.

[2] See "Boscobel," Worcester edition, 1769. The subsequent introduction of the loyal brothers to the king was at Court, where he familiarly conversed with them. (See "Antiquarian Repertory," vol. ii. p. 59, and quoted in Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 91.

CHAPTER V

MOSELEY HALL

It was soon after dusk on Sunday evening, September 7, when Charles, having decided upon joining Lord Wilmot at Moseley, started from Boscobel upon Humphry Penderel's mill-horse, attended by his staunch body-guard of the five Penderels and Yates.[1]

Upon leaving Whiteladies on the morning of September 4, Wilmot had been taken by John Penderel to Mr. Huntbach's house at Brinsford, from whence he had removed to Moseley; and through the subsequent arrangement with the aid of Mr. Thomas Whitgreave, Father Huddleston, Colonel Lane, and John Penderel (who acted as messenger from place to place), it had been eventually settled that Wilmot and Charles should meet at Moseley about midnight.[2]

Moseley is about nine or ten miles from Boscobel as the crow flies. Upon the way there is little to note in connection with the story.

[1] Carlos remained at Boscobel and effected his escape to France shortly afterwards.

[2] Lord Wilmot had removed from Moseley to Colonel Lane's house, Bentley Hall. (N.B.—The account in detail of Lord Wilmot's adventures after he left Whiteladies, will be found in "A True Narrative, &c." See Part II. Tract 1.)

"Langley Lawn," the modern red-brick representative of Yates's house, stands near the road, running southward to Codsall. A little beyond this farm, a road bearing to the left brings us to the boundary of Chillington Park, with its grand trees and famous avenue of oaks. Bearing to the south-east, "Long Birch," the jointure house of the Giffards is passed. Near Pendeford Hall, the River Penk is crossed, and in a little under two miles from this spot we come to another landmark, Pendeford "Old Mill," where the king dismounted the "dull jade," and for more security continued the remainder of the journey, about two miles, on foot across the meadows leading to the house.[1]

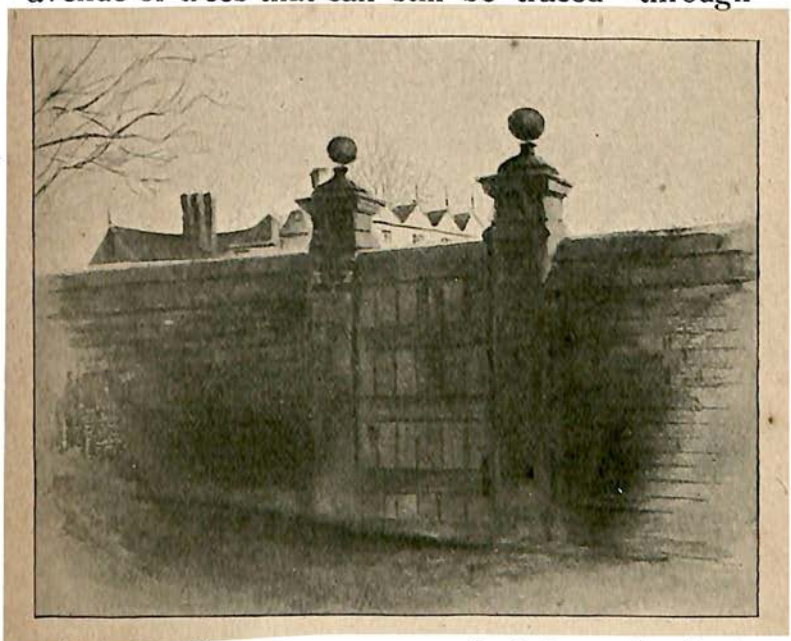
Brinsford lies a little to the north, but there is no vestige left of the old house of Mr. John Huntbach, Lord Wilmot's quarters before he removed to Moseley. It may be mentioned here, by the way, that this Mr. Huntbach was the third son of John Huntbach of Seawall and Featherstone, in this neighbourhood. His sister Margery married the celebrated Warwickshire antiquarian, Sir William Dugdale, and his MSS. for this part of Staffordshire were utilised by Shaw in his history of the county.[2]

In the direction of Pendeford and south of "The Moor" (the field near Moseley where Father Huddleston awaited the king's arrival), was formerly an old lane or bridle-path, now

[1] There is another Pendeford Mill, 2½ miles to the south-west, but the "Old Mill," from its situation, is probably that referred to by Blount. (See "Boscobel Tracts," p. 235.)

[2] There are mural monuments to some members of the Huntbach family in Bushbury Church, where Thomas Whitgreave is buried.

ploughed over. Coming this way Charles crossed the meadow still known as "Alport, or King's Leasow," to the "Stable Croft," another field where the "Long Walk" was situated—a narrow avenue of trees that can still be traced—through



which the house was approached from the back by the old gateway leading into the garden.

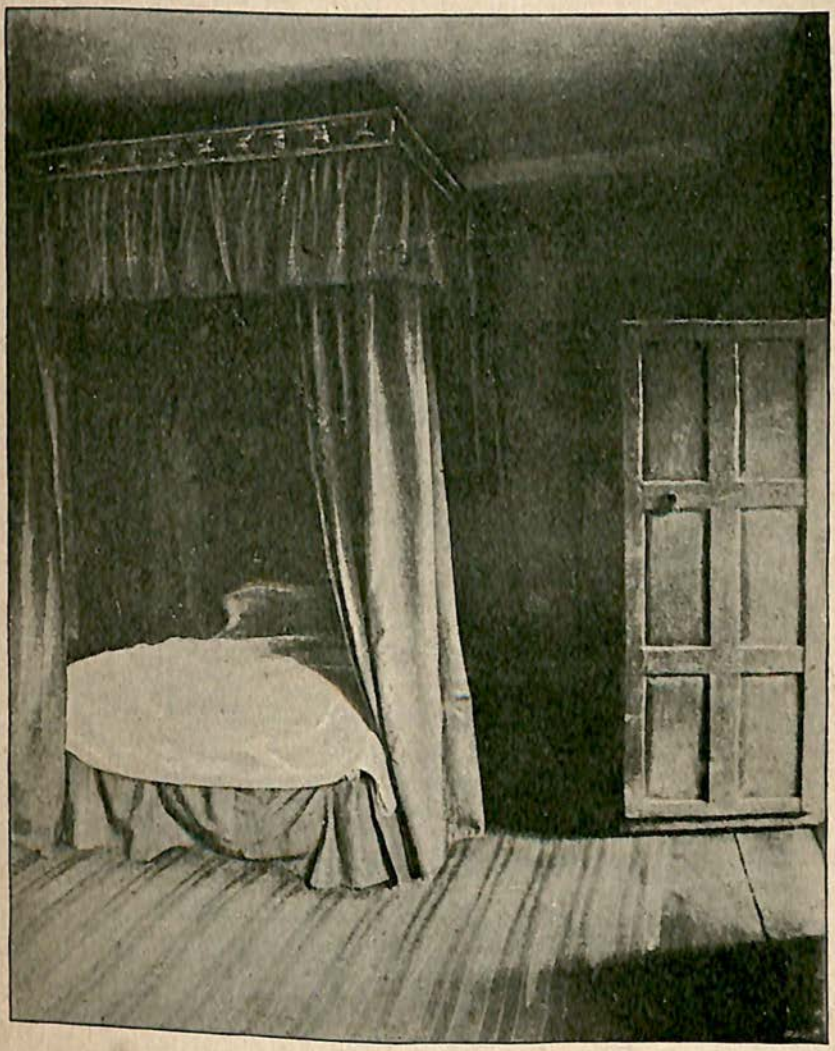
"When he came to the door," says Mr. Whitgreave in his narrative, "with the Pendrells guarding him, he was so habited like one of them that I could not tell which was hee."[1] "Pit Leasow"—the "drie pit" surrounded by a grove of trees (where Mr. Whitgreave had previously

[1] Whitgreave's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 295.

awaited the arrival of Wilmot from Bentley, and Charles from Boscobel)—lies to the left of "Alport's Leasow" as one approaches the house from the back.[1] The present tenant, Mr. Wiggin, drained the pit some thirty years ago, and in ploughing came across many roots of the trees which once stood around it. The spot still goes by the name of "the King's Pit."

Unfortunately for the lovers of picturesque old buildings, it became necessary a few years ago to recase the timber beams of Moseley Hall with red brick, which gives the exterior a somewhat modern appearance, but this must be overlooked by the artist and antiquarian with a sigh of regret, when we consider that the interior remains practically the

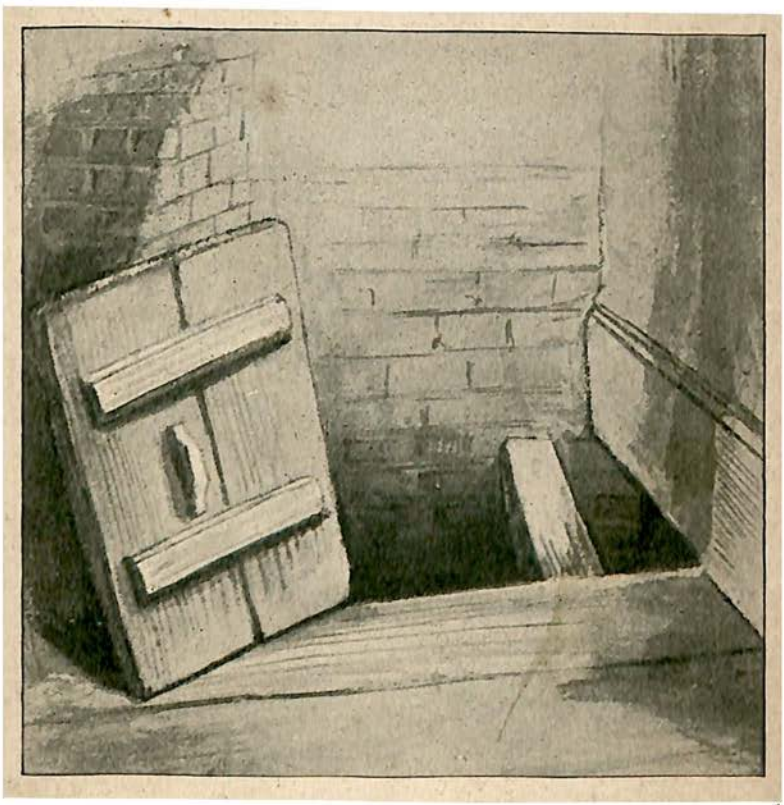
[1] An old ground plan of the estate kindly lent by Francis Whitgreave, Esq., has been of much use in the foregoing description.



same as upon the occasion of King Charles's visit. This is evident as soon as we enter. We are carried at once back to the seventeenth century, and each old room recalls some incident recorded in Thomas Whitgreave's quaint and interesting narrative.

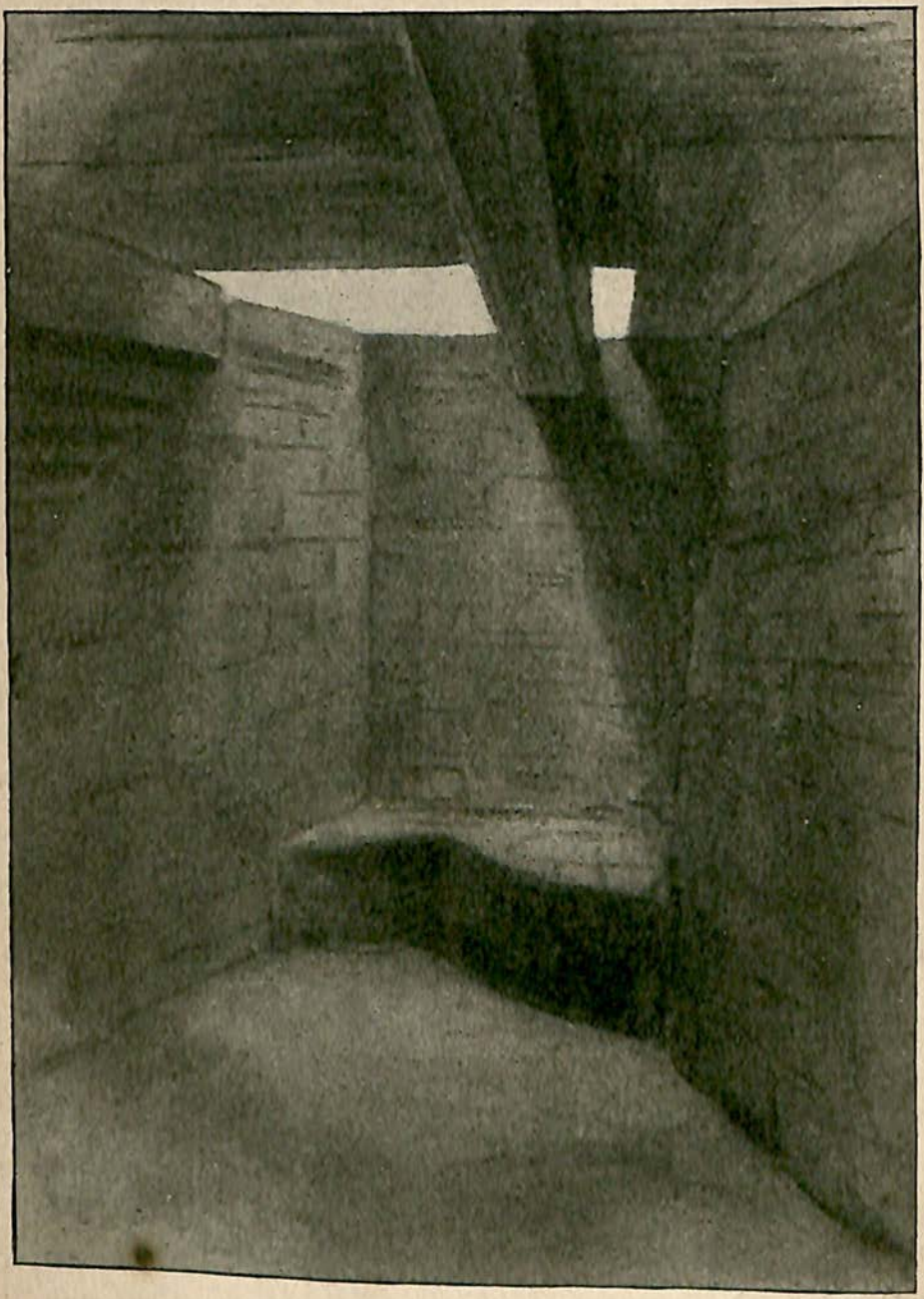
From the hall, with its cosy chimney-corners, a broad oak staircase ascends to the old panelled bedroom ("the parlour chamber" in the Whitgreave MS.), still retaining the bed upon which the king was resting when Southall, the notorious priest-catcher, arrived with a body of soldiers to search the house. The "priests' hole," where Mr. Whitgreave hastily secured his royal guest, is close at hand. It is entered through a trapdoor in the corner of the floor of a small cupboard adjoining the bedroom, now provided with two doors, though at the time of which we write it could be approached only

through a secret door in the panelling.[1] Devoid of light and almost of air, the only accommodation provided in this dismal hiding-hole is a rude seat

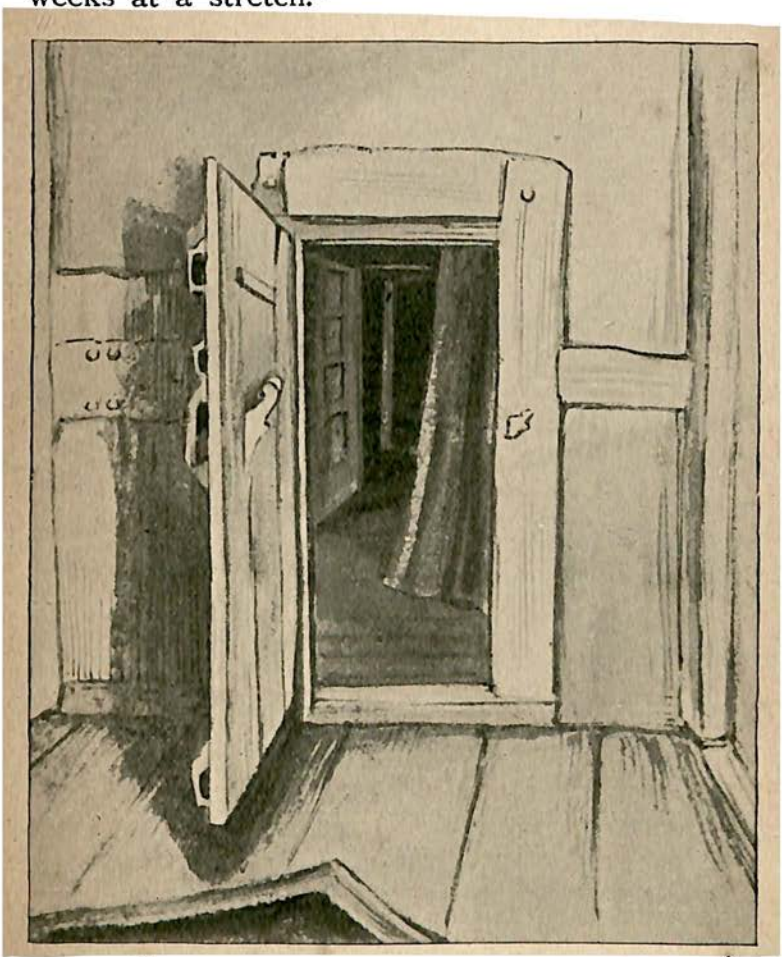


of brick at one end. Liquid food was usually conveyed by means of a quill or reed passed through some hidden chink in the moulding of the brick-work or timber-beams, to unfortunate

[1] From information provided by Mr. Whitgreave.



priests hidden in these contrivances for days and weeks at a stretch.[1]

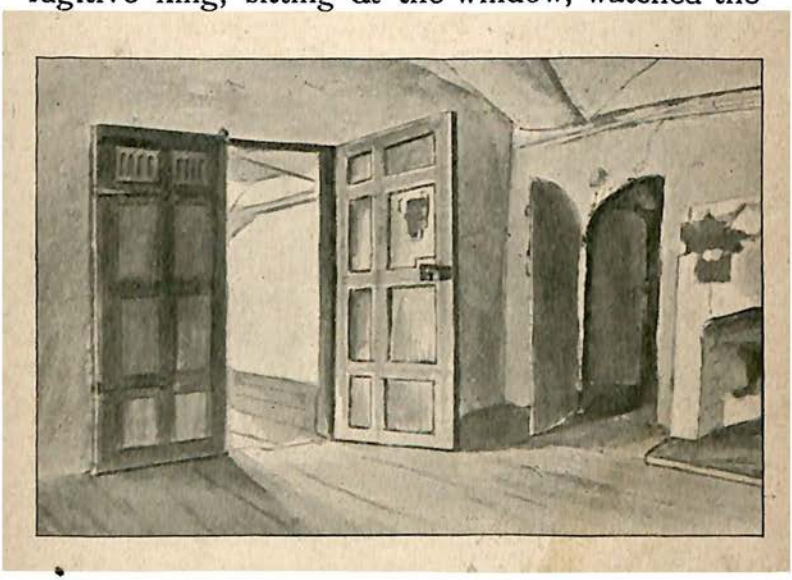


A tradition at Moseley says that formerly there

[1] At Irnham Hall, partially burnt down some years since, was a curious example of this. We have seen the same kind of thing at Harvington and other old mansions.

was an outlet leading into a brew-house on the ground floor, but no traces of a communication are now visible.

Adjoining the dark oak wainscoted bedroom, is the little closet over the porch, which in 1651 was used as the study of Charles's host, and where the fugitive king, sitting at the window, watched the



stragglers from the disastrous battle pass along the road, among them noticing a Highlander of his own regiment.

Up in the garret, as at Boscobel, is the chapel, a large room with the original oak folding doors, retaining a curious old latch and the battered remains of a quaint printed notice with regard to the services formerly held there.

In one of the gables in this part of the house is another gloomy hiding-place, which

will only admit of a person lying down at full length.[1]

Thomas Whitgreave had fought for the Royalist cause all through the Civil War, as lieutenant under Captain Thomas Giffard, who raised a troop of horse for the king, forming part of Lord Wilmot's body of cavalry. Not until six years after the Restoration was a pension granted for his services. On May 28, 1666, we find Mr. Whitgreave petitioning for an annuity from the Privy Purse having "preserved his majesty several days in his own house after Worcester Fight, was encouraged to seek out means of obtaining some signal mark of favour, but has failed, and been at much charge by long attendance in town."[2] Two months later a warrant was granted for an annuity of £200 to Mr. Whitgreave and his son.[3] These pensions, as well as those granted to the other families (with the exception of the Penderels) who assisted in the king's escape, ceased to be paid after the abdication of James II., except for two or three years in Queen Anne's reign.

The present representative of the family—Mr. Francis Whitgreave is a great-great-great-grandson of Thomas Whitgreave, the king's preserver—five generations extending over a period of nearly two hundred and fifty years.[4] At Burton Manor, near Stafford (another seat of the Whit-

[1] We are much indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Francis Whitgreave and Mr. Wiggin (the tenant of Moseley), for a most enjoyable visit to this interesting old house.

[2] Calendar of State Papers, May 28, 1666.

[3] See copy of grants in Appendix.

[4] Since writing the above, Mr. Whitgreave has passed away; his son, Robert Whitgreave, Esq., is the present representative.

greaves), are some interesting family portraits, including those of Thomas Whitgreave and his wife Constance,[1] (which formerly hung in the King's room at Moseley). A grand old cabinet dated 1575 also came from Moseley; on it is the inscription, "Sleep not without repentance." Over the fireplace in the dining-room is a clever little painting representing King Charles and Mr. Whitgreave's mother at table, being waited upon by Mr. Whitgreave and Father Huddleston.[2] Among the relics must be mentioned Thomas Whitgreave's signet ring which is now worn by his descendant. The family continued to live at Moseley until the year 1821, when Mr. Francis Whitgreave's father removed to Moseley Court, half a mile away from the old Hall.

Father John Huddleston, who acted so important a part on the occasion of the king's visit, was then chaplain in the house and tutor to the boys, Francis Reynolds, Thomas Paylin,[3] and young Sir

[1] Thomas Whitgreave did not marry until some years after Charles's visit to Moseley in 1651.

[2] A suit of armour with no particular history attached to it, which was at Burton manor on the occasion of our visit, has recently (1896) passed into the hands of a Wolverhampton dealer. This, we understand, is now displayed in a shop window described as "the suit of armour worn by King Charles II. at the battle of Worcester!" We trust this foot-note may meet the eye of its purchaser, that he may be undeceived and that future generations may not be deluded.

[3] Francis Reynolds and Thomas Paylin, son of Richard Paylin, of Dearnsdale, were nephews of Thomas Whitgreave.

John Preston.[1] Huddleston was born in 1608, being the second son of Joseph Huddleston, of Faringdon Hall near Preston. At the Restoration (having then become a Benedictine monk) he took up his residence at Somerset House, where he lived until his death on September 22, 1698. Both he and his pupil Reynolds appear to have been protected from harm during the rage of Titus Oates's Plot,[2] together with others of the king's preservers, viz: Charles Giffard, Francis Giffard and his wife, William, John, Richard, Humphry, and George Penderel, Thomas Whitgreave and Colonel William Careless (Carlos).[3]

A handkerchief which Charles left at Moseley, was given by Huddleston to a relation, Mrs. Brathwayte, who preserved it as a relic. A portion of this and of the coarse "noggin" shirt which Charles had from Whiteladies, were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition in 1889 by a descendant in the female line of the Huddlestons.[4]

On the evening of September 9, 1651, Colonel Lane arrived (as had previously been arranged) at

[1] The boys watched from the garret windows to give the alarm in the event of the approach of danger. (N.B.—The present Lord Clifford of Chudleigh is descended from a co-heiress of Sir John's brother, Sir Thomas Preston.)

[2] *House of Lords Journal*, December 7, 1678 (xiii. 408).

[3] To their descendants (a list of thirty-three names) a further protection was granted by George I. in 1716. (See Appendix.)

[4] Father Huddleston was closely related to the Thornboroughs of Leyburn, Yorkshire. E. F. Riddell, Esq., of Cheeseburn Grange, Northumberland, is now the representative of this family. Father Huddleston spent much of his time at their seat, "The Grove," which still exists. There was formerly a curious "priests' hole" in the house, which unfortunately was destroyed recently in making some structural repairs and alterations. A portrait of Charles II. given by the king to Huddleston was exhibited by Mr. Riddell's father in the Stuart Exhibition.

the "Orchard Stile," Moseley with Lord Wilmot's horses from Bentley where they had been stabled for better security. The orchard was to the south of the garden, a doorway, now blocked

up, leading from it into the Wolverhampton Road.[1] Nearly opposite is the lane running in an easterly direction, with meadows going by the names of "Big Rough" and "Barn Croft" on either side. This leads into the main road between Cannock and Wolverhampton which we cross, and by way of "Cooke's Gorse," Essington, and "Allen's Rough" now approach Bentley and, alas, unwelcome symptoms of the "Black Country!"

[1] Mr. Francis Whitgreave remembers when apple-trees were still growing within the enclosure.

CHAPTER VI

BENTLEY HALL, LONG MARSTON AND CIRENCESTER

SITUATED midway between the Ironworks and Founderies of Willenhall and Walsall, the vicinity of Bentley Hall is now far from picturesque, but the situation is high and imposing and commands an extensive view of the surrounding country.

The original Elizabethan house has given way to a later structure of red brick, erected it is said by the Lanes out of the royal grants bequeathed to them by the restored monarch. A small portion of the older building is encased within the walls of the present Hall (which for many years past has, like Moseley, been used as a farm), but nothing is now visible in the interior to suggest an earlier date than is perceptible in the exterior ;[1] on the right hand side, however, can still be seen the original stables where Lord Wilmot's horses were kept for more security during his sojourn at Moseley, and they are much the same as represented in the old engraving of Bentley Hall in Plot's "Staffordshire."[2]

[1] On the wainscot of the old hall was a true measure of the giant Walter Parsons, of West Bromwich (Willmore's "History of Walsall").

[2] Shaw reproduced this plate in his "History of Staffordshire."

The Flight of the King

Until the year 1735 the Park was stocked with deer, the Lane family continuing to reside at Bentley until 1748, when the property was sold[1] to a Mr. Turton of Wolverhampton from whom it passed subsequently to Lord Anson and afterwards to the Earl of Lichfield.

Upon his arrival at Bentley about midnight, September 9, the young king was supplied with refreshment, and before retiring to rest, conferred with Wilmot and Colonel Lane[2] respecting his

[1] In consequence it is said of three generations of spendthrifts. (See Neal's "Seats," 2nd series, vol. iv.) Colonel John Lane's son, Sir Thomas, was notorious for his extravagance, and his son consented to cut off the entail and sell the family estates. (Information from the Rev. Canon E. Lane.)

[2] At the "Woolpack" inn, an old timber house at Digbeth, Colonel John Lane mustered a party of Walsall Royalists two days prior to the battle. (See Burton's "History of Walsall.")

forthcoming journey to Bristol. At break of day the colonel called him up at his lodging in the servants' apartments, gave him in place of his leather doublet and patched green breeches, "a suit and cloak of country grey cloth like a farmer's son, putting twenty pounds in his pocket to bear the charges of the journey."[1]

In addition to Cornet Henry Lassels (the colonel's kinsman) who attended Charles and Jane Lane upon their journey, Mr. and Mrs. Peters or Petre (the colonel's married sister, "Withy," and her husband)[2] accompanied the party as far as Stratford-on-Avon, being bound for Horton, their seat in Buckinghamshire.[3] Lassels continued as far as Trent in Somersetshire, from whence he escorted Jane Lane back again to Bentley.

We glean a little of Lassels from the Calendar of State Papers, 1662. Anne, widow of Captain Anthony Wilkinson (petitioning for a debt of £440) declared that her husband entertained Mr. Lassels and conveyed him beyond sea, and after his return, secured him and Colonel Lane, nine months at his own house. Lassels's sister Margaret in the same year petitioned for a place of laundress of the table linen to the queen, "she and her brothers and sisters suffered much in the late times, the more so since the death of their

[1] Ex chartritaria familiæ di Lane MS. penes Thos. Lane armig. (See Plot's "History of Staffordshire.")

[2] Mrs. Peters was Jane Lane's eldest sister.

[3] Horton Place passed from the family in 1654, and was pulled down in 1785. A John Peters was buried at Horton in 1658; the name disappears from the parish registers in 1686. A descendant, Agnes Peters, of New Windsor, was buried at Horton in 1847. (See "History of Wraysbury.")

brother Henry who with Jane Lane attended his M.'s escape after the business of Worcester."[1]

Bromsgrove, the next place on the king's journey, is recorded by Dr. Bate.[2] "We had not gone two hours on our way," says Charles, "but the mare I rode on cast a shoe at a scattering village whose name begins with something like 'Long.'"[3] Bromsgrove (some twenty miles south of Bentley) was then not much more than a large village,[4] the sound of the first syllable had dwelt but indistinctly on Charles's ear.

There is a tradition that Charles took some refreshment at Thorn Farm, a house of the Bushell family, in the parish of Inkberrow,[5] thirteen miles south-east of Bromsgrove, and a few miles to the west of the direct route between Bromsgrove and Wootton-Wawen. The latter place lies nearly due east of Bromsgrove, about the same distance, and two miles south of Henley in Arden (going "cross-country" from Headley Cross, where the road runs southwards to Alcester). It was at the intersection of the roads, where Bearley station now stands, that Mr. Petre, being frightened by the troop of Cromwellian soldiers which they noticed in front of them, took the road to the left, so as to approach Stratford from another quarter.

The old lane between Bearley and Snitterfield,

[1] Calendar of State Papers, May and June, 1662.
[2] Bate's "Elenchus." (See Part II. Tract 3.)
[3] King's narrative.
[4] An idea of Bromsgrove in the seventeenth century may be had from the sketches of Grand Duke Cosmo III. on his visit to England in the reign of Charles II.
[5] *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries.*

known as "King's Lane,"[1] is now destroyed; it ran through a plantation called the "Bushes," or Bearley Grove; but in parts, though overgrown with underwood, it can still be traced. Turning to the right, near the village of Snitterfield, the party regained the road they had left, close to

Stratford; but crossing the river Avon, as Charles had predicted, they met the party of soldiers face to face, who had to open right and left to let them pass, and "being saluted by them, only salute them again."[2]

[1] The name is now retained in a modern road. (See "Shakespeare's Birthplace and Neighbourhood," by J. R. Wise; also Manning's note to the preface of Ainsworth's novel "Boscobel.")

[2] See Jening's "Miraculum Basilicon," 1664. Father Cyprien, in his memoirs of the Court and times of Charles I., says they inquired of "Demoiselle Lane" where she lived and whether she had seen the King of Scots.

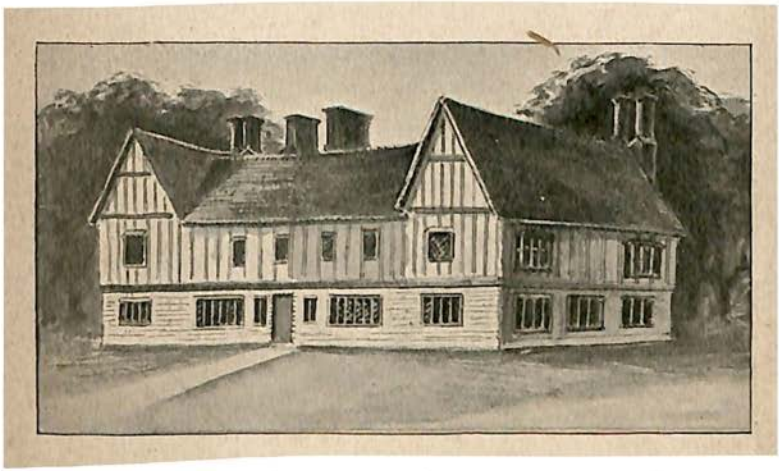
The Flight of the King

Six miles south of Stratford is the village of Long Marston, where the king, Mr. Lassels, and Jane Lane slept at the house of Mr. John Tomes. "Dancing Marston," as it is sometimes called, is a long straggling village of thatched cottages (not particularly picturesque), with a small church much

the worse for "restoration." "Old King Charles," as the remnant of the house of the Tomes family is styled by the villagers, stands back from the main road, and retains many of its ancient characteristics; but within the last few years some alterations have been effected in the interior, Commander Carrow, R.N. (who married the daughter of the late Fisher Tomes, Esq.), having made it now habitable as a shooting-box.

Bentley Hall, Long Marston, etc.

Before the old house was restored, the kitchen, then utilised as a cider cellar, was much in its original state, with the historical roasting-jack[1] fastened to one of the oak beams of the ceiling. The present front of the house, facing the south, was added some thirty years ago, when Mr. Fisher Tomes made many material alterations, and covered over the timber beams of the exterior

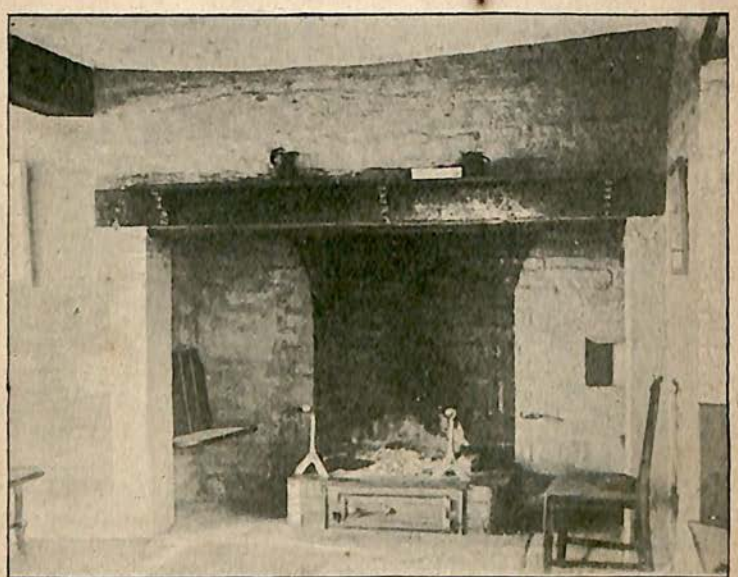


with cement. From an old drawing in the possession of the family, it appears to have been an extensive half-timber building.

[1] "Here 'Will Jackson' being in the kitchen in pursuance of his disguise, and the cook maid busy in providing supper for her master's friends, she desired him to wind up the jack; Will Jackson was obedient and attempted it, but hit not the right way, which made the maid in some passion ask, 'What countryman are you that you know not how to wind up a jack?'"—Blount's "Boscobel," Part II. The jack is mentioned in Rudder's "History of Gloucestershire" (1779) as "the only curiosity of the village." The anecdote has several versions. Major Bernardi in his autobiography gives it as happening at Abbots Leigh. (See "Life of Major Bernardi," pp. 5 and 6.)

The Flight of the King

An old woman who showed us over the church remembered "King Charles's room," when she was a schoolgirl, with a label posted up on the wall to that effect. The original staircase has now disappeared; plate glass is inserted in place of the



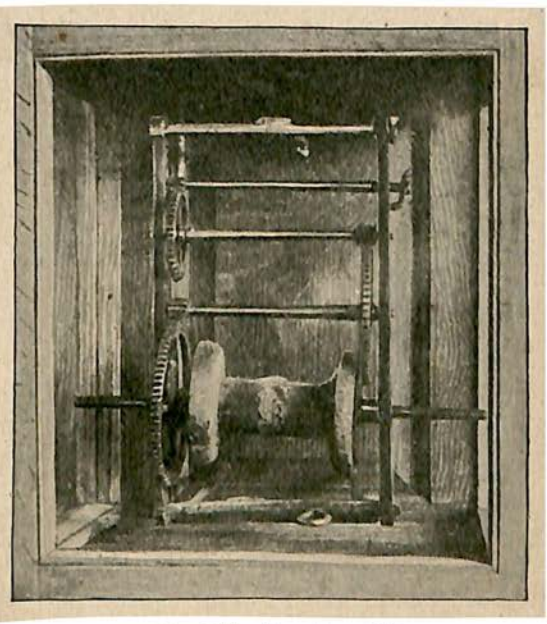
diamond-paned windows, and the old kitchen is converted into a modern sitting-room.

The "jack" found its way to London in 1889, and occupied a conspicuous position among the relics at the Stuart Exhibition. With gloomy forebodings we since revisited the old house, but were glad to find the "jack" once more reinstated, though much burnished up and in a handsome glass case.[1]

[1] These old clockwork "jacks" went out of use soon after the

Bentley Hall, Long Marston, etc.

From a warrant in possession of the Tomes family, John Tomes, it appears, was brought before the magistrates after the king's visit "to answer to such matters as may be brought against him," the upshot being that he had to quit the country, and a part of his estate was confiscated; but after the Restoration, in consideration of their loyal services, the Tomeses received a grant of liberty to hunt, hawk and fish from Long Marston to Crabs Cross, near Redditch, in Worcestershire.[1]



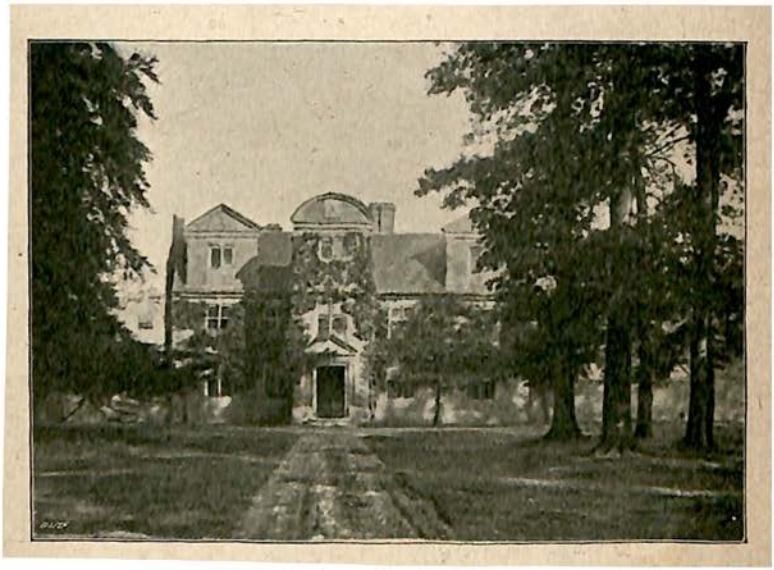
None of the ancient monuments of the Tomes family can now be found in Long Marston church. The oldest tombstones, when it was restored many years ago, appear to have been utilised for paving the porch.

Restoration. Pepys mentions the introduction of the automatic smoke-jacks as a novelty.

[1] See *Westminster Review*, vol. xiii.

The Flight of the King

The night that Charles slept at Long Marston, September 10, Lord Wilmot, his servant Swan and Colonel Lane, who had followed at a distance, slept at Packington Hall, the seat of Sir Clement Fisher (afterwards Jane Lane's husband); the colonel directing his course on the following morn-



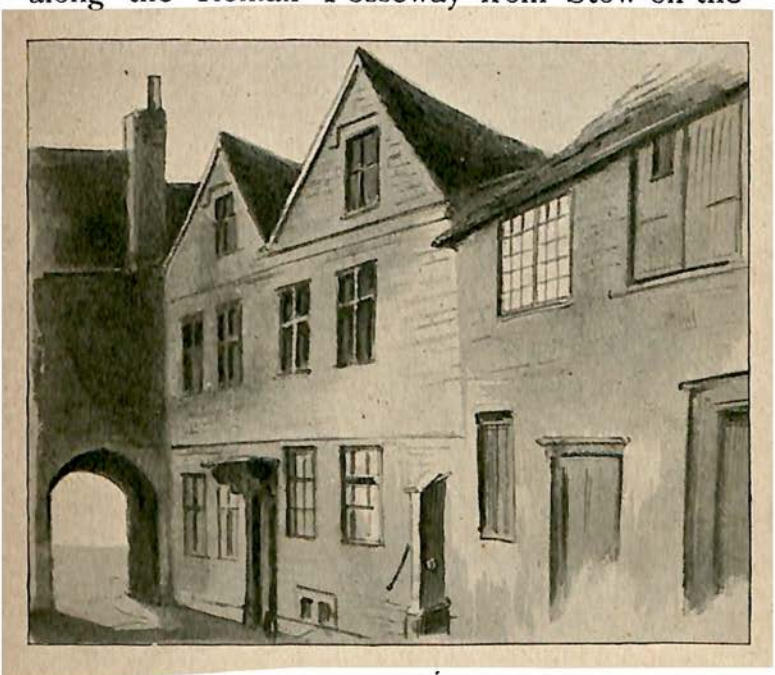
ing towards London for the purpose of procuring a passport for "Will Jackson."[1]

On Thursday morning, September 11, by way of the quaint old town, Chipping-Camden, six miles south of Long Marston, Charles, Lassels,

[1] Tom Burgess, in "Historic Warwickshire," has given a detailed account of the king's journey from Bentley to Long Marston, in which he erroneously describes Packington as the first stage. Mr. Burgess's authority was Mr. Frederick Manning (*vide* Introduction). There is a tradition at Packington, handed down by many generations of the family of Bent, that the king and Jane Lane halted and dined there.

and Jane Lane continued their journey in the direction of Cirencester.

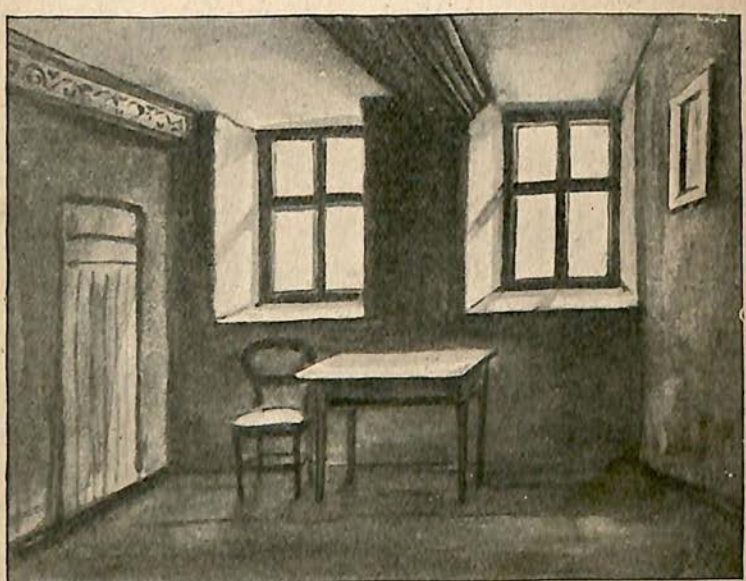
Of this day's journey of thirty-six miles, across the east side of Gloucestershire, nothing is recorded, but in all probability they would keep along the Roman Fosseway from Stow-on-the-



Wold, passing Northleach midway between that town and Cirencester, their destination for that night, and upon their arrival here, according to Bate, they put up at the "Crown Inn."[1] Near the market-place there is to this day an inn of that name having within evidences of antiquity, but as local tradition has always pointed to a

[1] See Bate's "Elenchus" (Tract 3).

house on the north side of the market square, bearing the sign of "The Sun," and in absence of any record to show that it may have possibly once borne the sign of "The Crown" also, we must give "The Sun" the benefit of the doubt, both on account of its less conspicuous position (and for that reason the more likely to be selected



for this occasion) and from the fact that a little room within it, having mullioned windows and an ornamental plaster cornice, retains the name, "King Charles's Room." Within the last few years "The Sun" has been refronted, but the yard at the back preserves some of its ancient characteristics. Here, as Blount tells us, "after supper a good bed was provided for Mr. Lassels

and a truckle-bed for Will Jackson in the same chamber; but Mr. Lassels, after the chamberlain had left them, laid his majesty in the best bed and himself in the other, and used the like due observance when any opportunity would allow it."[1]

Not far from the town is Pinbury, an old gabled house with oak-panelled rooms and picturesque surroundings. It was in this park that Lord Wilmot (on his way from Packington to Abbots Leigh) met Captain Abingdon, who conducted him to Dirham House, the seat of Mr. John Winter,[2] for a temporary lodging.

Charles and his companions, continuing their journey the next day, passed through Chipping Sodbury[3] (some twenty-two miles south-west of Cirencester), and, entering the city of Bristol by Lawford's Gate, crossed the Avon either by the bridge or, as tradition says, at Rownham Ferry.[4]

Going through the city and passing out at

[1] Blount's "Boscobel."

[2] He was the son and heir of Sir George Winter, High Sheriff of Gloucestershire. John Winter died in 1668, aged 46, leaving an only surviving daughter. Dirham House was pulled down and rebuilt in 1698. (See Atkyn's "Gloucestershire.") John Winter was the brother-in-law of Colonel Wyndham of Trent.

[3] Called "Sudbury" in Blount's "Boscobel." There is a tradition at Boxwell Court, eight miles north-east of Sodbury, that the king halted there, and that Matthew Huntley, a captain in Prince Rupert's cavalry, escorted him part of the way to Bristol. A coppice called the King's Walk is supposed to derive its name from this visit. The road which Charles must have passed along to Sodbury passes within a mile or so of the house, so it is possible the party made a halt there, though certainly the fact is not recorded in the contemporary accounts of the king's escape.

[4] See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, vol. xi.

Redcliffe Gate, they would doubtless keep along the left bank of the Avon to Abbots Leigh (three miles west of Bristol), which was reached safely shortly before dusk.[1]

[1] There is an absurd story in Fosbrook's "Gloucestershire," of Charles crossing by the new ferry—the river Severn, into Monmouthshire. (See Fosbrook's "Gloucestershire," vol. i. p. 57; see also Appendix.)

CHAPTER VII

ABBOTS LEIGH, CASTLE CARY, AND TRENT HOUSE

STARTING from the southern bank of the river Avon, near Clifton Suspension Bridge, the road, skirted on either side by noble old trees and luxuriant underwood, ascends for about a mile; and when the village of Abbots Leigh, situated upon the brow of "Leigh Down," is reached, the magnificent panorama it commands alone amply repays the long climb uphill. An old Roman road may still be traced through an orchard leading down to the river,[1] and it is possible the travellers may have selected this way for the sake of its privacy.

The old mansion was an imposing many-gabled Elizabethan house, with a picturesque early Tudor gatehouse, the remains of an earlier structure given to the Norton family by Edward VI. In the year 1808, Mr. Philip John Miles purchased the estate from descendants of the Nortons,[2] pulled down the old "court," and erected the existing spacious building about a quarter of a mile north-east of it. A modern dairy is said to retain a portion of the old

[1] See Rutter's "Delineations of North-west Somerset," p. 270.
[2] The present Mr. J. A. Trenchard's grandfather.

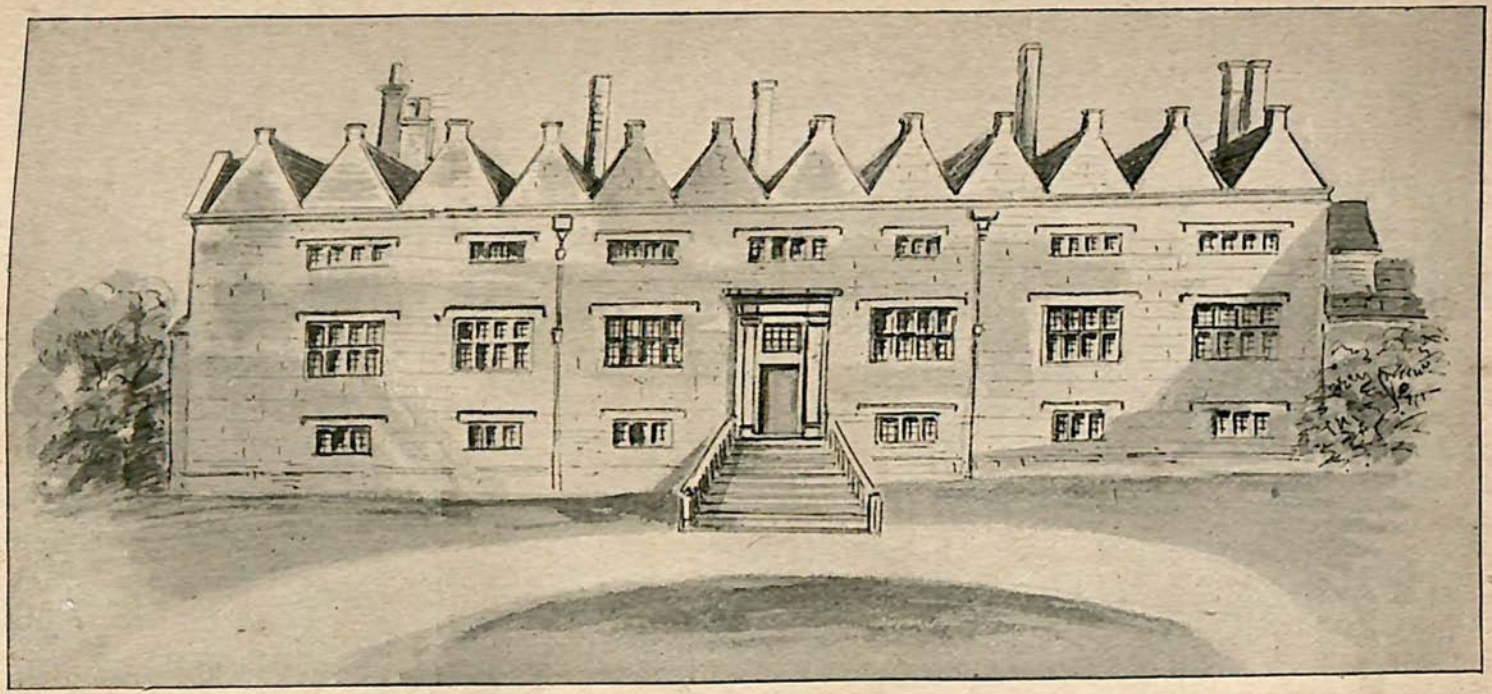
masonry,[1] and the ancient bowling green, where the disguised king upon his arrival noticed some of the inmates of the house playing at bowls,[2] is now made into a flower garden. These—with the monument of Sir George Norton in Leigh

Church, commemorating Charles's escape, with busts of the second Sir George and his wife on either side—are the only landmarks that remain in connection with our story.[3]

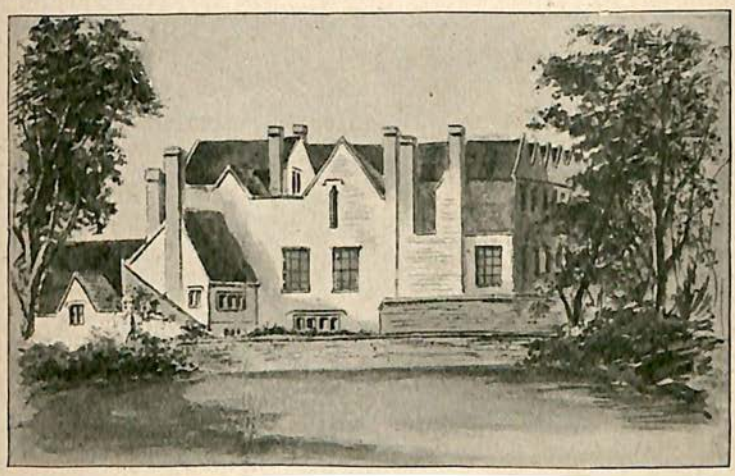
[1] See "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 103.

[2] See Extracts from Clarendon and Bate's "Elenchus" (Tract 3). Both Bate and Clarendon, who had the narration from Charles himself, give a detailed account of the adventures at Abbots Leigh. The king in his narrative dictated to Pepys describes the events that took place here at some length.

[3] *Vide* Norton Pedigree in the Appendix. A correspondent to



The Norton family has long been extinct. There are, however, descendants on the maternal side, represented by the families of Trenchard of Staunton-Fitzwarren and the Longs of Bishops Waltham—viz., Walter John Long, Esq.; Flora H. Penruddocke, *née* Long; and John Ashfordby Trenchard, being descended from Ellen and Frances Trenchard, the grand-daughters of Sir



George and Ellen Norton, the host and hostess of Jane Lane and her supposed serving-man.

After a sojourn of four days at Abbots Leigh,[1]

Mr. Hughes (about 1830) gives an interesting account of the old house in its latter days, of the tapestry, a block of wood upon which the king sat, and a wax figure of Lady Norton. (See Hughes' "Boscobel Tracts.") The church plate at Abbots Leigh was bequeathed by the first Lady Norton, the king's hostess, whose "Charity," dating from 1659 (amounting to £13 6*s.* 4*d.*) is annually distributed.

[1] Feigning sickness most of the time "to avoid being seene and using to sitt in the chimney corner, Mrs. Lane would say, 'This boy will never recover—heele nere be good againe, and the like.'"—Richard Symond's Pocket Book, Harlean MSS. No. 991, folio 90.

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during which period no vessel could be obtained at Bristol, Charles and his companions continued their journey towards Trent near Sherborne, being attended part of the way by one of Mr. Norton's men as a guide.[1]

Lord Wilmot (who had arrived from Dirham, and, during the time that the king was at Leigh, had lodged at a village close by[2]) having proceeded the day before (Monday, September 15) to advise Colonel Wyndham of Charles's intended visit to his house.[3]

As in the case of the journey across Gloucestershire, little is recorded of that through Somersetshire. Upon starting, Charles, Jane Lane, and Lassels set out towards Bristol as if returning to Bentley—the feigned reason of their premature departure being the sudden illness of Jane Lane's father—but at a convenient distance turning their horses' heads, they proceeded southwards towards Castle Cary, where they intended to sleep that night.[4] Mr. Edward Kirton, who lived at Castle Cary Manor House, as steward to the Marquis of Hertford,[5] and was well acquainted with Lord

[1] Blount's "Boscobel," Part II.

[2] Barrow, five miles south-west of Abbots Leigh, may have been Wilmot's quarters. The Pickford family, who resided there, had a ring in their possession which was given by Charles II. in memory of their aiding in his escape. It was exhibited at the Archæological Association meeting of 1857. (See *Journal of Archæological Association*, vol. xiii. p. 248.)

[3] For further details see Part II. Tract 3.

[4] Instead, therefore, of going through Bristol, the route would be through Bedminster and the picturesque villages of Chew Stoke and Harptree, where they would reach the Roman road running in a south-easterly direction towards Shepton Mallett, eight miles north of Castle Cary.

[5] Church Register, Easton, Wiltshire. The pedigree of the Kirtons will be found in Somerset Wills, 1st series, 44.

Wilmot, met the party on the road[1] and conducted them either to the manor house or the house of his brothers. The local tradition points to the latter, a much modernised house now occupied by a coach builder. It is re-fronted, and the interior also has very little of old date left; the window of the room where Charles is said to have slept is on the right-hand side as one faces the house.

The manor house has been rebuilt but occupies the same site, near a large sheet of water retaining the name of "Park Pond." In 1791 a great part of the house had been demolished, but from several fine old arches which remained vestiges of a once stately edifice were evident.[2]

Edward Kirton had been severely fined by the Parliamentary Commissioners two years before (1649), for having been active in the Royalist cause. He died in 1654, only a few months after his parents William and Dorothy Kirton.[3]

After the night's rest at Castle Cary, a ride of ten miles brought the travellers to their destination, the secluded and pretty village of Trent, where Colonel Francis Wyndham and his wife were anxiously expecting their arrival, having walked out into the meadows adjoining the house to meet them.[4]

[1] See "Extracts from Clarendon," Boscobel Tracts, 2nd edition, p. 127. Wilmot on his way to Trent the day before, no doubt had arranged with Kirton to meet them on the road and bring them to safe quarters for the night. (See also Phelps's "History of Somerset.")

[2] See Collinson's "History of Somerset," vol. ii. p. 56.

[3] See "Historical Notes on Castle Cary," by Rev. A. W. Grafton.

[4] Lord Wilmot had arrived there the night before. The distance from Abbots Leigh to Trent is about thirty-seven miles.

The Flight of the King

Leaving the king at his new quarters we give here a few particulars concerning Jane Lane, as the important part she acted ended at Trent, and she returned to Bentley on the following morning (Thursday, September 18), escorted by Mr. Lassels. About the middle of October 1651, Jane and her brother, Colonel Lane, went on foot in disguise to the East Coast, where they managed to get a vessel at Yarmouth,[1] to carry them over to France. On December 21, Evelyn records in his diary, "Came to visit my wife Mrs. Lane the lady who conveied the king to the sea-side at his escape from Worcester." She shortly afterwards entered the service of the Princess of Orange, whom she accompanied to Cologne in 1654. Colonel Lane returned to England the following spring, with the unfortunate result that soon afterwards we find him thrown in prison for his loyalty. "I am very sorry," says Charles in a letter to Jane Lane (dated June 30, 1652), "to hear that your father and brother are in prison, but I hope 'tis upon no other score than the generall clapping up of all persons who wish me well."[2]

A few months later the king wrote to "Mrs. Lane," expressing his regret that owing to his "necessityes," he could not yet send her anything more substantial than a letter, trusting that he

[1] See "Monarchy Revived," 1661; also "A History of His Sacred Majesty by a Person of Quality," 1660. It is not improbable they may first have tried to get a boat at Ipswich, and then have visited "Sparrowe's House" in the Butter Market, thus originating the erroneous tradition that Charles himself was secreted there. The miniatures of Jane Lane and the king formerly preserved here were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition by C. H. Burnaby Sparrow, Esq.

[2] Historical Manuscript Commission Report, VI. p. 473.

would live to pay the great debt he owed her "in a degree worthy of him."[1] Nor did the king forget his indebtedness. Her services were discussed in the House of Lords in the year of the Restoration, and a draft order issued for the payment of £1000 to buy her a jewel,[2] and a warrant was issued in the following year for a pension of the same amount.[3] A royal grant of £1000 was also allowed to each of Colonel Lane's daughters as a marriage portion, viz., Grace, Lettice, Elizabeth, Jane, Dorothy, and Frances.[4] Their brother Thomas also received a pension of £500.[5]

Jane Lane received many gifts from the king:[6] the gold watch (which by his express wish was to descend by succession to the eldest daughter), and in 1830 was in the possession of the dowager Mrs. Lucy of Charlecote, was stolen some years afterwards and no doubt melted down at a Birmingham receiving-house.[7]

[1] Letter dated from Paris, November 23, 1652, preserved in the Salt Library at Stafford.

[2] *Lord's Journal*, XI. 219; Historical MS. Commission Report, VII. App. p. 139.

[3] Domestic State Papers, February 1661. "The king has now given order for the settling of 1000 a year upon me."—(Letter from Jane Lane to the Queen Mother, in the Salt Library.)

[4] The original deed, dated June 28, 1669, is preserved at Narford Hall, Swaffham. Dorothy and Lettice are buried at Knightwick and Martley in Worcestershire; the latter was blind many years before she died in 1709.

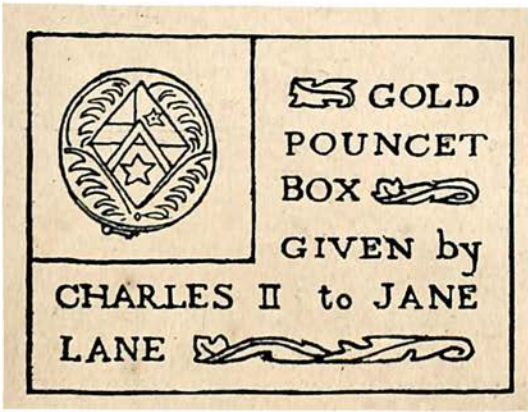
[5] He and his sister Jane (then Lady Fisher) petitioned on July 20, 1689, that their respective pensions might be preserved to them.

[6] A letter from the king to Jane Lane referring to his portrait which he had ordered to be painted for her, will be found in Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 88. This portrait, a full length of the king in his robes, or a replica of it, is now at Packington.

[7] Maria, a great-great-great-grand-daughter of Colonel John Lane, married John Lucy, of Charlecote.

The Flight of the King

At the Stuart Exhibition, a crystal watch, the gift of Charles to Mrs. Lane, was lent by a Mr. Merry. A beautiful miniature by Cooper of Colonel Lane,[1] and a gold pouncet box engraved with the Canton of England and arms of the Lanes, have descended through a Mrs. Fownes as heirlooms to the Rev. Vernon G. Yonge, of Charnes Hall, Staffordshire. The following inscription is attached:—"The gift of Charles II. to Mrs. Jane Lane, great aunt to Mrs. Fownes."[2] A snuff-box said to be presented by Charles to Mrs. Lane, was exhibited at the meeting of the Chester Historical Society of 1850, by the Rev. Canon Slade,[3] and a descendant of the Lanes, Mrs. Cheese of Amersham, also possesses a snuff-box with Charles II.'s portrait thereon, presented by him to his fair riding companion.[4]



[1] The only other portrait of the Colonel extant is at King's Bromley Hall.

[2] By the courtesy of their owner, these relics have been photographed for this work. They were exhibited at a meeting of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain at Shrewsbury in 1855. A reproduction of the miniature will be found in Part II.

[3] *Wiltshire Archæological Magazine*, vol xxvi., article on "Mistress Jane Lane," by C. Penruddocke.

[4] A grand-daughter of John Lane of Bentley, and daughter of Thomas Lane, married John Freer, whose grandson, Richard Lane Freer, D.D., was Mrs. Cheese's uncle.

Another gift was a miniature of the king (by Cooper) set in diamonds. It was formerly among the treasures at Narford Hall, the seat of Sir Andrew Fountaine, and came there originally by one of Colonel Lane's daughters marrying a Clint of Narford.[1]

Jane Lane died September 9, 1689,[2] her husband, Sir Clement Fisher, having died six years previously, aged seventy. There being no issue, Packington Hall, the seat of the Fishers, passed into the Aylesford family, by the marriage of an heiress, Mary Fisher (grand-niece of Sir Clement), with the Earl of Aylesford.

[1] The bulk of Sir Andrew Fountaine's valuable collection of miniatures perished at a fire at White's Coffee House, St. James Street, where they were temporarily stored. This probably accounts for the absence of the above-mentioned miniature of Charles II. at the Narford sale at Christie's Rooms in 1894.

[2] Jane ye Lady of ye late Sir Clement Fisher, buried September ye 12th, 1689.—Parish Register, Great Packington. When she became a widow, her pension was in arrear £5500. There is an entry of the marriage, which was solemnised by Gilbert Sheldon, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Fisher Family Bible, now in the possession of Sir Charles Dilke, Bt.

The Flight of the King

A sister of Jane Lane, Mary, died in 1686, aged sixty-seven : her monument at Manningford-Bruce, Wilts, records the fact that she "bore a very considerable part in preserving King Charles ye Second after ye defeat of Worcester."[1]

Colonel John Lane died in 1667, aged fifty-eight (having been offered a peerage for his services, which he declined, not having means to support that dignity), and was buried in the Lane Chapel at St. Peter's, Wolverhampton.[2] John H. H. Vincent Lane, Esq., of King's Bromley, is a lineal descendant, and the present head of the family.

The augmentation to the Lane arms of "three lions passant, gardant, or in a canton gules," was granted in 1677, and in the following year the crest of a "demi-horse, strawberrie colour, bridled sable, bitted and garnished, or, supporting an imperiall crown gold" with the motto "Garde le Roy."[3] The colour is said to represent and commemorate

[1] She married Edward Nicholas, son of Sir Oliver Nicholas, cup-bearer to James I. Mr. Richmond Nicholas, of Wimbledon, is the present representative of the family.

[2] In the year 1667 Colonel Lane received a gift from the king of £2000.—Domestic State Papers, February 22, 1667. A thousand pounds was voted by Parliament to erect the monument to his memory. It is engraved in Shaw's "Staffordshire."

[3] A representative of the family, John Lane (ob. 1824), established his claim to be exempt from the tax on armorial bearings because he bore the royal arms. (*Wilts Archæological Magazine*, vol. xxvi.) The seal given above is the first cut of the crest after it was granted. It is in the possession of Colonel Cecil Lane, of Whiston Hall. (The impression has been kindly provided by C. Penruddocke, Esq., of Compton Park.)

the strawberry-roan steed the king rode from Bentley to Trent.

There are many portraits of Jane Lane in existence. The most pleasing one, a three-quarter length representing her in the act of concealing the Royal Crown of England under a veil, is at Packington Hall, the old seat of the Fishers. Here is also another where she is depicted in the same allegorical manner.[1] The most curious, however, and similar in many respects to the latter, is a portrait now in the collection of S. Darnbrough, Esq., of High Berrys, Ripon. In a corner is a scroll bearing the motto, "Sic sic juvat ire sub umbrâ."

The history of this painting is curious, as it has been handed down by the Arden family, who were closely connected with the Staffordshire Bagots, Lanes, and Newtons. Its original home was Utkinton Hall, Cheshire, the seat of Sir John Done, whose daughter married Ralph Arden, *ob.* 1651. His second daughter, Mary, married John Crew, of Kiplin, and the picture passed with his estates to his grand-daughter, Mary Knightley, of Fawsley, Northants. At her death, by award of Chancery, the property was divided, and the first two shares devolved upon John Arden, of Harden and Pepper Halls, great-grandson of the above-mentioned Ralph.

When Harden Hall was dismantled and allowed

[1] In each picture "A Hydra" (the Commonwealth) is represented in the background. In a measure the Packington portraits are fancy ones, for at the time of the king's escape, Jane Lane was between thirty and forty years of age, and the Restoration (after which they were painted) was nine years later. The contracted sleeves and ruffles at the elbows of the first mentioned picture almost point to the time of Queen Anne.

to fall into ruin, Jane Lane's portrait was removed to the picture-gallery of Pepper Hall. John Arden's grandson, Lord Alvanley, gave it to a Mr. Walton, of Northallerton, at the death of whose son it was sold to Dr. Hodgson, and at his decease in 1892 it was sold to the Rev. J. W. Darnbrough, its present possessor.

A better known portrait is that where she is dressed in Puritanical costume, with hood and large collar.[1] The original is in the possession of W. M. Hardinge, Esq., and was exhibited in the Stuart Exhibition.[2]

Another painting of Jane Lane some years ago belonged to the Rev. J. P. Johnson. It was purchased at Bloxwich, and is supposed to have come originally from Bentley Hall.

But now, after this digression, to return to Trent House. Upon the arrival of the royal fugitive at about ten o'clock in the morning, he was immediately conducted to Lady Anne Wyndham's room, which, with three others, was set apart for his use. This part of the house has been but little altered, but the remainder has been entirely reconstructed and modernised. In the black-oak panelled room with massive beams, quaint window recesses, and

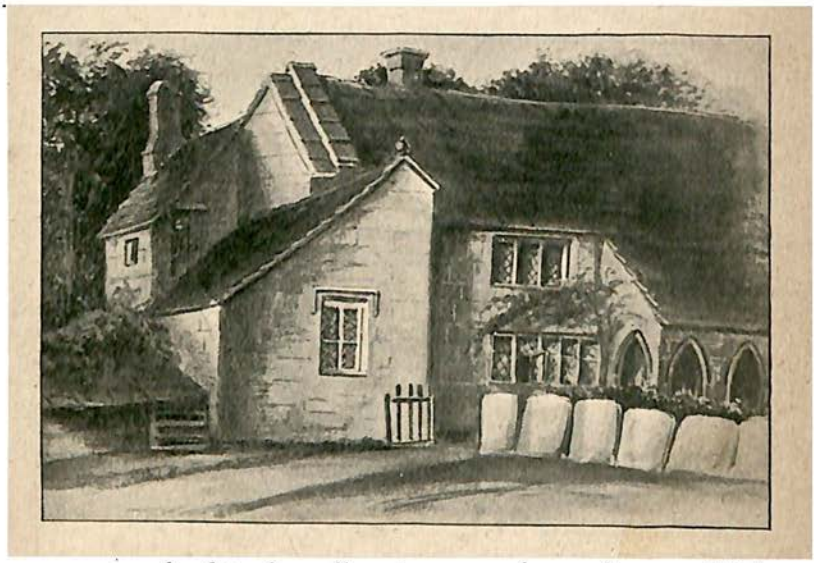
[1] See Part II. for the above-mentioned portraits.

[2] It has been engraved. It was formerly in the collection of Sir Hugh Smith, of Ashton Court, Somerset, whose name was changed for Wyndham. A replica of it has recently come into the possession of Mr. Colnaghi, of Pall Mall. A miniature of Jane Lane on copper, formerly the property of the late C. A. Howell, Esq., was sold at Christie's in 1890. An interesting miniature of Jane Lane is in the possession of the Marquis of Bute: a copy of it by Harding is in the Salt Library. Mrs. Dilke, of York, has an interesting miniature said to represent Jane Lane, though more likely the portrait is that of her sister Mary. (See Part II.)

secret panels,[1] we can vividly picture the not then very "merry monarch" listening to the bells of the fine old church hard by, rung by the Puritanic villagers in celebration of the report of his demise, or killing time by amusing himself in cooking his own victuals. The Priests' Hole or Secret Chamber (another of lay-brother Owen's ingenious inventions) is situated in the upper part of a small projecting wing, and is provided with a double floor, beneath which, in the space between it and the ceiling of "the Brewhouse" below (which retains its open Tudor fireplace and picturesque window), a fugitive could lay con-

[1] The two small square secret panels beside the fireplace were intended no doubt for the secretion of small valuables or compromising deeds: visitors are informed, however, that the king received his food through them!

cealed, and if need be, make his exit by way of the said brewhouse chimney. From the signs of a fireplace up in the wall on the right of the door leading into "Lady Wyndham's Chamber," there



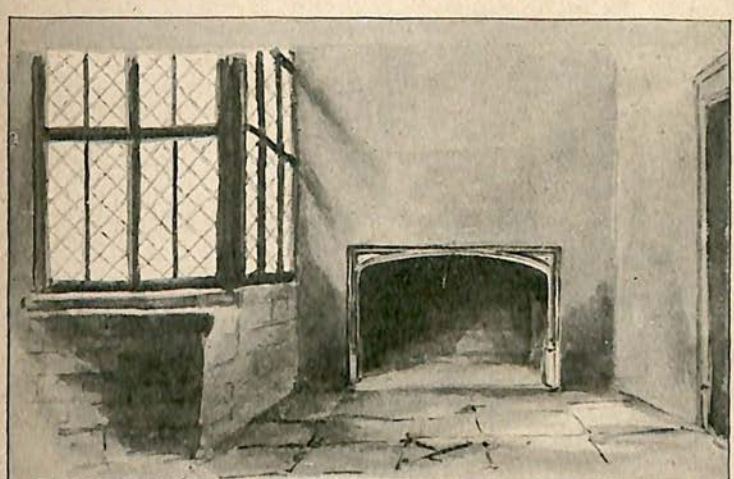
was no doubt a small ante-room here, from which the hiding-place was approached, the flooring now being removed to make way for a rudely constructed half-staircase, half-ladder, evidently that referred to by Hughes, which "the curious traveller had to crawl up to the great disarrangement of farming utensils and roosting hens."[1]

The tiny apartment with the double floor can now only be entered by a small triangular hole in the wall, formed by the slant of a roof of later construction, that now intersects the former position of the above-mentioned ante-room. Upon

[1] Hughes' "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 104.

squeezing through this triangular hole and viewing it from the other side, the original arrangement of the rooms and their subsequent alterations is better exemplified: for the triangular entrance is then seen at the base of a blocked up stone Tudor doorway, and the floor level is above the lower portion of the later constructed roof of the adjoining apartment.

Next to the brewhouse, and underneath "Lady Wyndham's room," is the old kitchen with a huge but much modernised fireplace. When King

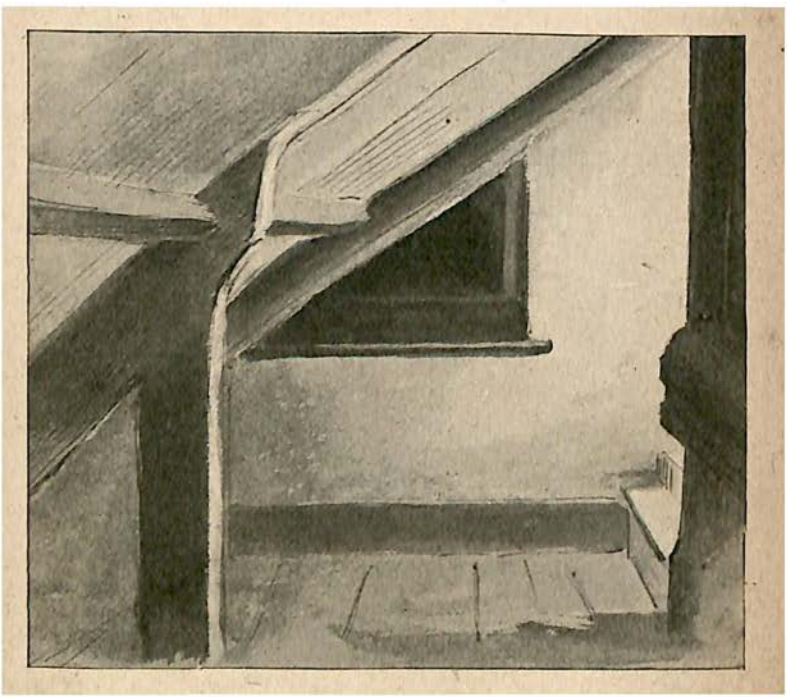


Charles was occupying the room above, communication is said to have been kept up by means of a string suspended down the kitchen chimney.[1] There is also a tradition that, to prevent any sudden intrusion, the arched doorway leading

[1] This apartment is now used as a dining-room and has been entirely modernised.

from the yard to this part of the house was screened from observation by a load of hay.[1]

The manor-house now belongs to the Seymour family,[2] and was purchased in the first instance from descendants of the Wyndhams by a Mr.



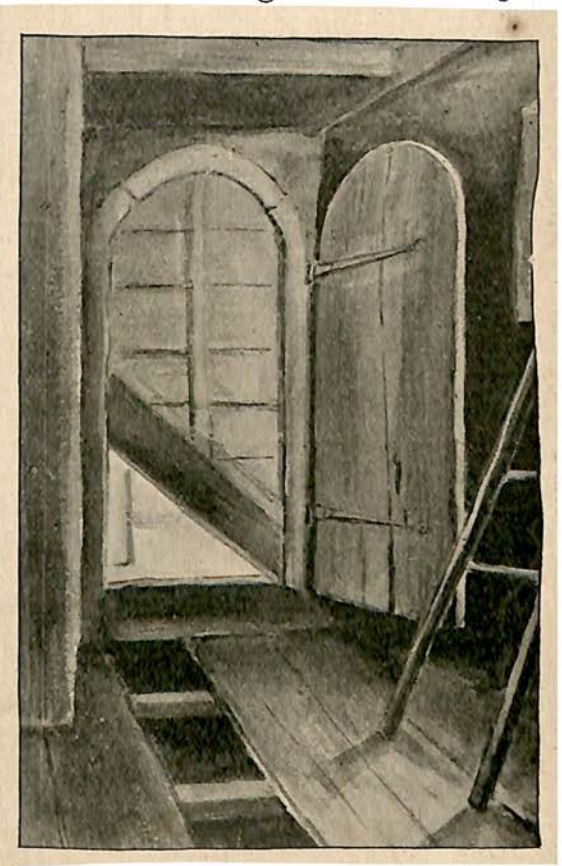
Colliton, of Hertfordshire. With the death of Colonel Wyndham's great-grandson, the fourth and last baronet of Trent,[3] the estate devolved

[1] See C. R. B. Barratt's "Somersetshire."

[2] The Trent estate was originally purchased by Francis Seymour, Esq., second son of Sir Edward Seymour, of Maiden Bradley, Wilts. Miss Jane Seymour is the present possessor.

[3] *Ob.* 1719. There is a handsome monument erected to his memory in the nave of Trent church.

upon his sister Frances, whose husband, Henry Bromley, was created Lord Montfort by George II. This title also becoming extinct in 1851, the descendant from the female branch of the Trent Wyndhams, is represented by the present Earl of Cadogan—Frances, sister of the second Lord Montfort, marrying the first Earl of Cadogan.



At Newton House, the old seat of the Harbins, near Yeovil, are still preserved some heirlooms from Trent: King Charles's cap and vest, said to have been worked for him by the ladies of the family during his sojourn; the forks and spoons he ate with; some old tapestry, and a fine portrait of the loyal colonel. They came

originally to Newton by the marriage of Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Colonel Wyndham, with William Harbin, of Newton-Somerville.[1]

At the Restoration, Colonel Wyndham received a gift of £1000, "for the buying of a jewel, for his great and eminent service."[2] He was shortly afterwards created a baronet, accompanied by a pension of £600, with reversion to his heirs. He died July 15, 1676, and his wife, Lady Anne Wyndham, June 19, 1698. In Trent church is a plain mural monument to their memory.[3]

Lady Wyndham also received a pension of £400 (dated from May 1667), but not until the following petition had been made: "Has waited seven years since the Restoration, the effect of his (majesty's) promise made when she gave him long and safe retirement in her house after the battle of Worcester, and he gave her pieces of gold marked with his own hand as faithful witnesses between them."[4] This pension like the rest (with the exception of the Penderels') ceased after the abdication of James II.

Eleanor Withers and Joan Halsenoth, the two maids who waited upon the king while he was at Trent,[5] received on May 20, 1664, a gift of £100

[1] The cap and portrait (by the kind permission of Mrs. Harbin) have been photographed for this work. We understand that a gentleman of the name, Crofton Croker, Esq., who died recently, had in his possession a knife and a cap said to have been given by Charles to one of the Wyndhams.

[2] *Lord's Journal*, xi. 214. Historical MSS. Commission Report VII. p. 138.

[3] Lady Wyndham's age "66" is inscribed upon the coffin plate. (See *Somersetshire Archæological Journal*, 1874, p. 138.)

[4] Calendar of State Papers, May 31, 1667. Lady Anne Wyndham mentions these in "Claustrum Regale," "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 344.

[5] *Ibid.* p. 336.

King Charles 1st Coif.

each, for their "particular services"; and from an application made by them two years later, they appear to have received a pension of £50 each.[1]

Juliana Coningsby, Colonel Wyndham's cousin, who rode pillion with Charles upon his leaving Trent, as far as Heale House, and prior to that to the Dorsetshire coast and back, petitioned from Salisbury, September 11, 1665, for a reward, "as often promised," and received a grant of £200 a year.[2] The parentage of this lady is not known, but she probably came from the Warwickshire branch of the Coningsbys, of Hampton Court, Herefordshire, she being the niece of Colonel Wyndham's mother, the old Lady Anne Wyndham, who was a daughter of Richard Coningsby, of Chapel, Warwickshire.

Juliana married Mr. Amias Hext, of Redlinch, Somerset (son of the Rev. A. Hext, B.D., of Babcary, in the same county)[3] descended from the younger branch of the Hext family, of Kingstone, county Devon. They were united before 1673-4, when the pension was continued to her as "now wife of Amias Hext." Both were buried in the north aisle of Low Ham church, Somersetshire, where their funeral hatchment, bearing the arms of Hext impaling Coningsby, was to be seen hanging only a few years ago.[4]

Colonel Francis Wyndham having failed to pro-

[1] Calendar of State Papers, May 20, 1664, and June 14, 1666.
[2] *Ibid.* November 1665.
[3] He had been ejected from his living and imprisoned in 1646. (See Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy.")
[4] From information kindly provided by Mrs. Francis Margaret Hext of Lostwithiel.

cure a vessel through the aid of his friend and neighbour, Colonel Giles Strangways, of Melbury,[1] he rode over to Lyme Regis to confer with Captain William Ellesdon, an acquaintance living in that town.[2]

The captain suggesting a tenant of his, Stephen Limbry, of Charmouth, the master of a coasting

vessel, he and Colonel Wyndham went there together, and settled with him that for sixty pounds he should carry some royalist gentlemen over to

[1] The old mansion, about ten miles south of Trent, now belongs to Colonel Strangways' descendant, the Earl of Ilchester. On the morning of September 18, Colonel Wyndham rode over to Melbury, and meeting Colonel Strangways "they walked into the park adjoining the house where Colonel Wyndham imparted the reason and end of his present visit."—Claustrum Regale Reseratum, "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 339.

[2] Ellesdon's house was probably situated in the lower part of Lyme, where the merchants usually congregated, but owing to the encroachment of the sea and many extensive fires, but few of the older buildings remain.

France, and have his long-boat in readiness at Charmouth on the night of September 22.

The colonel returning with the good news to Trent, despatched his man, Henry Peters, back to the inn at Charmouth (where the interview with 'Limbry had taken place) to engage rooms for the night of the proposed embarkation, under the pretext that it was for an elopement.

It was also arranged that on his way to the inn, the king should meet Ellesdon at a house of his brother,[1] situated among the hills between Lyme and Charmouth, where final arrangements could be settled. All this being satisfactorily arranged, Charles, riding pillion as before with Miss Coningsby, with Colonel Wyndham as guide and Lord Wilmot and Peters following at a little distance, started on their way to the coast.[2]

Ellesdon arrived first at his brother's house, making the excuse to the tenant that he came there to meet some friends at the time of the passing of the London carrier. About half an hour later, the king and his companions made their appearance, and were informed by the captain

[1] Described as the house of Ellesdon's *father* in Ellesdon's letter in the "Boscobel Tracts." This is an error according to the original MS. Ellesdon's brother was receiver of the customs in the port of Lyme. In the Worcester edition of "Boscobel" (1769) the house is alluded to as appertaining to Ellesdon's *brother-in-law*, a noted Oliverian.

[2] The distance from Trent to Charmouth is about twenty-two miles, but nothing is recorded of the day's journey. Ainsworth, in his novel, is probably not far wrong in describing the way through Over-Compton, Berwick, and Pilsdon Pen and Lamberts Castle. At Clapton Court, near Crewkerne, there is a tradition that the king stopped there upon his way to Charmouth, leaving a glove behind which was long preserved as a memento.

that all was in readiness for the intended voyage. Charles, ere he departed, presented Ellesdon with a gold coin in which he had bored a hole (to pass away the monotonous hours of his secretion at

Trent), as a token of his gratitude.[1] This coin descended as an heir-loom in the family, and by the marriage of Ellesdon's granddaughter with a Bristol merchant of the name of Henvil it was handed down in that family by descendants who left Charmouth at the close of the last century and settled in the West Indies.

After some little difficulty, we have been able to localise the place of rendezvous between Charles

[1] "His majesty having showed his approbation of what I had done, was graciously pleased, as a testimony of his royal favour (which I have ever esteemed as a jewel of choicest worth) to bestow upon me a piece of gold, telling me that at present he had nothing to bestow upon me but that small piece."—Ellesdon's letter to Lord Clarendon.

and Ellesdon. The house is described as being equidistant from Lyme and Charmouth, one and a half miles, and in a solitary situation. The present road, which runs between the two places was not made until 1758; but if we go further inland, equidistant, roughly speaking, about two and a quarter miles, is an old thatched building known to this day as "Elsdon's Farm," at Wild, or Monkton Wyld.[1] It stands a little off the new main road[2] running between Charmouth and

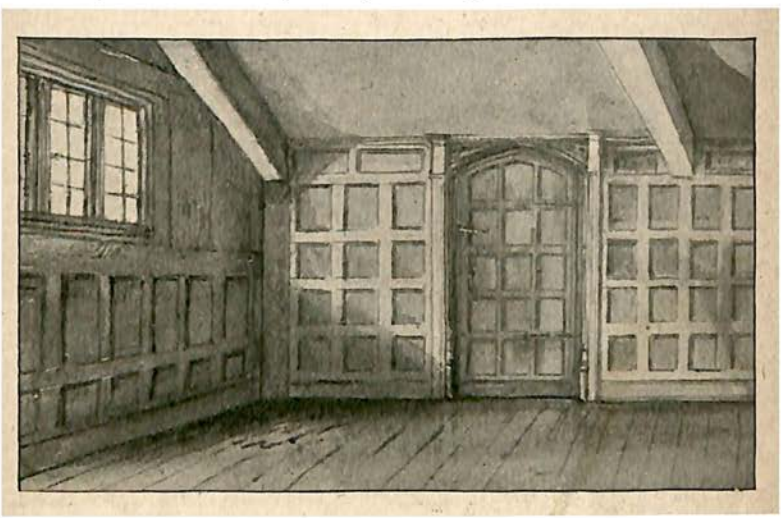
Axminster; the old London road lies about a quarter of a mile nearer the coast; its situation, therefore, was formerly even more secluded than

[1] Elsdon's farm is now included in Monkton Wyld—an ecclesiastical parish formed in 1848, when it was carved out of the overgrown parish of Whitechurch Canonicorum.

[2] This must not be confounded with the road already mentioned between Lyme and Charmouth. The new road to Axminster was made some thirty years ago.

now. Architecturally there is nothing of note ; but though materially altered and reduced in size, it may well go back to the date of our story—in particular some massive outbuildings skirting the deep lane by which the farm is approached.

The following interesting extract from the original manuscript of Captain Alford, Mayor of Lyme in 1684, may be given as additional



proof: "That Mr. Robert Ewell of Marshalsay the 10th of April 1684, that he had been often told by Abraham Roger that *Mr. Elsdon's Tenant at Wilde*, came to him and told him that the king was at his house and desired his advice whether he should gett him taken. Roger told him as he was come for safety under his roof, he should in nowise betray him but lett him goe as hee came, it would be the price of blood and it would doe no good, persuaded him to

desist. Benjamin Bird was with mee coming from Shirburne, when the words were spoken by Elwell."[1]

In the parish of Hawkchurch, some three miles north of Monkton Wyld alluded to above, is an old mansion named Wylde Court which has the tradition that King Charles halted there for a few hours upon his journey to the coast on September 22. From the fact that the house belonged to Colonel Wyndham's cousin, Thomas Wyndham, one of the younger sons of Sir Wadham Wyndham,[2] there may be some truth in the story, but as is more probable, the association with the Wyndhams and the similarity of the name with the Ellesdon property has been the origin of the tradition, handed down by Dr. Rudge, a former

[1] A paper from Captain Alford in the collection of Samuel Pepys, at Magdalene College, Cambridge.

[2] The arms of the Wyndhams are still to be seen in various parts of the building.

incumbent of Hawkchurch, whose family lived there for many years.[1]

In the year 1683, Captain Ellesdon, then Justice of the Peace for Charmouth, wrote to the Secretary of State calling attention to the movements of Mr. Trenchard, who soon afterwards was implicated in the Monmouth Rebellion.[2]

The male line of the Ellesdons became extinct in 1737 with the death of Anthony, the son of Captain William Ellesdon, who was buried at Charmouth Church where is a handsome monument to his memory.[3]

[1] The tradition is mentioned in Pulman's "Book of the Axe."

[2] See Roberts's "Life of Monmouth." John Trenchard was committed to the Tower in 1684 for high treason. After the landing of Monmouth he fled to France.

[3] Arms of the Ellesdons: "Argent on a chevron Azure between three cross crosslets Gules, three fleur de lis Or." The family removed from Lyme to Charmouth, *circ.* 1670.

CHAPTER VIII

CHARMOUTH, BRIDPORT, AND BROAD WINDSOR

RIDING down the steep descent into the little village of Charmouth, Charles and his companions took up their quarters in the rooms that had been engaged by Peters, Captain Ellesdon meanwhile hastening to acquaint Limbry the boatman of their arrival. The suspense of this eventful evening must have been intense, for as luck would have it, it was fair-day at Lyme, and the house was crowded, and in addition to their other anxieties, Wilmot and Miss. Coningsby had to act up to their parts and masquerade as runaway lovers to delude the worthy hostess of the inn;[1] the situation becoming more and more embarrassing as midnight approached without the expected return of Wyndham and Peters from the beach to announce the arrival of Limbry's long-boat.[2]

With the first dawn of day the colonel returned with the unwelcome intelligence, that the tide had gone out without a sign of the boat, whereupon it was hastily agreed that the king, attended by Miss

[1] One Margaret Wade. Jening's "Miraculum Basilicon."

[2] Ellesdon in his letter to Lord Clarendon gives an amusing account of the reason why Limbry was prevented from keeping his engagement, being locked in his room by his wife, who apprehended that his employers were Royalists.

Coningsby and Wyndham, should leave Charmouth as speedily as possible, while Lord Wilmot and Peters would remain behind for a while to demand an explanation from Ellesdon and join them at an inn at Bridport soon after noon. Peters having started for Lyme to confer with Ellesdon, the ostler of the Charmouth inn had to take Lord Wilmot's horse to be shod ere he could depart, and the blacksmith (who like the ostler was a staunch Republican) noticing that the three remaining shoes had been put on in different counties lying around Worcester, pointed it out to the ostler, whose suspicions had already been aroused by the mysterious proceedings of the guests at the inn the night before; the latter therefore hastened to communicate the news to the parson. Some delay was occasioned by the reverend gentleman being just then in the middle of a somewhat lengthy discourse,[1] but upon being informed, went immediately to the inn.

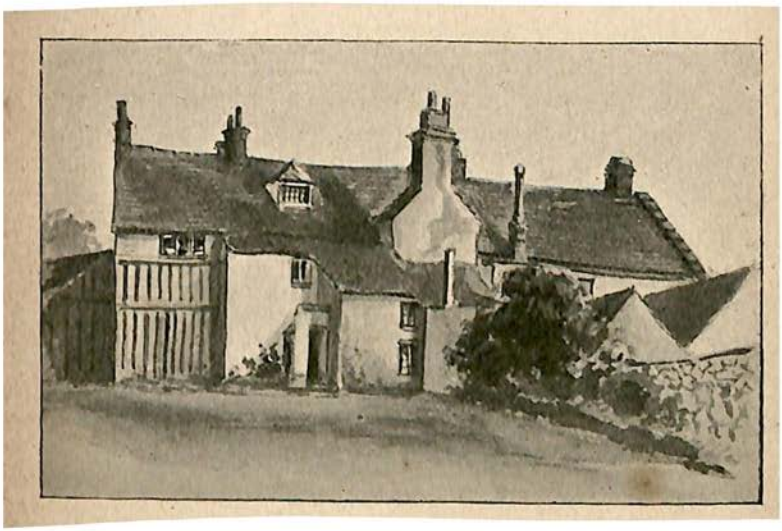
"Charles Stuart lay last night at your house and kissed you at his departure, so that now you can't be a maid of honour," said he to the alarmed hostess. "If I thought it was the king as you say it was," was the angry retort, "I would think the better of my lips all the days of my life, and so, Mr. Parson, get you out of my house or else I'll get those shall kick you out."[2]

[1] "This Westley is since a Nonconformist and lives by the practice of physick in the same place. He told a good gentlewoman that he was confident if ever the king did come again, he would love long prayers, for had he not been then longer than ordinary at his devotions he had surely snapt him."—Jening's "Miraculum Basilicon," foot-note, p. 49.

[2] Ellesdon's letter, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 316.

Charmouth, Bridport, Broad Windsor

Let us for a moment turn our attention to the old inn at Charmouth, "The Queen's Armes," being the sign it bore in the seventeenth century. With the exception of the chimneys, the front has but few vestiges of antiquity left; at the back however, and within, there still remain some interesting features.



For many years it has been divided into two houses. The smaller dwelling on the left hand side, retaining its huge chimney, stone paved floor, ancient doorways and mullioned windows, is quaint and characteristic. A small room on the right is pointed out as one of the two apartments engaged by Peters; the other, "the best chamber," was an upper room to the extreme right[1] in the adjoining dwelling, which for the last half-century has been

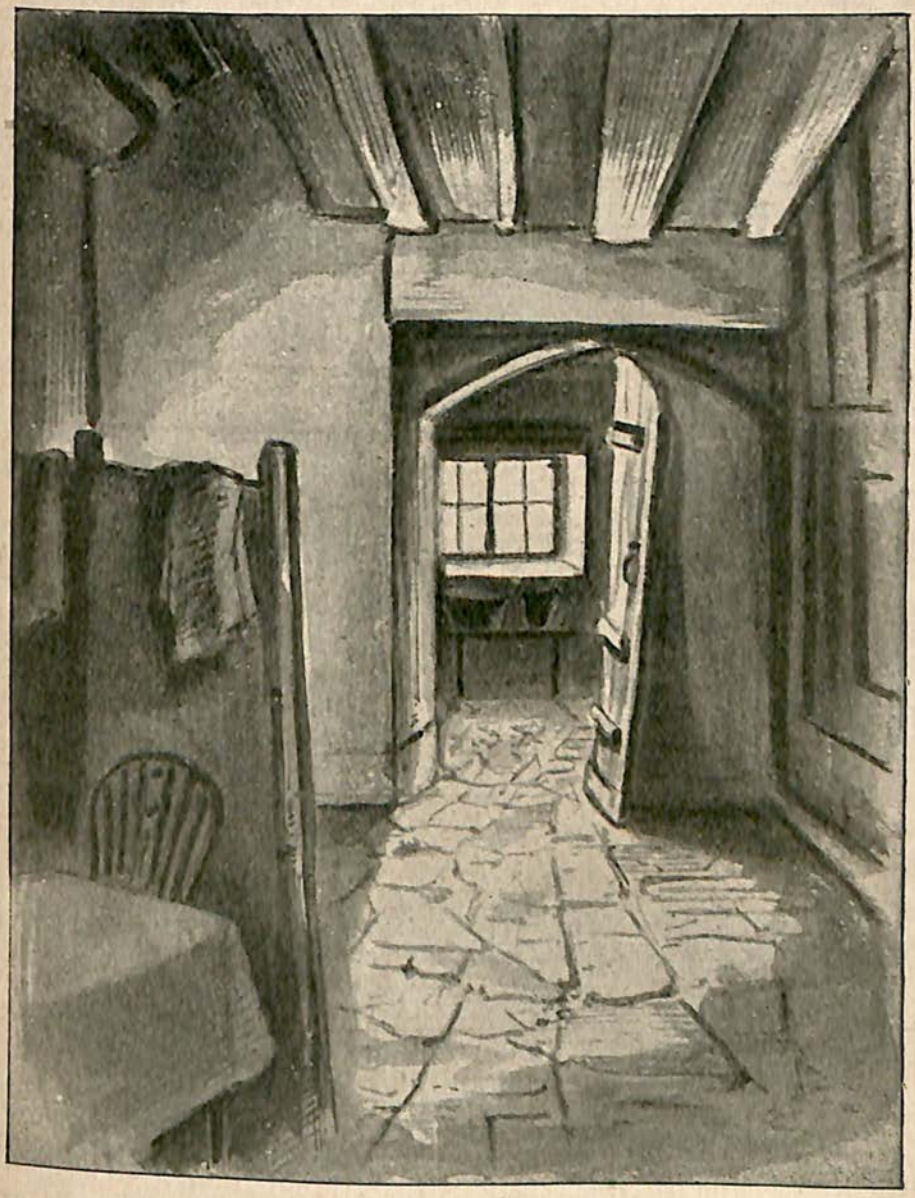
[1] Roberts's "History of Lyme Regis," 1834.

the residence of the Nonconformist minister of Charmouth.

This, the larger portion of the building, was much modernised about the year 1815, when an old fireplace of Ham Hill stone, placed there after the Restoration (with an oak tree and the initials

"C. R." engraved upon it), was stuccoed and papered over. Recently, upon removing the plaster ceiling of a room on the ground floor, massive beams of carved oak were found beneath, which have been carefully restored, and greatly add to the antiquarian interest of the house.

A landlord who succeeded Margaret Wade, put up the following lines, under the sign of "The Queen's Arms":—



Charmouth, Bridport, Broad Windsor

"Here in this house was lodged King Charles;
Come in, sirs, you may venture,
For here is entertainment good
For churchman or dissenter."

The old sign was afterwards removed to the study of a former rector of Charmouth, the Rev.

Mr. Bragg;[1] and when the house was divided into two tenements, one still continued to be an inn, but the sign was altered to "The Anchor."

The blacksmith Hammet's shop stood, so we were informed by an old resident, higher up the village street. It was an old thatched building, and was burned down about twenty-five years ago.

We will now follow the king to Bridport. The

[1] Roberts's "History of Lyme Regis."

distance from Charmouth is seven miles, Morecamblake and Chideock lying between on the direct road. Upon arriving in the town, Charles and his companions, Colonel Wyndham and Miss Coningsby, were not a little alarmed to find it full of soldiers, but there was nothing for it but to go boldly into the best inn, "The George," for fear of missing Lord Wilmot, who was to join them there before they proceeded further.

While Charles was attending to the horses in the stables, his feigned master had secured a room and ordered dinner, which, when ready, "the king was called up, who made haste to eat (the door being shut), and so went again to fit the horses whilst they did eat."[1] About this time, Juliana Coningsby, looking out of the window, noticed Peters riding into the courtyard, and, upon being beckoned up, he explained that Lord Wilmot had arrived and had put up at another inn, and would join their company on the London Road about two miles beyond the town.

A few remains of the old "George" inn can still be traced in a chemist's shop nearly opposite the town hall of Bridport.[2] The roof, probably the original, extends over two or three adjacent shops; inside, some of the old beams may be seen, and at the back are signs of the inn yard where the king had to push his way through the crowd of Cromwellian troopers, and evade Horton[3] the ostler's startling greeting: "Sure sir, I know your

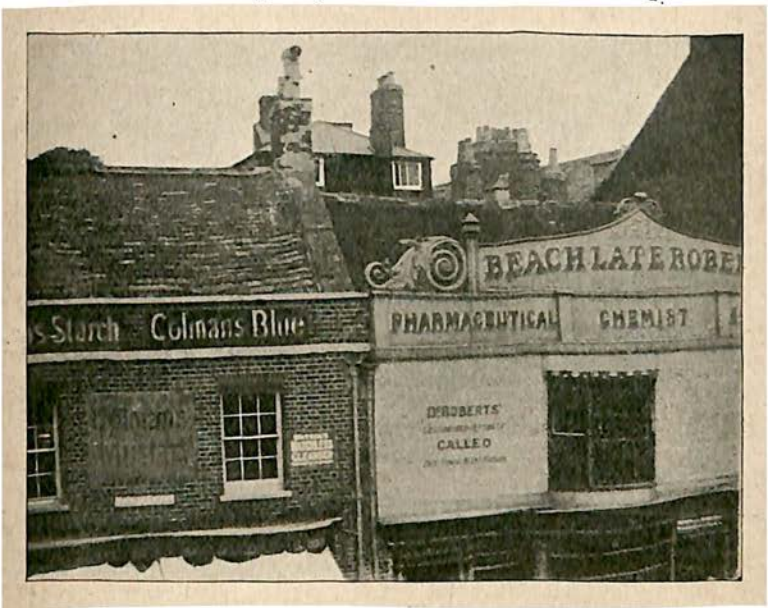
[1] Captain Alford's narrative, see Part II. Tract 4.

[2] See a little pamphlet entitled "Charles II. in Dorset," by J. S. Udal, reprinted from the Dorset Natural History and Antiquarian Field Club Society's Proceedings.

[3] The ostler's name is given in Jening's "Miraculum Basilicon."

face"! The greater part of the old building was pulled down about the year 1820.[1]

The news having quickly spread that the royal fugitive had been at Charmouth, the local authorities ordered the neighbouring houses to be searched, and a party of soldiers started in pursuit



along the London Road, in which direction the travellers had departed, and who, by the merest chance (after they had left Bridport and when Wilmot had rejoined them), turned off the main road to the left, it having been decided upon to return again to Trent.

[1] There is another George inn down the quay about half a mile distant, but it has no connection with the story. Mr. Tristram, in "Coaching Ways," is in error in pointing this out as the house. There is also an illustration of a house at Exeter in this book which has no connection with Charles's escape.

The Flight of the King

No sooner had they left the high road than the pursuers dashed by,[1] but, failing to overtake their prey, they gave up the chase at Dorchester and proceeded to Pilsdon (seven miles north-east of Charmouth), the house of Sir Hugh Wyndham, Colonel Wyndham's uncle, which they strictly

searched, one of the young lady inmates at first being taken for the king in disguise.

The exterior of this fine old house has been but little altered, with the exception of the insertion of plate-glass windows in place of the picturesque diamond-paned glazing. "The hall," wherein the family were locked up during the search, is a

[1] Alford says the troopers arrived at the "George," Bridport, to make inquiries, only a quarter of an hour after the fugitives had departed.

large apartment on the ground floor, to the left of the principal entrance, but it has now lost all its ancient characteristics.

"It is much to be observed," says Mrs. Anne Wyndham, "that the same day the king went from Charmouth (September 23) Captain Ellesdon came to Pilsdon and inquired of Sir Hugh and his lady for the king and colonel, confidently affirming that they must needs be there."[1] Alford, however, has it that Ellesdon's visit to Pilsdon was with the intention of arresting Charles. The boatman Limbry also swore before several witnesses that "had he had the money agreed for, which he was to have received at Charmouth, he would have carried out his contract,"[2] the condition being that he should ballast his vessel at Ellesdon's cost, and that directly or indirectly he never received a penny; but Ellesdon's version, and doubtless the correct one, is that Limbry gave the sole reason of his not carrying out the arrangements, that he was imprisoned in his room by his wife, who feared the consequences, declared in the proclamation at Lyme, of aiding Royalists to escape.

After the Restoration, Captain Ellesdon solicited for a pension from the customs of Lyme, but for some years does not appear to have been successful. Probably Charles did not easily forget

[1] Claustrum Regale.

[2] "Stephen Limbry often told Captain Fookes that if Elsdon had payd him but £10, he had carryed away the king, and so he told Mr. Tho. Blackne, who spoke it at Bidport (*sic*) the 22nd of January 1683 by the Lord Bishop of Bristoll, and Mr. Jones doth affirme that the master often told him that if Elesdon would have given him but £5, he had proceeded."—A paper from Captain Alford, Pepysian Library, Cambridge.

the night's adventure at Charmouth, or was influenced, in Ellesdon's words, by "false information (which sticks like daggers in his heart) that he did not faithfully perform the office commanded." Colonel Wyndham expressed the opinion that the captain was not in the least to blame in the business,[1] with the effect that £100 a year was eventually settled upon him "during pleasure, for his two sons, Anthony and Charles, or until such time as his majesty should make some other provision for them."[2]

But to return to the king's departure from Bridport. Little dreaming of their narrow escape, upon leaving the London Road the fugitives struck, as near as they could guess, in the most likely direction for Yeovil or Sherborne, but, bearing too much to the west, they found themselves, towards the close of the day, at the village of Broad Windsor,[3] to the north-west of Bridport, and only two and a half miles from Pilsdon.

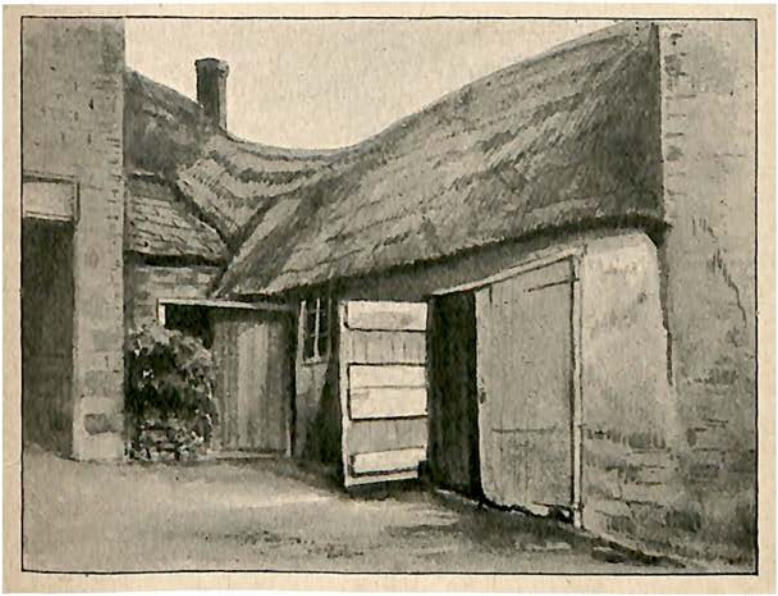
Calling for some beer at the village inn, with the intention of ascertaining their whereabouts, Colonel Wyndham recognised in the landlord the

[1] Calendar of State Papers, February 1, 1662. In the petition is a reference to the Lord Chancellor's Report (of February 17) that Ellesdon "served with fidelity in the late wars, and that Colonel Fras. Wyndham says that he honestly endeavoured to procure a vessel for his majesty's transportation after the battle of Worcester; that the shipmaster with whom he contracted failed, but he was not in the least degree guilty and should have some bounty."

[2] See Pension Arrears, in Appendix.

[3] Crossing the Downs they would probably proceed towards Beaminster along the valley of the Birt, and, leaving the town on the right, pass through the pretty village of Netherbury (where a tradition still lingers to that effect) lying in the direct route for Broad Windsor.

former servant of a connection of his.[1] The king, hearing that he was a staunch Royalist, determined to put up there for the night, the colonel introducing Lord Wilmot as his brother-in-law, Colonel Bullen Reymes (of Waddon), whom he very much resembled, and Charles passing as groom.[2]



A marginal note to the original MS. of Ellesdon's letter records a little incident hitherto unpublished. Upon being conducted to an upper chamber, "the hostess, as I [Ellesdon] am informed, came immediately to welcome Col. Reymes, whom she said she very well knew at

[1] Original MS. Ellesdon's letter.

[2] Colonel Reymes, of West Waddon, near Portisham, married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thomas Gerard, of Trent. There is a portrait of him at Zeals.

Exeter when she lived with Mrs. Coventry; and how she caressed Lord Wilmot instead of him, I leave your lordship [Clarendon] to be better informed from his majestie himself, that to this day hath not forgot it."[1]

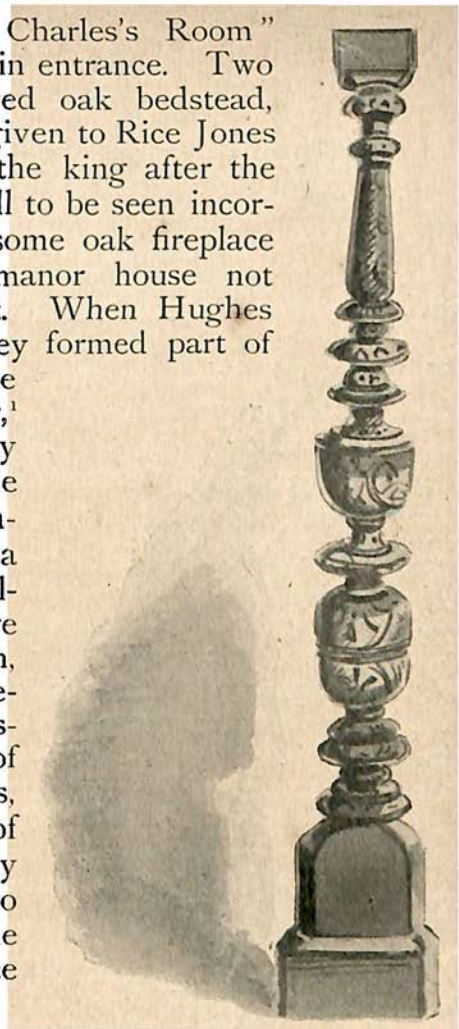
The principal part of "The George," at Broad Windsor, was burnt down about the

year 1856, but an old thatched outbuilding remains, which, judging from the huge oak rafters and beams, was in all likelihood in existence in 1651.

An aged smock-frocked ostler who was on the premises on the occasion of our visit remembered the house before the fire occurred, with a large sign of the George and Dragon in

[1] Original MS. Ellesdon's Letter.

front, and "King Charles's Room" overlooking the main entrance. Two posts of the carved oak bedstead, said to have been given to Rice Jones (the landlord) by the king after the Restoration, are still to be seen incorporated in a handsome oak fireplace at Symondsbury manor house not many miles distant. When Hughes wrote in 1830, they formed part of a summer-house at Broad Windsor,[1] since when they were used as the supports to a chimney-corner in a cottage in the village; this cottage being pulled down, the posts were removed to Symondsbury. The tester of the bed is, or was, in the possession of the Ewens family of Crewkerne, to whose ancestors the "George Inn" once belonged.[2]



[1] See Hughes's "Boscobel Tracts," 1st edition, 1830.
[2] See "Charles II. in Dorset," by J. S. Udal, p. 19.

CHAPTER IX

FROM TRENT TO HEALE HOUSE

THE same day that the king got back to his old quarters at Trent, Colonel Wyndham's brother-in-law, Mr. Edward Hyde,[1] came there to dine, and in the course of conversation happened to mention that he had seen on the previous day at Salisbury, Colonel Robert Phelips,[2] who had just returned to his family, then living in that city (their old seat, Montacute, being at that time sequestrated)[3] with a protection against molestation from the Parliamentary Commissioners. Colonel Wyndham afterwards mentioned this to Charles, thinking that his help would be valuable in procuring a vessel from one of the southern ports ; and Charles approving the idea, Lord Wilmot left the next

[1] Edward Hyde of West Hatch, married Etheldred, daughter of Thomas Gerard, of Trent.

[2] In the "Claustrum Regale" and in Blount's account of the king's adventures, no allusion is made as to how Colonel Robert Phelips was first introduced into Charles's service, in which he acted so important a part. This omission is supplied in Colonel Phelips's own MS. notes, which at Samuel Pepys's request were furnished by him when the great diarist was compiling and correcting the king's narrative of his adventures, dictated at Newmarket in 1681. (See Introduction.)

[3] This grand old mansion is still occupied by the Phelips family. It is said that a valuable collection of books was entirely destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers.

morning for Salisbury (accompanied by his man Swan, and Peters) to find out Colonel Phelips and procure the assistance of the Hon. John Coventry, a relative of Wyndham, who resided in the Close.[1]

During the Civil Wars, Colonel Wyndham and many other Royalists had found shelter at Salisbury at the "King's Arms," an inn just outside the Close, a noted resort of cavaliers; so Peters was directed to take Lord Wilmot there first as safe quarters, where, if necessary, he could depend upon lying concealed.

We will now follow Colonel Robert Phelips's account of the proceedings, which supplies an important addition to the "Boscobel Tracts."[2]

Upon arriving at the King's Arms, Lord Wilmot sent for Mr. Coventry, to whom he related his errand. Colonel Phelips was then sent for, and the two old army acquaintances were left together while Mr. Coventry went into the next room to have a pipe with Hewett, the landlord, who was a staunch Royalist. Colonel Phelips was at first shy and reserved, until Wilmot, noticing it, told him he was instructed to be candid with him, and inform him that the king was then at Trent, and being assured of his fidelity solicited his help in procuring a vessel.

Phelips, astonished to learn of the king's proximity, willingly undertook the service. Mr. Coventry now rejoined the party, and "they drank a bottle or two," while Lord Wilmot re-

[1] He was the eldest son by a second wife of Lord Coventry, the keeper of the Great Seal.

[2] By kind permission of the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, and Mr. A. G. Peskett, the librarian, we have been allowed to consult this manuscript.

counted the king's adventures and narrow escapes since the fatal September 3.

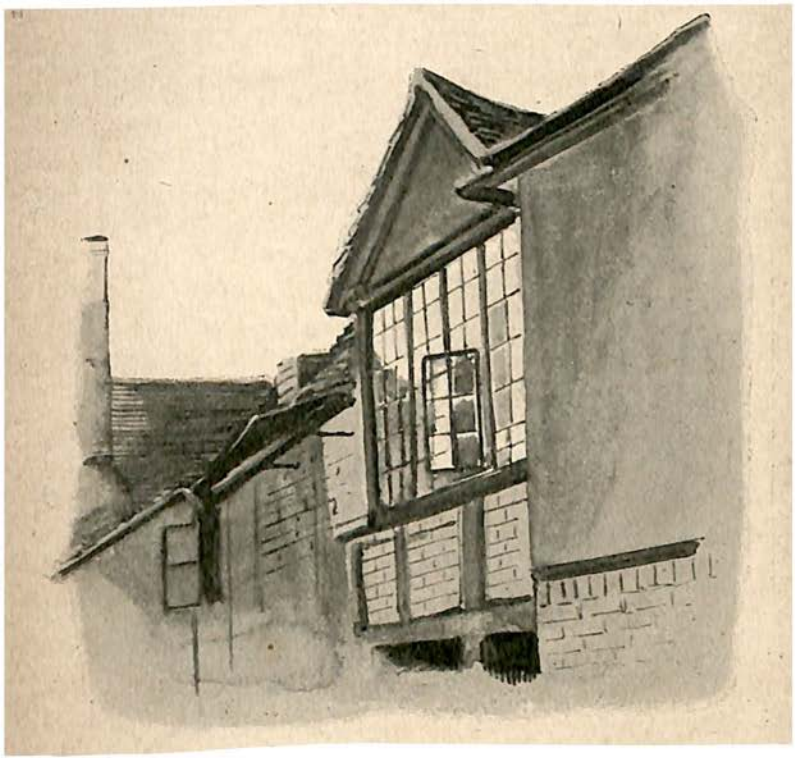
Next morning Colonel Phelips went to Southampton to consult an acquaintance, a merchant named Horne, who being away from home, a letter was left for him requesting him to meet Phelips on the following day at the house of Colonel St. Barbe, six miles distant. Horne kept the appointment, and after dinner Phelips, taking him into the garden, asked if he could procure a boat to carry a friend or two over to France. The merchant suggested a man at Southampton upon whom he could rely, and promised to bring him next day (Sunday[1]) about three in the afternoon to Redbridge. Here an agreement was made for £40 (half that sum being paid by the Colonel for immediate requirements), and the boat was to be in readiness on the following Wednesday night. The whole thing however fell through, for upon repairing to the "Bear Inn without the gates of Southampton, where final arrangements were to be made, Phelips was informed by Horne and the master, that the bark was pressed to carry provisions to Blake's Fleet, then lying before Jersey."[2]

Colonel Phelips, thinking it unsafe to make any further attempt at Southampton, returned to Salisbury and consulted Mr. Coventry and Dr. Hench-

[1] On this day (September 28) the colonel's elder brother, Colonel Edward Phelips, rode over from Salisbury to Trent to inform the king that his brother was then transacting for a vessel at Southampton. (See Claustrum Regale, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 358.)

[2] "She was amongst others prest to transport their soldiers to Jersey by which she failed us also."—King's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 174.

man (afterwards Bishop of London) about trying the Sussex coast, and getting the assistance of Colonel Gounter, who lived near Chichester, and was well known to Henchman.[1] It was determined



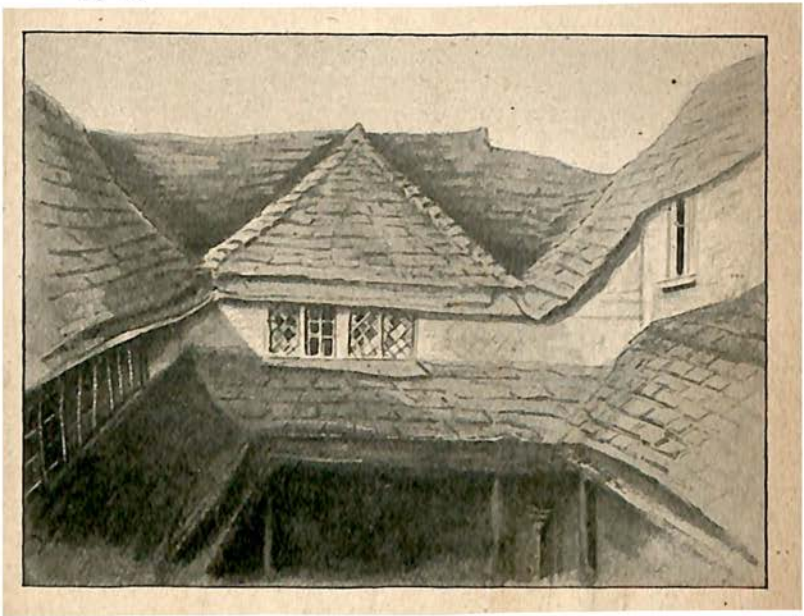
then that Charles should be removed to Heale House, near Salisbury, the seat of Mrs. Hyde,[2] a widow lady who was well acquainted with Dr.

[1] Up to this point we have closely followed Colonel Robert Phelips's MS. in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge.

[2] "Mrs. Mary Hyde, the relict of Lawrence Hyde, Esq., eldest brother to honourable Sir Robert Hyde, one of the justices of his majesties Court of Common Pleas."—Blount's "Boscobel," 1680, Part II. p. 17. N.B.—Blount is probably incorrect with regard to Mrs. Hyde's Christian name, which appears to have

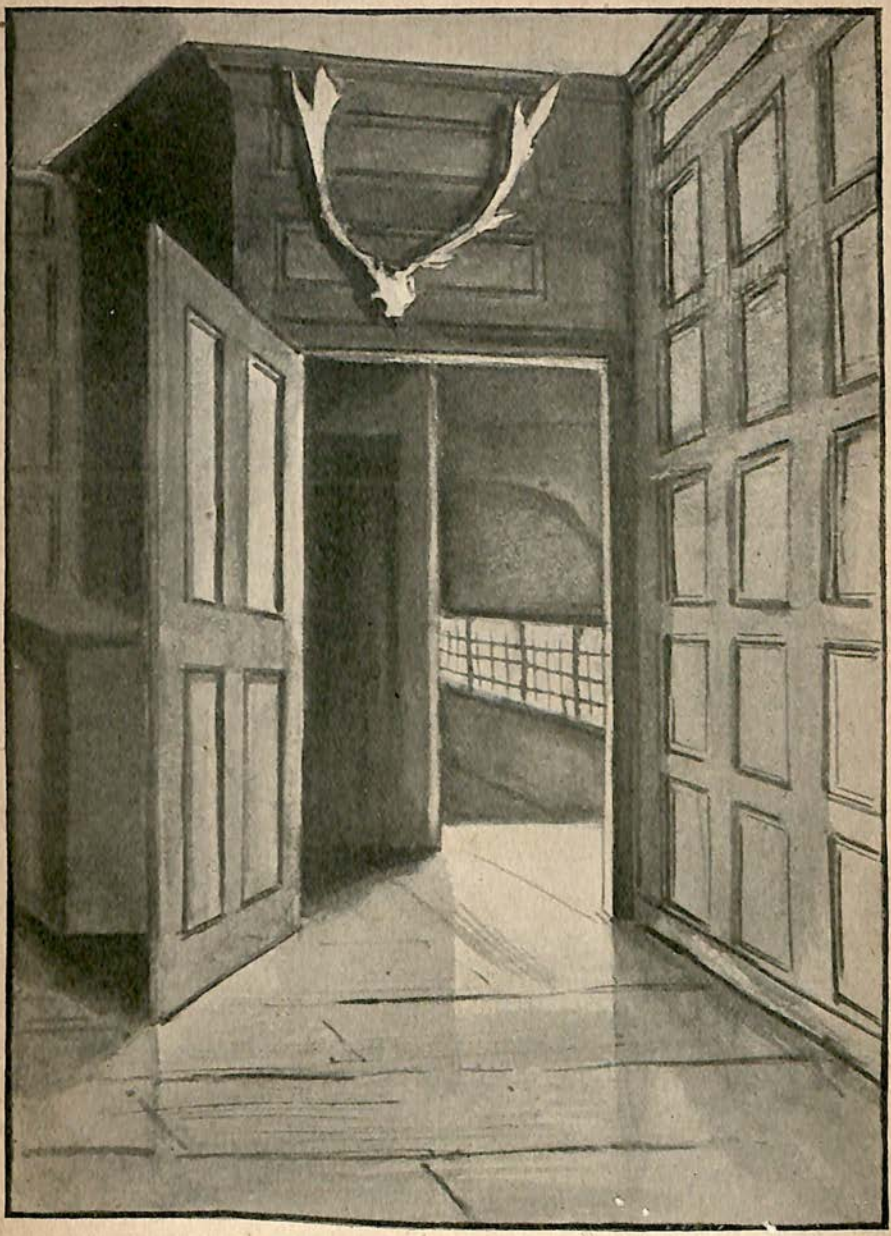
Henchman, and upon whose loyalty they could depend.

Ere we follow Charles to Heale, let us look at the old inn near the Close, Lord Wilmot's head-quarters, while these important transactions were in progress, which remain to this day but little

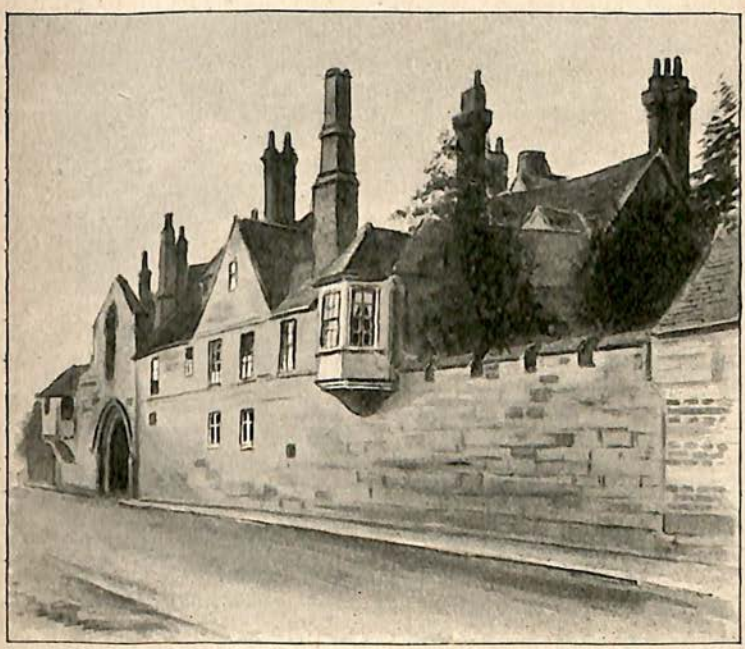


altered, and still bears the sign of the "King's Arms." This picturesque gabled house stands in St. John's Street, not far from St. Anne's Gate, leading into the Close. The front has been much spoiled by stucco, but the interior is practically the same as in the year 1651. Upstairs is a large

been Amphillis. (See Hyde pedigree, Appendix.) This may be one of the "divers errors and mistakes" pointed out by the king in the "Kingdom's Intelligencer" (*vide* Introduction). Mrs. Hyde's first cousin, Lord Clarendon, would in all likelihood have noticed this mistake and pointed it out to Charles.



room, oak-panelled from ceiling to floor, with a quaint doorway projection, surmounted by antlers, suggestive of one of Nash's drawings. The staircase leading to this room has some odd turns and landings, and from a corridor we get a delightful peep into a little interior quadrangle, the

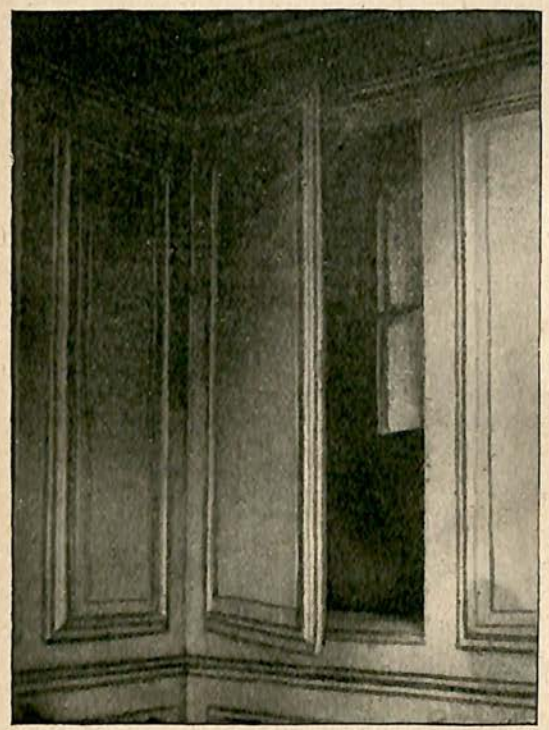


uneven outline of whose red-tiled roof and gabled dormers would delight the eye of an artist.

Directly opposite the "King's Arms," and standing within the precincts of the Close, one side of the building fronting the street, stands a fine old brick mansion, having in some of its rooms curious hiding-places, as is also the case in a wainscoted summer-house within the grounds.

The Flight of the King

Tradition says that Huit or Hewitt, the landlord of the "King's Arms" in 1651, was an old servant at this house, which during the Civil War was much frequented by Royalists,[1] and was the agent for conveying messages and warnings to those who were in hiding.

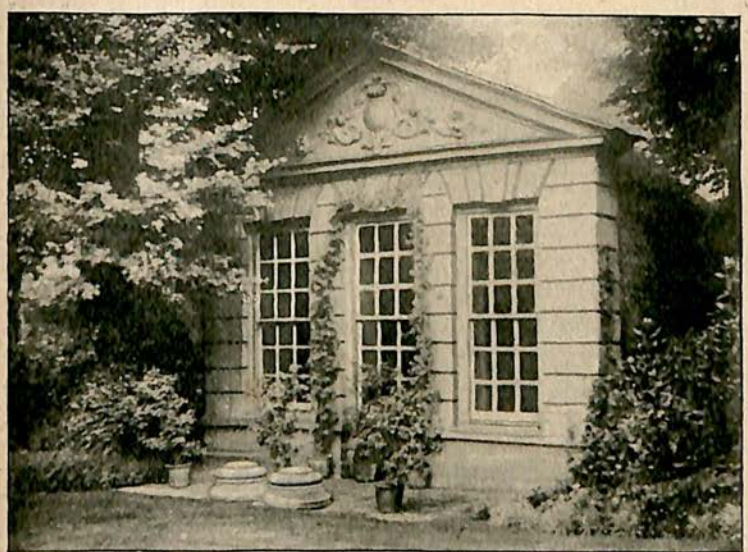


There is no record extant to prove who actually resided in this old mansion at this time, but the foregoing tradition and the understanding which evidently existed between the innkeeper and Mr. Coventry relative to secret quarters for Royalist fugitives, inclines one to the belief that he lived here.[2] The hiding-place in

[1] Probably Colonel Wyndham included. (See Claustrum Regale, p. 354: "He [the Colonel] humbly advised that Peters might conduct the Lord Wilmot to Mr. Huit's house at the 'King's Arms,' in Sarum, where he and many of his friends had been sheltered in the time of troubles.")

[2] The Colonel "had kept intelligence," with Mr. Coventry, "in

the summer-house was brought to light in 1870. One of the large panels was found to open, revealing what appeared to be an ordinary cupboard with shelves, but upon these being removed from the grooves in which they slide, a narrow door in the thickness of the wall (and forming



a portion of the side of the cupboard) can be opened. Passing through this a fugitive could firmly secure it from within by means of an iron hook and staple for that purpose: he could then ascend a flight of steps and pass along under the eaves of the roof to a recess situated over the entrance door, and directly behind the carved facing of the scroll work, wherein is a little chink,

order to the king's service, ever since his majesty had set foot in Scotland."—"Claustrum Regale," p. 354.

so that he could keep on the look-out for the approach of danger.

When first opened this hiding-place was found to contain a seventeenth-century horn tumbler, a mattress, and a handsomely embroidered blue velvet pillow, the last article falling to pieces upon being handled.

On Sunday, October 5, Colonel Robert Phelips rode over to Trent to act as the king's guide to Heale,[1] and the next morning, riding as before in front of Juliana Coningsby, Charles, after a sojourn of nineteen days, once more left Trent House.

Colonel Phelips and Peters led the way, and being well acquainted with the country from their previous visits from Salisbury, shaped their course in a north-easterly direction to Wincanton; a distance of ten miles.

The most direct way would lie through the secluded and orchard-girt villages of Sandford-Orcas, North Cheriton and Charleton Horethorne.

At the last-named village was situated the seat of a Royalist family named Husey, and according to the tradition handed down to this century the party halted here for refreshment, and in the hurry to depart, left behind a curious silver spoon jointed near the bowl, and having engraved upon it a crown and the letters "C. R."[2] We must take the story for what it is worth, but Charleton un-

[1] Final arrangements of the king's transmission from Trent to Heale were made by messages taken to and from by Peters, and Coventry's chaplain, Mr. Selleck.

[2] See *Notes and Queries*, series 4, vol. vi. p. 545. The family parted with the relic in 1785 after the death of Mr. Herbert Husey. The estate was sold about the year 1830, when the descendants of the family removed to the adjacent village, Compton-Pauncefoot.

doubtedly must have been passed *en route* from Trent to Wincanton.[1]

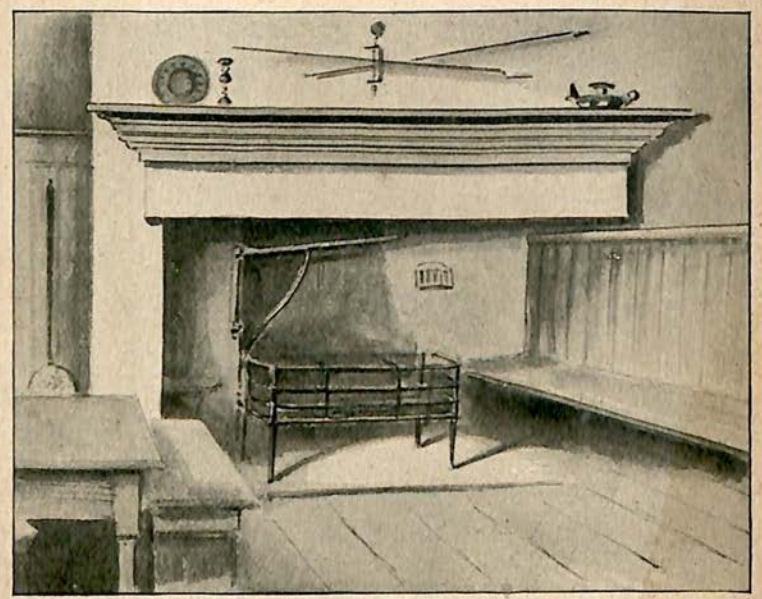
Eight miles further on, and Mere, on the borders of Wiltshire, was reached. The "George Inn," where they put up for a time, has been a good deal modernised. The oldest part faces the yard at

the back, but with the exception of a huge fireplace in the bar-parlour—reminding one somewhat of "the Maypole" and "John Willet"—there is but little left contemporary with our story. "King Charles's Stairs" are still pointed out—a stone flight of steps leading to the first floor having nothing remarkable about it—but why the stairs in particular should be associated with the merry monarch we are at a loss to conjecture.

[1] Wincanton is mentioned by Blount, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 274.

The Flight of the King

Colonel Phelips, who knew the landlord, was having a drink with him in the cellar, when the latter, noticing Charles standing aloof from the rest, said: "Thou lookest like a honest fellow. Here's a health to the king." Charles, hesitating in his reply, "made the man expostulate with the colonel, what fellow he had brought."[1]



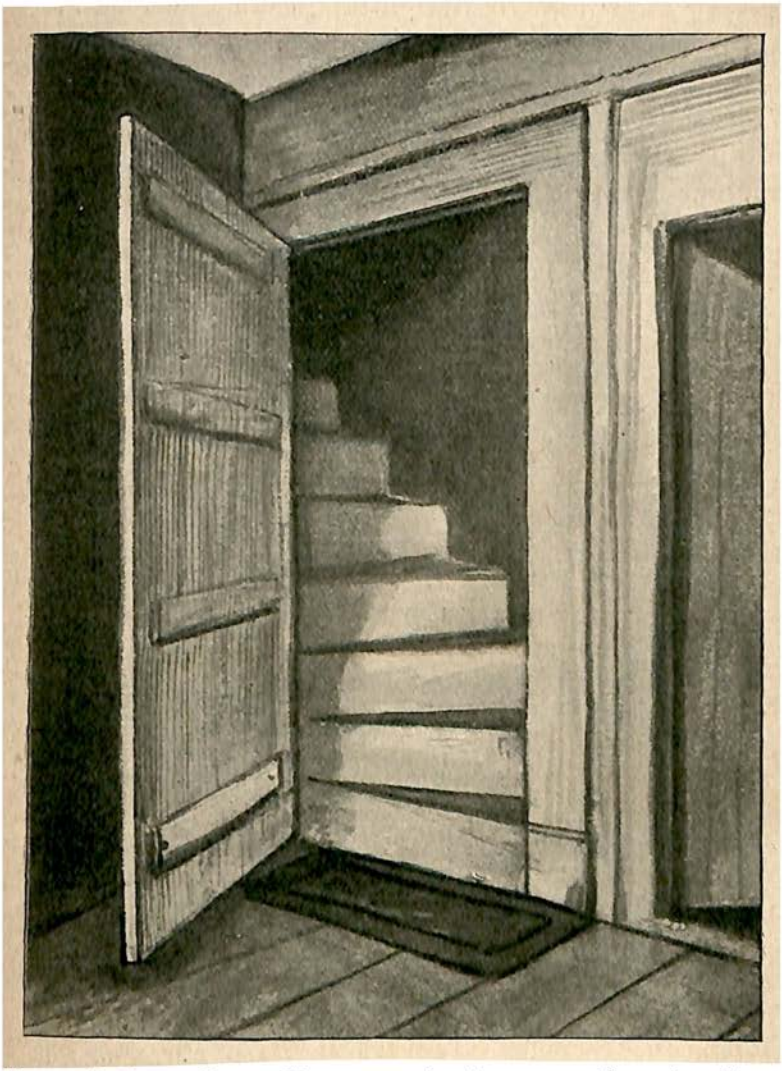
At Zeals, the ancestral seat of the Grove family, about a mile from Mere, are preserved a cap, stocking and a handkerchief said to have been left by Charles at the "George Inn."[2]

[1] See Bate's "Elenchus," Part II. Tract 3; also Baker's "Chronicle of the Kings of England," p. 628.

[2] These relics, together with a blue silk cloak embroidered in silver, a pincushion, wooden comb, &c., formerly belonging to Charles II., were exhibited at Salisbury in 1854. (See *Wilts Archæological Journal*, vol. ii. p. 30.) The original MS. of Ellesdon's letter to Lord Clarendon before alluded to, has descended

From Trent to Heale House

Once more upon their way, the road to Salis-



bury is in a direct line, nearly due east, but in the

in this family to Mrs. M. C. Baillie-Hamilton, *née* Grove. Four years after the king's visit to Mere, Captain Grove was beheaded for complicity in Penruddocke's plot for the restoration

seventeenth century this part of the county was but little enclosed, so that the journey to Heale could be accomplished if necessary without hardly touching a village; following the road, in the present day, we go through Hindon, Fonthill, Chilmark, Teffont, Dinton, Barford and Wilton; here crossing the river Bourne instead of going on to Salisbury, a traveller to Heale would strike to the north, going cross-country to Lower Woodford,[1] situated in the picturesque Amesbury Valley and following the course of the river Avon for half a mile the ancient seat of the Hydes would be reached, the entire distance being close upon twenty miles.[2]

Lord Clarendon says that on the way to Salisbury they passed through the middle of a regiment of horse and afterwards met Desborough, attended by three or four men who had lodged in the city the night before;[3] but the Lord Chancellor confounded this with the incidents that occurred in Sussex on the last day of the king's escape, with which we shall have to deal in another chapter.

of Charles II. N.B.—On his journey to Heale the king must have passed close to the ancestral home of the Penruddockes, Compton Park, near Wilton.

[1] The village inn remains intact as in the year 1651, and its snug little parlour with a wide open fireplace no doubt, at the time of Charles's sojourn at Heale, witnessed more than one "mysterious stranger" within its walls.

[2] If they went through Salisbury they would follow the course of the river all the way, the road running parallel with it; the distance would be some three miles further.

[3] See extracts from Clarendon, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 135.

CHAPTER X

FROM HEALE TO HAMBLEDON

In the description of his adventures, King Charles says he arrived at Heale with Colonel Phelips *only*, but makes no allusion as to where Juliana Coningsby parted with them, for from all accounts she does not appear to be included in the supper party that night (October 6),[1] but there is no doubt that Peters[2] escorted her back to Trent the next day, so she probably did not accompany the king beyond Salisbury.[3]

Charles having had a long conference with Dr. Humphry Henchman[4] retired to rest, and on the following morning, by the advice of Mrs. Hyde, took horse with Colonel Phelips as if resuming their journey, so as to delude the servants; but, having wiled away the time in the neighbourhood

[1] "At supper there was with us Frederick Hyde, since a judge, and his sister-in-law, a widow, Robin Philips, and Dr. Henshaw." —King's narrative, p. 175. N.B.—Sir Frederick Hyde was the ninth son of Sir Lawrence. (See Hyde pedigree, Appendix.)

[2] After the Restoration, Peters was made yeoman of the field to His Majesty. (See Blount, Part II. p. 274.)

[3] Juliana Coningsby's petition being dated from Salisbury, her home may have been thereabouts. See Cal. State Papers, Dom., September 11, 1665.

[4] Dr. Henchman was then close upon sixty, being born in 1592. He was made Prebend of Sarum in 1628, and after the Restoration created Bishop of Salisbury, being shortly afterwards translated to the See of London (September 1663). He died in 1675, and was buried at Fulham.

of Stonehenge until it became dusk, they returned and were joined by Dr. Henchman in the fields near the house, who conducted the king to a hiding-place like that at Trent, constructed and utilised at the times of religious persecution.[1] Here he remained until the morning of October 13, unbeknown to the household with the exception of Mrs. Hyde and her sister, who attended personally to his wants.[2]

Colonel Phelips, now that he had safely disposed of his charge, rode over to the house of a friend[3] living at Newton Tony (9 miles N.E. of Heale), taking with him the king's horse to be stabled there until he should again require it.[4]

Mr. Hughes was quite in error in stating that Heale House was pulled down shortly before he wrote in 1830,[5] for though reduced in size to about one-half of its original extent, it is still a good example of the Dutch style of architecture introduced by William III., and though its exterior character has been metamorphosed there is no record of its ever having been *pulled down*, and not until 1835 was it reduced to its present dimensions by fire.[6] The situation of the old house is picturesque, with the winding river Avon in front and a back-

[1] Mrs. Amphillis Hyde, *née* Tichborne, and her sister were no doubt well versed in the art of secreting priests. The old seat of the Tichbornes in Hampshire was full of hiding-places.

[2] "I went up into the hiding-hole, that was very convenient and safe, and stayed there all alone some four or five days."—King's narrative. During this period the king was kept informed of the efforts of Lord Wilmot and Colonel Phelips to procure a vessel by letters from them addressed to Dr. Henchman and delivered into his hands by Mrs. Hyde. (See Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion.")

[3] One Mr. Jones.

[4] Phelips's MS. in the Pepysian Library.

[5] See "Boscobel Tracts," 1st edition, 1830, also 2nd edition, 1857.

[6] Two turrets then existing were destroyed.

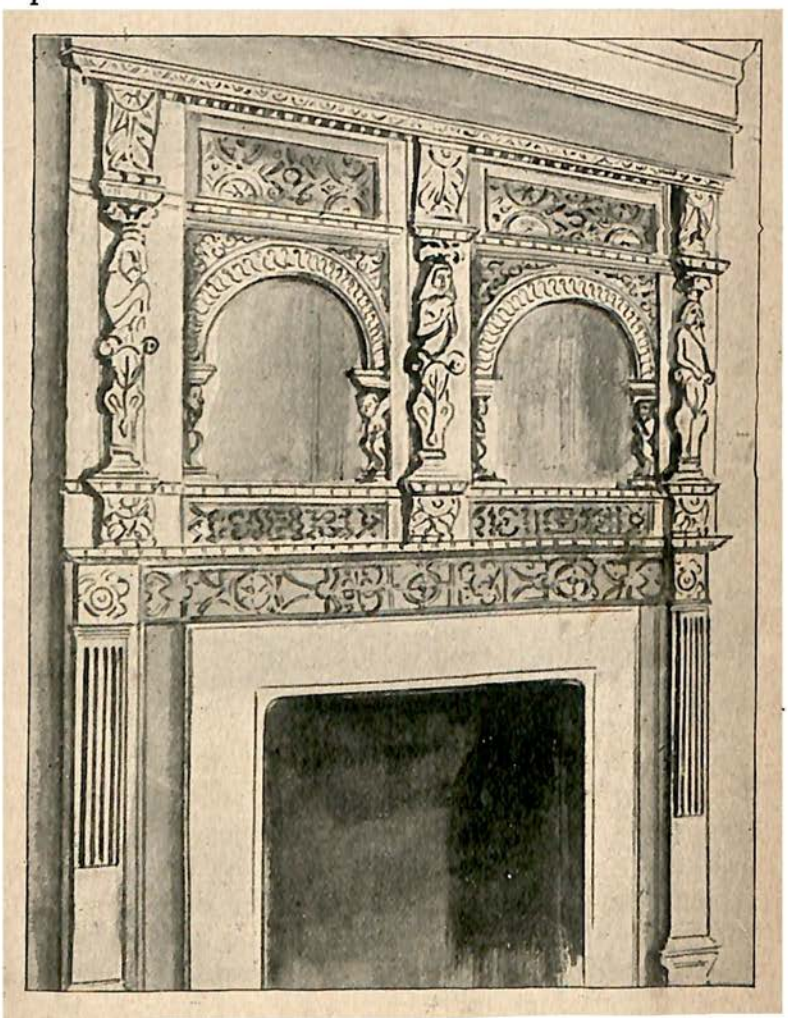
ground of noble cedars: the imposing piers of the entrance gate and the venerable stables on the left give the whole an appearance of dignity and importance.

The interior has been much modernised, but there are in some of the rooms vestiges of anti-

quity: the old kitchen, with its big open fireplace where the king sat and warmed himself upon his arrival,[1] and the spacious cellars are no doubt the original. A carved oak overmantel and the entrance hall are also worthy of notice, and what is now a very deep cupboard in one of the bedrooms is pointed out as Charles's hiding-place; but of this we can only say that if it were so, alterations and restorations have swept

[1] So runs the tradition at Heale.

away what powers of secretion it may once have possessed.[1]



Mrs. Hyde was a first cousin by marriage

[1] We are indebted to Mr. Pickford of Heale for his courtesy on the occasion of our visit.

of Edward Hyde, Lord Clarendon—Lawrence Hyde, her husband (who had died before 1651), being the eldest of the eleven sons of Sir Lawrence Hyde of Heale. At the death of Mrs. Hyde the estate passed to her brother-in-law, Robert, the second son of Sir Lawrence, who was knighted at the Restoration, and he, dying without issue,[1] and passing over the daughters of his elder brother, left the property to his brother Alexander, Bishop of Salisbury, and afterwards in default of issue, to the sons of his other brothers, one of whom Dr. Robert Hyde, cut off the entail, leaving Heale to his sister, and she in 1727 willed it to her son-in-law, Dr. Frampton, whose cousin, William Bowles, Canon of Salisbury, came into possession in 1759.[2] Remaining in the Bowles family for upwards of eighty years, Heale was sold to the Loder family, who held the property until 1892, when, we understand, it again changed hands.

The last representative of the Heale branch of the Hydes was a Mrs. Windimore (*née* Hyde), a grand-niece of Charles II.'s hostess in 1651. This lady, having lost her fortune in the South Sea Bubble affair, was living in 1768 in the recently demolished Lady Dacre's almshouses at Westminster, aged upwards of a hundred years. At her death, it was notified that she was a distant cousin of Queen Anne, whose mother, Anne Hyde (daughter of Lord Clarendon), was James II.'s first wife.[3]

[1] *Ob.* 1667. Buried in Salisbury Cathedral.

[2] Dr. Johnson was an intimate friend of Mr. Bowles, and a frequent visitor to Heale. The wife of Mr. Bowles was a descendant of Oliver Cromwell, a curious vicissitude from the inmate in 1651!

[3] Annual Register. (See *Notes and Queries*, 2nd series, VI. p. 65.)

The Flight of the King

Before tracing the "flight of the King" towards the Sussex coast, we must revert for a moment to Lord Wilmot, whom we left at the "King's Arms," Salisbury. From there he rode over to consult with a friend living in Hampshire—Mr. Lawrence Hyde, the second son of Sir Nicholas, and a brother-in-law to Mrs. Hyde, of Heale.[1]

Stopping at this gentleman's house, Hinton-Daubnay, near Hambledon, Wilmot, at his host's recommendation, next rode over to Racton, near Chichester, the seat of his cousin, Colonel George Gounter, to consult him as a likely person for procuring a vessel—sleeping at Racton and returning to Hinton-Daubnay the next day, while Colonel Gounter hastened to Chichester with the object of transacting for a boat with an acquaintance, Francis Mansel, a merchant of the town. Having explained the purport of his visit, they both set out for Brighthelmstone (Brighton), with the object of striking a bargain with Captain Nicholas Tattersal,[2] the master of a small coal-brig, whom Mansel thought would be a likely man. Tattersal, however, had just started for Chichester; but having put in at Shoreham on his way, a message was sent to him, and a meeting took place on the following day (Saturday, October 11), and it was finally settled that for sixty pounds (which was paid down) the captain should carry over to

[1] He died in 1682, and his son, Arthur, succeeded to the estate in 1760. A daughter of Arthur Hyde marrying a Mr. Tooker brought Hinton into the family of that name. (See Hyde pedigree, Appendix.)

[2] There are various ways of spelling his name. On his tombstone at Brighton it is "Tettersall." Penderel is the recognised way of spelling that name, though Pendrill appears on Richard's tombstone at St. Giles-in-the-Fields and in the pension grants, &c.

France Colonel Gounter's two friends, who were described as being anxious to flee the country on account of a duel which had taken place with a fatal result.

When Colonel Gounter arrived at Hinton[1] with the good news, Lord Wilmot immediately despatched Colonel Phelips to Heale to inform the king and arrange for his departure thence.[2]

"Early in the morning," says Blount, "his majesty was privately conveyed from Hele, and went on foot at least two miles to Clarendon Park Corner, attended by Dr. Henchman; then took horse with Colonel Philips."[3] Charles II., however, in his own account, merely says: "At two o'clock in the morning I went out of the house by the back way, and with Robin Philips, met Colonel Gounter and my Lord Wilmot together some fourteen or fifteen miles off."[4] A few additional details, recording a little mishap not mentioned elsewhere, we glean from the Phelips MS.[5]:

"Coll. Phelipps returned on ye 11th of October to Salisbury; ye same evening Dr. Henchman went to Hele to give notice of ye success, and so prepare ye king to be ready at ye meadow

[1] The old house, Hinton-Daubnay, a low rambling structure, was pulled down in 1868 by the father of the present owner, Hyde S. W. Tooker, Esq., a direct descendant in the female line of Lord Wilmot's host. The existing mansion was erected upon its site.

[2] On the night that Colonel Gounter brought the news to Hinton, Lord Wilmot had gone to the house of a tenant of Mr. Hyde, named Anthony Brown (a connection by marriage of Colonel Gounter); here he learnt from Gounter the satisfactory arrangements with Mansel and Tattersal.

[3] Blount's "Boscobel." [4] King's narrative.

[5] The pamphlet is endorsed by Samuel Pepys: "Colonel Philips his notes relating to his mtys. escape from Worcester."

gate opening into ye river, when Coll. Phelipps would bee there by three of ye clock in ye morning with a leade horse for ye king. Accordingly, ye Coll. came to ye place at ye time appointed, but had ye misfortune to have ye king's horse, at ye entring of ye meadow-gate, to brake his bridle & run upp the river, wch after some short time with noe smal trouble he recovered & brought back, & having in some tolerable manner amended that had been broke ye king & ye Coll. sett forward for Brighthempson."

Leaving Salisbury on the right, and bearing in a south-easterly direction, the road to Amesbury and Hungerford would be crossed about midway between Heale and the outskirts of Clarendon Park.[1] A few miles further east, and Hampshire is entered; but no place being recorded of this day's journey until we come to Warnford Downs, where it had been arranged that Wilmot and Gounter should join them,[2] we can only conjecture a cross-country route, *via* the villages of Titherly, Mottisfont and Twyford, in preference to the old Petersfield road that goes through Stockbridge and Winchester, which latter town would in all probability be avoided.

On the Monday afternoon (October 13) Lord Wilmot, his man Swan, Colonel George Gounter and his brother-in-law, Captain Thomas Gounter, left Hinton-Daubnay for the downs near Warnford, under the feint of going coursing—the colonel

[1] Formerly a royal forest and a favourite residence of the English monarchs, at this time, however, occupied by the Parliamentary Commissioners. A portion only of a wall remains, conjectured to have been part of the great hall.

[2] See Gounter's narrative, Part II. Tract 5.

bringing dogs for that purpose from the house of his sister, Mrs. Symons, at Hambledon, two miles from Hinton.

A chalk elevation called "Old Winchester" (traditionally supposed to have been the site of the ancient city of that name), to the south-east of Warnford, was the pre-arranged meeting-place; but at the appointed hour, nothing being seen of Charles and Phelips, Colonel Gounter rode down into the valley to reconnoitre, "and just as he came to Warnford town's end from Old Winchester, he met Colonel Phillips conducting the king. Being near the houses, the colonel rid by them and took no notice, went to an inn in the town for some beer, and took a pipe and stayed so long that they were atop Old Winchester before he overtook them."[1]

Mr. Lawrence Hyde had put his house at the king's disposal,[2] and all was in readiness for his reception, but Charles, thinking a more secluded spot would be preferable for his resting-place that night, intimated this to Gounter as they approached Hambledon from "Broadhalfpenny" Down, near the village. Whereon the colonel suggesting the house of his sister (to whom when he borrowed the dogs he hinted at the possibility of returning there with some friends to partake of her hospitality), and the king approving the idea, the little cavalcade proceeded there by a private road.

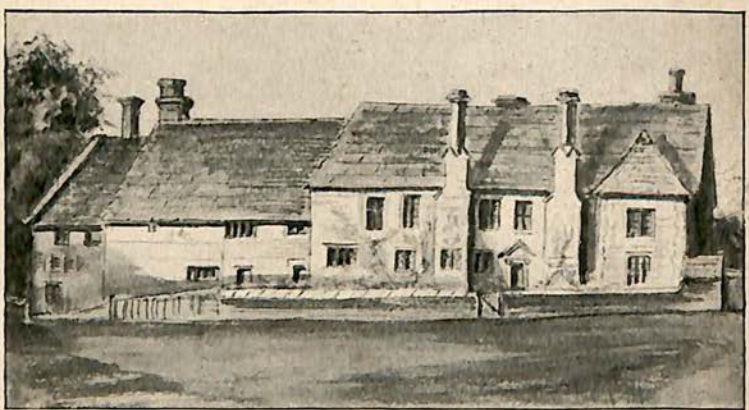
Before we go further, it may not be out of place to mention here a few particulars concerning the

[1] See Gounter's narrative, Part II. Tract 5.

[2] The mansions of "Burchant" and Tichfield had also been offered as safe quarters for the king. (See Blount's "Boscobel.")

Gounters and their old seat, Racton, which figures in the early part of the colonel's narrative :—"The Last Açt in the Miraculous Storie of His Majesties Escape," wherein the writer's quaint description of Lord Wilmot's visit in disguise to seek his assistance is graphically told.[1]

A few dilapidated flint walls surrounding an orchard adjoining the banks of the river Ems are



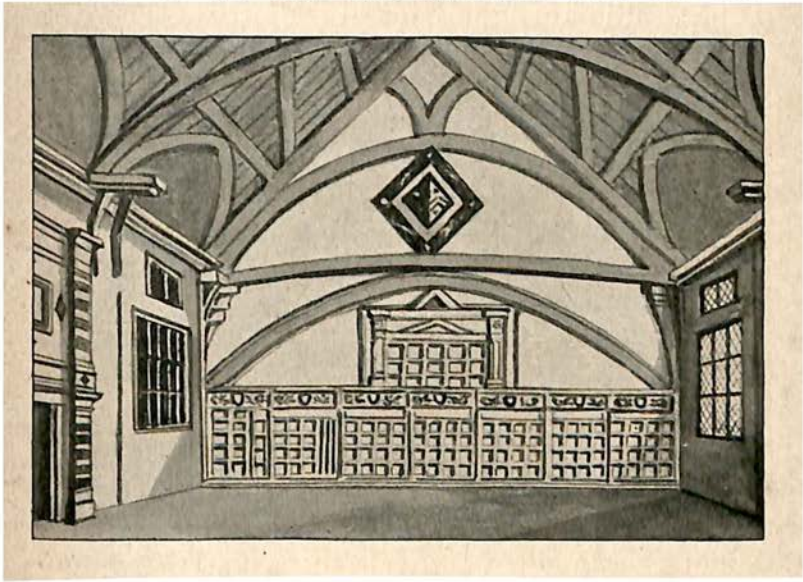
the sole vestiges of the old mansion where the Gounters remained until 1754, when the manor passed by an heiress to William Legge, first Earl of Dartmouth.[2] During the last eighty years of its existence it had degenerated into a farmhouse; in 1841 it was entirely dismantled and, as in the case of Whiteladies, some of the old materials were used in the erection of a new mansion not far off.[3] In an old bureau purchased at the sale

[1] See Tract 5 in Part II. of this work.

[2] The lands, &c., now appertain to the present earl.

[3] Over the doorway of the new building are the arms and crest of Sir George Gounter Nicoll, a descendant of Colonel Gounter.

which took place prior to its demolition, a secret drawer was discovered containing the MS. above alluded to, which is now in the British Museum.[1] It was dictated by the colonel shortly before his death, which took place before the Restoration, but the exact date is not known, as he was not interred with his an-



cestors in Racton church, probably having died abroad.

The old house contained a fine oak-wainscoted hall and withdrawing-rooms, ornamented with scrolls and armorial bearings. To the south of the bridge spanning the river stood an entrance-gate leading to the front of the house, from which an avenue of ash pollards extended to the Chichester Road. Some of these trees remain,

[1] Add. MSS. No. 9008.

and hard by is a pond still going by the name of "Gounter's Pool."[1]

Colonel George Gounter's wife, Catherine, was a daughter of Sir Lawrence Hyde of Salisbury, and therefore sister-in-law to Mrs. Hyde of Heale. In the year 1662 she sent a petition to Charles II. for herself and eight children's "desperate condition. Her husband's whole estate was," so it runs, "engaged for £3000 debt chiefly contracted for the late king" (Charles I.), "and now on his (Gounter's) death, the estate, worth £240 a year, will be extended, and his children exposed to the wide world. Her creditors daily threaten to seize her lands for £5000 debt and interest, incurred by her husband, only in his majesty's service."[2]

She eventually obtained a pension of £200 for twenty-one years, and dying, in 1684, was buried at Racton with her daughters, Amphillis and Mary. Her son George was sent by Charles II. to Winchester College, whence, in 1664, by special request of the king, he was elected to New College, Oxford. It may be stated that the Gounters of Racton were a branch of the ancient family originally seated in Wales at the manors of Tregunter and Gunterstone, given at the Norman conquest to Sir Peter Gunter, the male line of the main branch being at present represented by Colonel Robert Gunter, of Wetherby Grange, Yorkshire.

[1] See Sussex Archæological Collections, vol. xxiii. p. 7–12.
[2] State Papers, Dom., June 1662 and March 1663.

CHAPTER XI

FROM HAMBLEDON TO BRIGHTON

THE beautiful hill-surrounded village of Hambledon, situated on the confines of the Forest of Bere, in the heart of Hampshire, has an old-world charm about it quite in harmony with its historical associations in 1651, but nothing remains of the old residence of the Symonses, which was pulled down at the beginning of this century. The foundations may still be traced upon the grass in very dry weather, near a cottage and some outbuildings built in 1720 (which appears upon a tablet let into the masonry), later appendages to the house, and therefore having no connection with our story.

All traces of the Symons family also have long since disappeared from the village, neither is their name even recorded in the church or churchyard.

Mr. Thomas Symons and his wife Ursula, *née* Gounter,[1] in recognition of their hospitality in providing Charles a night's lodging, received from him, soon after the Restoration, a memento in the shape of a punch-bowl, ladle, and drinking cups, made of lignum vitæ and embellished with

[1] Ursula Gounter married Thomas Symons, gent., October 6, 1636.

the Royal arms. The relic descended to the Blackman family, of West Sussex, through the marriage of Mary Symons, granddaughter of Charles's host at Hambledon with Wynn Blackman, of Chichester, whose grandson, Henry Blackman, dying unmarried in 1856, willed the bowl to his niece, Mary Shergold,[1] with the desire that it should descend as an heirloom in the Blackman family, now represented by four brothers, of whom John Blackman, Esq., is the eldest.[2]

[1] This lady is now (1896) in her ninety-eighth year. (See Hyde pedigree, Appendix)

[2] *Ibid.* The punch-bowl is now in the possession of T. H. Blackman, Esq The engraving of the bowl is reproduced (by permission) from vol. xxxii. of the Sussex Archæological Collec-

From Hambledon to Brighton

At Hambledon we part with Colonel Robert Phelips, who here discontinued as the king's guide in favour of Colonel Gounter. He proceeded thence to London to provide money for the king's arrival at Rouen.[1] Something of his subsequent history we learn from the State Papers. In 1653 he was arrested and lodged in the Tower of London, and at the same time instructions were sent, by order of the Council of State, to Major-General Desborough,[2] then stationed at Salisbury, to search the house of Mrs. Weeke, where Colonel Phelips's wife Agneta lived, "particularly her chamber and trunks and papers."[3] She was allowed to join her husband in the Tower, provided she remained with him until further leave.[4] This, however, was not required, for, before two months had elapsed, his escape was effected,[5] and he shortly afterwards joined the king in France.[6]

At the Restoration, Colonel Phelips received a settlement of £400, and was made a groom of the king's bedchamber and Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

He died in 1707, aged 89, and was buried in Bath Abbey. His elder brother Edward, mentioned before, died in 1679, and was buried with

tions. (We may mention by the way that the text which accompanied the plate relative to the ownership of the bowl was incorrect. This, the late Mr. H. P. Hart was desirous we should notify, and that he only had the *care* of the relic.)

[1] "Boscobel," Worcester edition, p. 70.

[2] According to Clarendon, Charles on his way to Heale, met Desborough with three or four men near Salisbury. (Extracts from Clarendon, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 135.)

[3] State Papers, Dom., August 13, 1653.

[4] *Ibid.* September 12, 1653.

[5] *Ibid.* November 15, 1653.

[6] *Ibid.* March 8–18, 1657–8.

his ancestors at Montacute.[1] The services rendered by their brother-in-law, Captain Thomas Gounter (who journeyed with Charles as far as Stanstead[2]), were not forgotten, for in 1666 we find his son appointed, by special recommendation of the king, recorder of the town of Devizes.[3]

The way through Sussex, on the last day of the fugitive monarch's hazardous journey, was by Stanstead, Houghton, Arundel, Bramber, and Beeding. The village of Racton lies in the direct route, between Stanstead and Houghton. Near the road stands an old timber cottage having the tradition that a halt was made there, and in commemoration of the visit the Royal arms

[1] Colonels Robert and Edward were the sons of Sir Robert Phelips (who died in the reign of Charles I.) and grandsons of Sir Edward Phelips, Speaker in the House of Commons in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The portrait of Colonel Edward (given in Part II. Tract 5) is from a painting at Montacute, but it is wrongly inscribed "Sir Edward Phelips," who was the *son* of Colonel Edward, and not being born until 1638 would be quite a lad at the period when the picture was painted (judging from the costume of the Commonwealth or Charles I.), whereas he does not appear to be far short of fifty in the painting. (See portrait, Part II. Tract 5.)

[2] Blount, "Poscobel Tracts," p. 281.

[3] Calendar of State Papers, November 28, 1666.

were represented in stucco in an upper room, where they may still be seen.

As the party neared Arundel Castle, they suddenly encountered the governor, Captain Morley, going hunting with some of his men; whereon, the better to avoid them, Charles and the rest immediately dismounted, and led their horses up the hill.

It was probable that owing to this scare, instead of crossing the river at Arundel, they proceeded northwards towards Houghton, crossing the Arun by Houghton Bridge. Before leaving the village, they pulled up at the door of an alehouse for some bread and drink, and Colonel Gounter, producing from his pocket a couple of "neat's tongues" (which he had brought from his sister's house), a hasty meal was taken without dismounting.[1]

Some eleven miles eastward of Houghton lies the pretty old-world village of Bramber, which, judging from its rustic simplicity and venerable buildings, must present much the same appearance as it did nearly two and a half centuries ago: and it requires but a slight stretch of the imagination to conjure up a picture of the little Royalist cavalcade boldly riding past the troop of Cromwellian soldiers who had just come into the village for refreshment.[2]

[1] The present little inn is comparatively modern.

[2] A house near Bramber Bridge, and Magdalene farm near the village, are erroneously pointed out as halting places. In vol. xviii. of the Sussex Archæological Collections is an article upon the route of Charles II. through Sussex, which is drawn mainly from conjecture, and the statements of the king's horse being re-shod at Lee farm, near Angmering, and of Charles awaiting the final arrangements with Tattersal in the roof of a cottage at Portslade, are apocryphal.

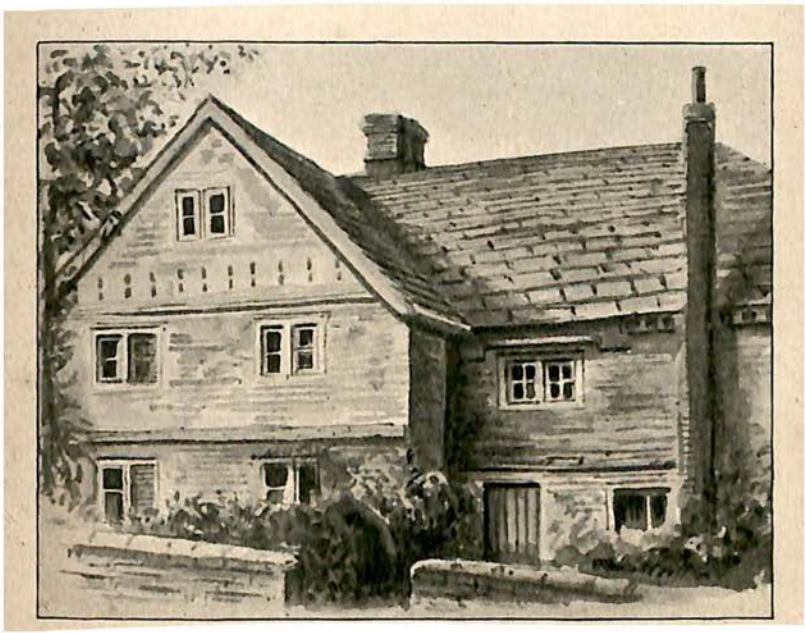
On the other side of the river, at Beeding, Colonel Gounter "had provided a treatment" at the house of a Mr. Backshall, but another alarming encounter with the soldiers in a narrow lane

there, decided Charles against stopping, and he and Lord Wilmot left the road in favour of the open country, arranging with Gounter to join him at Brighton.

"New House," where the halt was to have been made, is an old red-brick Tudor building, but much restored some fourteen years ago. Not far

off, at Horton (a comparatively modern farm-house, which also belonged to the Backshalls), is Gypsey Lane, along which the king and Wilmot passed on their way to the coast, so says the local tradition.[1]

A canter of nine miles over the Downs, and the



then obscure little fishing-village of Brighthelmstone was reached, comprising at that time an isolated church (St. Nicholas), a stone block-house upon the cliff, three windmills, and some squalid tenements, a somewhat different picture from the popular seaside resort of to-day!

It had evidently not been the king's intention

[1] From information kindly provided by the Rev. T. B. Bloxam, D.D.

to go *direct* to the "George Inn," for Colonel Gounter says with reference to their parting at Beeding, that Charles and Wilmot went "where they thought safest, I to Brighthelmstone; being agreed they should send to me when fixed anywhere and ready," and further that they came on to the "George," "not finding accommodation elsewhere."

An old house is pointed out at Southwick, a village between Shoreham and Brighton, in connection with the king's escape, and in the absence of any particulars of the course taken after leaving Beeding, it is possible a temporary lodging may have been sought here, as an intermediate stage to the "George Inn," where they were to repair later on to join Gounter, and meet Mansel and Tattersal; be this as it may, the five met as agreed upon, and supper was provided by Smith, the landlord (who, strange to say, had formerly been one of Charles I.'s guards), and while waiting at the supper table he recognised his royal visitor. The meal over they had yet to wait some considerable time before the tide was up; but the wind, which had hitherto been in an adverse quarter, was found to have changed, and was now favourable for the voyage.

In his account, Charles says that they kept Tattersal at the inn all night drinking and smoking with them, to prevent him from returning home, to be stopped perhaps at the last moment by his wife, as was the case with Limbry at Charmouth. But Colonel Gounter differs on this point, and has it that Wilmot and the king took a little rest while Tattersal went to provide

necessaries for the journey; and, according to Bate, going home for a bottle of aqua vitæ, the captain's wife suspecting the truth, far from putting any obstacle in the way, encouraged him in the undertaking, not caring, she said, if herself and children would have to beg their bread, so long as the king's life was in safety.[1]

About two hours after midnight, their horses were led by a back way to the beach, and Charles and the rest rode in the direction of Shoreham to the creek, where, for better security, Tattersal had brought his boat from Shoreham Harbour.[2]

It is a curious fact that both Gounter and Blount, so very circumstantial in all other details, do not mention Shoreham as the place of embarkation, but would rather seem to infer that the departure was from Brighthelmstone. Lord Clarendon also gives the same version. The king, however, frequently names Shoreham in his narrative, it being impressed upon his memory doubtless from the fact that Tattersal's vessel lay moored in that harbour when he first received the joyful news of Colonel Gounter's success, and where she remained until shortly before she set sail on October 15.[3]

[1] See Bate's "Elenchus," Part II. Tract 3; also Baker's Chronicle, p. 628. A passage in the memoirs of Sir Stephen Fox is worthy of notice. Referring to Tattersal's wife, he observes that she "had a knowledge of the royal passenger and that he (Fox) persuaded her to keep it a secret from her husband."—"Memoirs of Sir Stephen Fox," 1717, p. 6.

[2] Probably near Southwick, to the east of Shoreham, which being at that time an important and populous place would for that reason be avoided. The place of embarkation according to local tradition was at the mouth of the Adur.

[3] See Gounter's narrative, Part II. Tract 5.

The Flight of the King

Upon reaching the spot where the coal-brig lay, the king and Lord Wilmot "got up with a ladder into her, and lay down in the little cabin till the tide came,"[1] having first bid adieu to Colonel Gounter, and thanked him heartily for his loyal and faithful services. Gounter remained upon the beach for some hours with the horses in readiness, in case any accident should drive them ashore again, and it was afternoon ere the little craft with its important cargo was lost to sight.[2]

There are some conflicting statements about the "George Inn" at Brighton. The "King's Head," a modern hotel in West Street, is supposed to occupy its site, but strange to say, the house is not described as an inn in the Brighton Court Rolls prior to the year 1754, whereas a building alluded to as "The George" (having a brew-house, malt-house, and other appendages) was standing on the east side of Middle Street a century earlier.[3] When the name of the West Street inn was altered from "The George" to the "King's Head," a portrait of the merry monarch formed the sign. This continued to hang up until the year 1822, when becoming dilapidated it was taken down, repaired and put into an oak frame.

The bedstead upon which the king rested,[4] the

[1] King's narrative. [2] Gounter's narrative.

[3] See Sussex Archæological Collections, vol. xxxii. p. 81–104: "Captain Nicholas Tettersell and the Escape of Charles II.," by F. E. Sawyer.

[4] "I persuaded the king to take some rest; he did in his clothes and my Lord Wilmot with him, till towards two of the night. Then I called them up, shewing them how the time went by my watch."—Gounter's narrative.

chair on which he sat, the cooking utensils of the occasion, and other articles connected with his memorable visit, were disposed of many years ago at long prices as historical relics.[1]

[1] See Erridge's "History of Brighthelmstone, 1862," pp. 132–3. It was formerly customary to place an oak bough over the door of the "King's Head" on Restoration Day. The statue of Charles II., formerly standing in the Royal Exchange, and Richard Penderel's tombstone at St. Giles-in-the-Fields, were decorated in the same way, and the custom of placing oak branches in front of the doors of cottages on May 29 survives to this day (1896) in many villages in the west of England. It is worth noting the different state of affairs in 1716. On the 29th of May of this year several persons were committed for trial for wearing oak boughs in memory of the Restoration, and two soldiers were turned out of service and nearly whipped to death in Hyde Park for the offence. (See Salmon's "Chronological Journal," vol. ii. p. 63-67.)

CHAPTER XII

FROM SHOREHAM TO FÉCAMP

On Wednesday morning, October 15, between seven and eight o'clock, Tattersal set sail in the direction of the Isle of Wight, as it was known at Shoreham that he was bound for Poole with a cargo of sea-coal.[1] At five o'clock, when still in sight of the isle, with a favourable north wind, the brig stood out directly for the French coast.

Charles amused himself on deck by directing the course, much to the captain's admiration, who found "the king's majesty better understood navigation and the order of the voyage than himself."[2] While thus engaged one of the mariners (of whom there were four and a boy, besides Tattersal[3]) stood near him smoking, and let the smoke blow into his face. Observing this the captain bid the man go "further off the gentleman," whereat he innocently remarked that "a cat might look at a king."[4]

Next morning the coast of France was sighted,

[1] King's narrative. [2] Jening's "Miraculum Basilicon."

[3] King's narrative, also Pepys Diary, May 23, 1660: "He was fain to plot with the master, to keep his design from the four men and a boy (which was all the ship's company)." In many of the editions of Pepys's Diary the sentence is wrongly rendered as *a foreman* and a boy.

[4] Bate's "Elenchus," and Baker's "Chronicle."

but owing to the tide failing, and a sudden change of wind, they had to anchor within two miles of Fécamp (which is nearly due south from Brighton), and Charles and Lord Wilmot were rowed ashore in the cock-boat. Soon after they landed the wind turned and enabled Captain Tattersal to proceed to Poole, without a suspicion that he had visited France.

In 1662, Charles II. was petitioned by the widow of Richard Carver,[1] "for compassion for her poor estate—her husband carried over his majesty in his great distress, from near Shoreham into France, at the risk of his life, when, by discovering him, he could have gained £1000, and has desired no favour in return but the liberation of some of his friends, the Quakers, which was not granted him."[2] Seven years after, a friend who described himself as Tattersal's mate, obtained an interview with the king, who recognised him as the man who carried him on his shoulders from the cock-boat to the shore, and remembered several other incidents which the man recounted. On parting Charles promised to release six from a long list of imprisoned Quakers, for whom he pleaded.[3]

The *Surprise*, for so was Tattersal's coal brig

[1] Thomas Tuppon was the name of another of the boat's crew: *vide* certificate of Nicholas Tattersal among the State Papers, dom., May 23, 1663.

[2] *Ibid.* September 18, 1662.

[3] See a letter from Ellis Hookes to Margaret Fox published in "A Select Series, Biographical, &c., of Productions of Early Friends," 1841. It is dated November 16, 1669, and commences, "Yesterday there was a friend with the king, one that is Jno. Grove's mate; he was the man that was mate to the master of the fisher-boat that carried the king away when he went from Worcester fight, and only this friend and the master knew of it in the ship."

named, had been detained by a royal squadron a few years prior to 1651, in the Downs, on her way from Newcastle with a cargo of coal, but was released by a personal order of Charles, then Prince of Wales.[1] At the Restoration, Captain Tattersal had her ornamented and enlarged, and moored her in the Thames opposite Whitehall, as a reminder of his services. Soon after she was entered as a fifth-rate in the navy, and the name was altered from the *Surprise* to the *Royal Escape*, with Tattersal in command, with a reversion of the emoluments of the captaincy to his son.[2] In the Navy List of 1684, she is described as a smack of thirty-four tons, ten men, no guns.[3] After the death of the merry monarch in 1685, she became neglected and forgotten, and remained in one of the Deptford dockyards in a progressive state of decay, until the close of the last century, when (in 1791) her mouldering remains were broken up for fuel.[4] *Sic transit!* What a poetic story could not the magician, Hans Andersen, have produced from the vicissitudes in the career of this little craft!

Captain Tattersal received a pension of £100, to be continued to his wife Susan,[5] son Nicholas,[6] or daughter Susan.[7] Sir John Bridger, grandfather of the late Sir George Shiffner, Bart., of

[1] See Erridge's "History of Brighthelmston," 1862.
[2] See Martin's "History of Brighton," 1871.
[3] Chamberlayne's "Angliæ Notitia." (See Sussex Archæological Collections, vol. xxxii. pp. 81, 104.)
[4] See Paul Dunvan's "Ancient and Modern History of Lewes and Brightelmston," 1795.
[5] Ob. 1670. (The date of her death is given as 1762 in Appendix VII. of the "Boscobel Tracts!")
[6] Ob. 1701, without male issue.
[7] State Papers, dom., December 1663.

Coombe Place, near Lewes, the last recipient of the pension, was a great grandson (on the maternal side) of Captain Nicholas Tattersal.

A ring with the miniatures of Charles II. and his Queen, given by the king to the captain, is still preserved as an heirloom at Coombe.[1] Another gift was a silver posy ring (with the inscription inside "Let me not forget"), and a silver enamelled ribbon slide with the king's portrait.[2]

The Chichester merchant, Francis Mansel, petitioned for relief in June 1661, saying that he "was forced to fly for life, being one of the instruments of his majesty's happy escape;" the same month a pension of £200 was settled upon him, though, like the rest of the pensions, it was but irregularly paid. Samuel Pepys met him in 1667, in a tavern in King Street, and records: "This poor man hath received no part of his money these four years, and is ready to starve."[3]

As soon as they had landed, the king and Lord Wilmot hired horses and rode to Rouen, where they put up at an inn in the fish-market, but owing

[1] Captain Tattersal's grand-daughter married Dr. White of Lewes, and their daughter married John Bridger of Coombe, whose grand-daughter married the great grand-father of the Rev. Sir George C. Shiffner, Bart., the present representative of the family.

[2] The posy ring and slide were exhibited at the Stuart Exhibition by Mrs. Hanson Lewis. Another Tattersal relic, a silver watch, was exhibited at a meeting of the Archæological Association in 1862 by the Rev. Gregory Rhodes.

[3] Pepys's Diary, February 20, 1666–7.

to their mean clothes and general suspicious appearance the landlord was very loathe to take them in. "He (Charles) looked so poorly that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other";[1] but thinking of a merchant living in the town with whom he was acquainted, the king sent for him to vouch for his respectability.

This gentleman, James Samburne (or Sambourn)[2] by name, and another merchant, named Parker, provided the travellers with more becoming apparel, dividing the king's disguise between them to be preserved as historical relics.[3] Samburne also carried despatches to the queen mother, and advanced some money (through a Mr. Scott) for the king's journey to Paris.[4]

Dr. John Earle, Charles's former sub-tutor and subsequently his chaplain (afterwards Dean of Westminster and Bishop of Worcester) was staying then at Rouen, and hearing the joyful news of the young king's safe arrival, hastened to visit him at his lodgings, and at first taking him for one of the hotel servants, he inquired of him where the king was; but on discovering his mistake, heartily congratulated him upon his escape.[5]

[1] See Charles's account of his escape given on board "the Naseby," May 23, 1660. (Pepys's Diary, May 23, 1660.)

[2] State Papers, vol. ix. No. 4.

[3] Jening's "Miraculum Basilicon." In Richard Symond's pocket-book among the Harlean MSS. is the following: "So they went to Deep, where his greene [? grey] clothes were kept and shewne for money."—No. 991, Fol. 90. Cardinal de Retz in his memoirs, says that when Charles arrived at Paris "he had not changed his shirt since he left England—my Lord Jermin gave him one of his at his arrival," vol. ii. p. 119 (Memoirs, 1723).

[4] Cal. State Papers, 1660.

[5] See Clayton's "Personal Memoirs of Charles II."

From Shoreham to Fécamp

Changing his quarters to the house of Mr. Scott,[1] Charles and Wilmot remained some days *incognito* at Rouen, leaving there by coach for Paris on Wednesday, October 29.

Upon the way they slept the night at Fleurie, about seven leagues from Rouen, and on the following evening they were met at Moriceaux, a village near Paris, by Queen Henrietta Maria, the Duke of York, the Duke of Orleans, and a large retinue of English and French nobles, who conducted them to Paris, where they arrived at the Louvre at a late hour on Thursday, October 30.

Mademoiselle Montpensier and Lady Fanshawe record the general appearance of Charles upon his arrival. The former says he was looking much better than before his departure, "although he had little hair and a great deal of beard;"[2] while the latter remarks that he had grown manly and powerful in person, coarse in features, and reckless in expression. "His rich curls had been cut off for the purpose of disguise, and were replaced by a black periwig."[3] Sir Richard Browne also noticed that he appeared very sad and sombre, "for the most part that cheerfulness which against his nature he strove to shew at his first coming hither having lasted but a few days, and he is very silent always, whether he be with his mother or in any other company."[4]

[1] Afterwards created a baronet.

[2] See Mademoiselle Montpensier's Autobiography.

[3] See "Memoirs of Lady Anne Fanshawe." Her husband (afterwards Sir Richard Fanshawe, Bart.) was taken prisoner at Worcester fight. Her account of the prisoners arriving in London, and of a stolen interview with her husband is touchingly pathetic.

[4] Add. MSS., British Museum, 12184 (Sir Richard Browne's Dispatch).

The king's loyal and courageous companion, Henry Lord Wilmot, did not live to see the Restoration. In 1652 the title of Earl of Danby was proffered to him, but this he declined in favour of that of Rochester, and the patent passed the Great Seal June 20, 1653;[1] at the same time he was appointed ambassador to the German Diet.

Little glimpses of his subsequent career may be gleaned from the Domestic and Clarendon State Papers.

At the time of Colonel Penruddocke's rising in Salisbury, and other Royalist plots in various parts of the country, Lord Wilmot appears to have been actively engaged in the king's interest in transmitting arms and ammunition from Hamburg to Scotland.[2] In a letter dated from Dusseldorf, March 13, 1655, Charles, under his old pseudonym, "W. Jackson," wrote to Hyde, that "Mr. Simonds" (Wilmot) is safely landed in England, where he was examined twice, but allowed to go on to London. Here he lodged under the roof of a certain Ann Abotts, who harboured the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Ossory, and various others, while the plot was in progress.[3]

Had their cause looked prosperous, Charles was to have followed; but meanwhile Cromwell was fully aware of their plans, Secretary Thurloe being continually supplied with information as to the movements of the Royalists on the Continent by

[1] See Calendar of Clarendon State Papers, vol. ii. pp. 162, 216.

[2] *Ibid.* Letter from Hyde to Nicholas, February 13, 1654, &c.

[3] See Cal. State Papers, Domestic, July 1660. The letters and messages between the king and Wilmot passed mostly through the hands of their old companion of 1651, Colonel Robert Phelips, stationed at Haarlem and Utrecht. (See *ante*, p. 175.)

a spy named Manning. Indeed, according to Jesse, the Protector was at the bottom of the scheme that Charles and his brothers, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, might be snared into his hands, and shot immediately they reached the Sussex coast,[1] but such an act of cowardice does not appear consistent with Cromwell's military character.

No sooner had Wilmot arrived, than orders were issued for a strict search to be made in all vessels, so that his lordship, finding dangers on every side, quitted the country with all expedition, taking ship from the coast of Essex to Flushing.[2]

We hear nothing of importance until October, 1657, when Lord Wilmot is lying dangerously ill, his life despaired of by the physicians.[3] Colonel Herbert Price, writing to secretary Nicholas, (Ghent) February 19, 1657–8, says: "I am ill in bed, having been these three nights with much grief attending my lord of Rochester's, I hope happy, departure out of this unhappy world. He died this night at 1 A.M. I have sent Mr. Rose[4] to tell the king that he may take order for the interment. Meantime I will get his body

[1] See Jesse's "Memoirs of the Stuarts"; Welwood's "Memoirs," and Burnet's "History of his Own Time."

[2] A merchant named Rooke was imprisoned for entertaining Lord Wilmot a night in his house at Margate under suspicion of being privy to the plot. (See Cal. State Papers, dom., December 5, 1655.)

[3] See letter Ormonde to Hyde, Brussels, October 23, 1657, Cal. of Clarendon State Papers, vol. iii. pp. 376–7.

[4] Richard Rose was Lord Wilmot's servant. The traitor Manning informed Thurloe (June 22, 1655) that he (Rose) had gone to England with letters, and might be found at Lady Wilmot's, and that he might be identified by "a wart on his left eyelid."

embalmed and let you know when we shall be at Sluys with it." Five days later, Colonel Price writes from Sluys: "We have laid Lord Rochester's body, with what decency we could and as little noise, by Lord Hopton."[1] It was embalmed, wrapt in a good cere cloth, and on it a lead, well soldered, so that there is no danger that it will offend the vault.[2] There is a tradition at Spilsbury Church, Oxon, that both Henry Wilmot and his son John, second Earl of Rochester, the notorious libertine, lie buried under the north aisle. In all probability, after the Restoration, the body was removed to England, but, strange to say, neither father nor son has a tablet to his memory.

The first Earl of Rochester was the eldest son of Charles Wilmot, Viscount Wilmot of Athlone, Ireland, created Baron Wilmot of Adderbury, Oxon, by Charles I. Lord Wilmot married, first, a daughter of Sir F. Morton, of Clenso, Dorset; and, second, Anne, daughter of Sir John St. John, Bart., the widow of Sir F. H. Lee, of Ditchley,[3] who was the mother of the earl, famous in the court of Charles II. for his wit and profligacy. He married Elizabeth, daughter of John Mallet, of

[1] Ralph Lord Hopton, died at Bruges, September 1652.

[2] Cal. State Papers, February 24, 1657–8.

[3] Her portrait at Ditchley was engraved for the Grammont Memoirs, but is there erroneously named "La triste héritière," viz., Miss Mallet the wife of the second earl. A reproduction of the picture appears in the "Memoirs of the Verney Family." Unfortunately there is no portrait extant of Henry Wilmot, the first Earl of Rochester. N.B.—As Wilmot was mistaken for Colonel Bullen Reymes at Broad Windsor (see *ante*, p. 141), we may get an idea of his features from the latter's portrait at Zeals. This has been reproduced in *Somerset and Dorset Notes and Queries* for March 1896.

Robert Swan gent upon his Pewron.

Order is taken this xxxij.th day of June 1678. By virtue of his Ma.ts Tres of Privy Seale dated the xxij.th day of October in the xx.th yeare of his Ma.ts raigne That you deliver and pay of such his Ma.ts Treasure as remaines in yo.r charge unto Robert Swan gent or his Assignes the sume of twenty pounds upon the sume of lxx.ti pound given him for his fidelity in securing his Ma.ty in his escape after the Battle at Worcester And is for a quarter ended at the feast of S.t John Baptist last past 1678. And these together with his or his Assignes acquittance shall be yo.r discharge herein

Lett this Order be exec

Treasury Chambers
14 Octob 1679.

Ed Dering

S.r Tho. Vernon I pray pay this order out of Customs money

R. Howard

Recordatur xxj die Junij 1680. Ex Vernon

Robert Swann

N

Enmore, Somersetshire, by whom he had four children[1]—viz., Charles (died 1681, in his minority), Ann (married first Henry Bainton, Esquire, and second Fulke Greville, Lord Broke), Elizabeth (married Edward Montagu, third Earl of Sandwich), and Mallet, the youngest daughter (married John Vaughan, afterwards Viscount Lisburne, ancestor to the present earl[2]).

Of the old seat of the Wilmots at Adderbury nothing remains beyond part of a battlemented wall and an old leaden water-spout, bearing the Wilmot arms. The old house was dismantled soon after the year 1774, when the furniture and pictures were sold.

One of the apartments retained the name of "Lord Rochester's Room," and an old mirror and chair, said to have belonged to "the wicked earl," remained in the modern house until a few years ago,[3] when another sale dispersed what remained of the few articles associated with the Wilmots.

Robert Swan, "gent," survived his master, and from an order of the Privy Seal, 1678, we read, the services he rendered the king were rewarded with a pension of £80,[4] paid quarterly.

[1] With the death of John, the second Earl, in 1680, the title became extinct. Lawrence Hyde, second son of Edward, Lord Clarendon, was recreated Earl of Rochester in 1682.

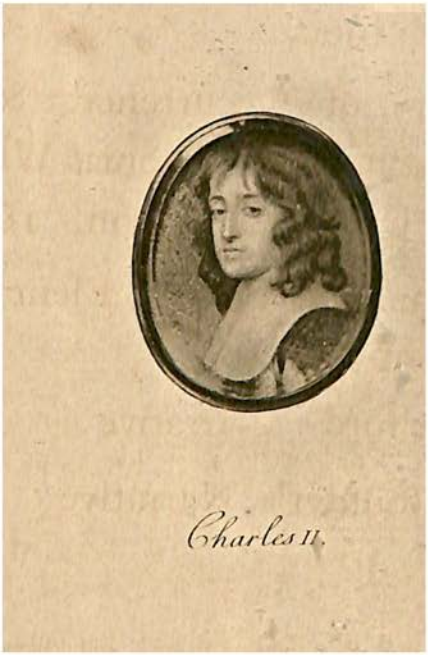
[2] Elevated to the peerage of Ireland, June 25, 1695, as Lord Vaughan, Baron Fethard, and Viscount Lisburne; *ob.* 1720.

[3] In 1887. Traditions linger in the village to this day of the second Earl Rochester's wild freaks.

[4] The original document signed by Swan is in the possession of E. W. Hennell, Esq., to whose courtesy we are indebted for its reproduction. (See also Swan's pension in Appendix.)

PART II

TRACTS



Charles II.

1. A true Narrative and relation of His Majestys Miraculous Escape from Worcester. 1660

2. A Summary of Occurrences &c., from the testimony of Thomas Whitgreave and John Huddleston. 1688

3. Extract from Dr. Bate's "Elenchus Motuum," 1662–3

4. Captain Alford's Narrative

5. Colonel Gounter's Narrative

[N.B. The spelling of the names of Persons and Places in the Tracts has not been altered.]

Tract No. 1

A true narrative and relation of His Majestys Miraculous Escape from Worcester on the 3d of September 1651. Till his arrival at Paris

Printed at London for G. Colborn. 1660

[Many of the particulars in this account were no doubt from information provided by the Penderel Brothers: as the names and provincial terms used would seem to imply]

Tract No. 1

FORTUNE had now twice counterfeited and double-gilt the trophies of Rebellion, and its brazen trumpet repeated victory betrayed or prostituted, before at Dunbar, and now ravished at Worcester by numerous overpowering force, on that black and white day, September the third, 1651, in the dusk of which fatal evening, when the ashamed sun had blushed in his setting and plunged his affrighted head into the depth of luckless Severn, and the night, ready to stain and spot her guilty sables with loyal blood, was attiring herself for the tragedy. The king (whose first and conspicuous valorous essay so exceeded all comparison that it cannot but oblige fate to preserve that matchless courage and never again to venture or expose it to any hazard), compelled to abandon the city of Worcester, whose fidelity and affection deserved perpetual memory, after he had quitted his court and lodgings, to which he retired from the field, and having rallied his most faithful and considerable friends, divers English lords and gentlemen who were resolved to accompany him in his flight, was presented by the late renowned Earl of Derby with one Charles Gifford, Esq. (a person of note, then of that county and of much manifested honour since to the world), to be his majesty's

conductor in this miraculous, blessed escape, who forthwith called for one Francis Yates, whom he had brought with him, under the command of Colonel Careless, in a party that met the king in his advance to Worcester, to be guide, assistant for the surer finding and by-ways for his majesty's speed and safety.

In the meantime Colonel Careless, a gentleman of very gallant and noble endowments, was commanded to sustain the brunt of the pursuing enemy and to keep them off while the king might be somewhat in his way, which with excellent prudence and valour he did to effect, and afterwards fled to his old retreat and coverture passing by Hartlebury Castle, then garrisoned by the enemy, whom he courageously fought with and broke through, and came safe to his designed shelter.

Towards three o'clock Thursday morning, the fourth of September, the king, in company with the said Earl of Derby, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Cleveland, Duke of Buckingham, my Lord Wilmot, and others to the number of fourscore, came to a place called Whiteladies, in the parish of Tong, in the confines of Stafford and Shropshire, being twenty-five miles distant or thereabouts from Worcester, which space of ground he had rid that night.

The Whiteladies was a house belonging to one Fitz-Herbert,[1] where one George Pendrill, hearing somebody knocking at the gate so early, and opening the window, espied the aforesaid Francis Yates, who was his brother-in-law, with Mr.

[1] The Fitzherberts did not then own Whiteladies and Boscobel. (*Vide* Part I. chapter ii.).

Gifford, to whom he presently opened the door and inquired of his brother Yates what news from Worcester, who told him that the king was defeated and in pursuit, and therefore bid him to make haste and put on his clothes. But before he could make himself ready, the king, with most of his lords, had entered the house and come into the hall, where, after a short consultation held amongst them, the Earl of Derby called for William Pendrill, the eldest brother (you must know that my lord of Derby had taken this place for a subterfuge, after the defeat given him by Colonel Lilburn, near Wigan, in Lancashire, and was accompanied there and by them conveyed to Worcester to the king, and also several other gentlemen before had used this for their sanctuary), who being come, George was sent to Tong to one Robert Beard, an honest subject, to inquire of him whether there were any scattered parties of the king's thereabouts, or any of the enemies appearing, who brought word that the coast was yet clear, and no parties at all to be seen. In his return he met with his brother Richard; for now those few inhabitants that lived there were awaked with the noise and their own ill-boding thoughts and fears of the success at Worcester.

Richard was no sooner come in but Esquire Gifford called for him and bid him make haste and bring with him his best clothes, which were a jump and breeches of green coarse cloth, and a doeskin leather doublet; the hat was borrowed from Humphrey Pendrill the miller, being an old grey one that turned up its brims; the shirt (which in that country language they called an hurden or

noggen shirt, of cloth that is made of the coarsest of hemp) was had of one Edward Martin; George Pendrill's band and William Creswel's shoes; which the king, having presently unstripped himself of his own clothes, did nimbly put on.

His buff coat and linen doublet and a grey pair of breeches, which he wore before he gave into these brothers' hands, who forthwith buried them underground, where they lay five weeks before they durst take them up again. The jewels off his arm he gave to one of the lords then departing. Then Richard came with a pair of shears and rounded the king's hair, which my Lord Wilmot having cut before with a knife, had untowardly notched; and the king was pleased to take notice of Richard's good barbering so as to prefer his work before my Lord Wilmot's, and gave him the praise of it, and now his majesty was *à la mode* the woodman.

Hereupon William Pendrill was brought to the king by the Earl of Derby, and the care and preservation of his most sacred majesty committed to his charge and the rest of the brothers (my lord would have staid too, but there was no undertaking security for them both), and presently the lords took their heavy leave and departed, every one shifting for himself.

Only my Lord Wilmot was conveyed by John Pendrill to Mr. Thomas Whitgrave's,[1] but he

[1] John Penderel committed Wilmot to the care of a neighbour named William Walker, who according to information given by Father Huddleston to Pepys (see note to King's narrative "Boscobel Tracts") lived at Whiteladies and was a priest to whom the poor Catholics in the neighbourhood resorted for devotion. Walker took Wilmot to Brinsford, the house of Mr. Huntbach, from whence he removed to that of Mr. Whitgreave at Moseley.

His Face you see. Now breifly heare the Rest.
How well he servd his Prince in flight distrest.
Twas, He whose little Houshold did Combine
In Pious Care to save the Royall Line.
An Oake *was thought most safe for what could prove*
More Luckie then the sacred tree to love.
See where the Hen-roost Ladder *stands by that,*
The Mighty Monarch climbd the Boughs *of* State.
Where Noble Carlos *lent his Manlike Knee.*
The last support of Fainting Majestie.
And Natures Tapistrie was the onely shroud
To shelter that Great Prince *with* Rage *pursuid.*

The Nutthook *reaching up his* Homely fare
Supplyd the want of Waiters standing Bare:
While busie Wife and Children gather wood
To dress the Sheep prepard for Better food
Thus, many Oakes *defend the Brittish Maine*
But one preferrd the Brittish Soveraigne
Pendrill *thy name will shine in Historie*
Brighter then theirs, whose Hospitallity
Disguised Deitys hath entertaynd
For thine was reall tother Poets faynd.

This Emblome Represents Onely the particular Loyall *actings of the sayd* Pendrill *and his Limitt Family as Instrumentall in the Deliverance of his Sacred Ma.ty Charls. 1.st 1651.*

would have left him at several other places, which my Lord did in no wise approve of; first at one John Shores of Hungerhill, thence to John Climpson, thence to one Reynolds of the Hide, so to John Hunspatchs, where, passing by Coven, they had notice of a troop of horse in the town, and, seeing some men coming behind them (which proved to be friends, though my lord suspected the country rising upon them), they betook themselves into a dry pit, where they staid all evening, and then arrived safely at Mr. Whitgraves.

The company being all departed, a wood-bill was brought and put into the king's hand, and he went out with Richard into the adjoining woods. William departed home, and Humphry and George went out to scout and lay hovering in the woods, to hear or see if any one approached that way.

But the king had not been an hour in the wood before a troop of horse of the enemys came to Whiteladies, and enquired if some of the king's horse and himself passed not that way, and if they could give any information of him. To which the town folks answered, that about three hours ago there was a party of horse came thither, and they supposed the king with them, but they made no stay in the village but presently departed. They were hereupon so eager in the pursuit, that after enquiring which way they took, they followed the route and made no further search there. The king straight heard this, by the two aforesaid scouts, who straggled for intelligence into the town.

All this day, being Thursday, the king continued

in the wood upon the ground, Richard Pendrill being constantly with him, and sometimes the other two brothers.

It proved to be a very rainy day, and the king was wet with showers. Thereupon Francis Yates' wife came into the wood, and brought the king a blanket, which she threw over his shoulders to keep him dry; she also brought him his first meat to eat there, viz., a mess of milk, eggs, and sugar, in a black earthen cup, which the king guessed to be milk and apples, and said he loved it very well. After he had drunk some of it, and eaten part in a pewter spoon, he gave the rest to George and bid him eat, for it was very good. There was nothing of moment passed this day in court, but only the king exchanged his wood-bill for Francis Yates' broom-hook, which was something lighter.

They had much ado all that day to teach and fashion his majesty to their country guise, and to order his steps and straight body to a lobbing Jobson's gait, and were forced every foot to mind him of it, for the language his majesty's most gracious converse with his people in his journey to and at Worcester, had rendered it very easy and very tuneable to him.

About five o'clock that evening, the king, with the retinue of Richard, Humphry, George, and Francis Yates, left the wood and betook himself to Richard's house,[1] where he went under the name of William Jones, a wood-cutter, newly come thither for work. Against his coming the good wife for his entertainment for supper was preparing a fricasy of bacon and eggs; and whilst

[1] Hobbal Grange.

Jane Penderel.

that was doing, the king held on his knee their daughter Nan. After he had eat a little, he asked Richard to eat, who replied: "Yea, sir, I will;" whereto his majesty answered: "You have a better stomach than I, for you have eaten five times to-day already." After supper ended, the king, according to his resolution to pass into Wales, proposed when it should be dusky to depart. Before he went, Jane Pendrill,[1] the mother of the five brethren, came to see the king, before whom she blessed God that had so honoured her children in making them the instruments, as she hoped, of his majesty's safe-guard and deliverance.

Here Francis Yates offered the king thirty shillings in silver; the king accepted ten, and bid him put the other up.

Humphry would have gone before to see and view about, but the king would not let him. It being now near night they took their leave of the king upon their knees, beseaching God to guide and bless him.

So the king and Richard only departed to go to one, Mr. Francis Wolfe, of Madeley, there to take passage into Wales. On the way they were to pass by a mill at a place called Evelin, and going over (it was about nine o'clock at night) the bridge of the said mill, the miller steps forth and demanded, "Who goes there?" having a quarter-staff or a good cudgel in his hand, to which

[1] The mother of the Penderel brothers lived at Hobbal, part of which was rented by Richard. In the first pedigree given in the appendix of the "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, there is a serious error, "Dame Joan," the wife of William Penderel, being described as the mother of the five brothers.

Richard, being foremost, thought it not safe to reply, but the water being shallow, leaped off the bridge into it, and the king did the like, following Richard by the noise and rattling of his leathern breeches; the miller being glad he was so rid of them, for (as it afterwards appeared) here were some of the king's scattered soldiers in his mill, and he supposed the other to be Parliamentarians that were upon the scent for his distressed guests.

Being come to Madeley to the said Mr. Francis Wolfe's, late that night, they understood there was no passage over the water into Wales, and that it was very dangerous to abide there, the country being everywhere about laid with soldiers, nor durst he entertain them in his house, but showed them a hay-mow where they might lodge. And there the king and Richard continued all that night and the next day, being Friday; and that night, with the conveyance of a maid of this Mr. Wolfe's, who brought the king two miles on his way, they retreated back again to Richard's house. Master Wolfe lent the king some small sum of money. This design being crossed, Saturday morning (without any stay at Richard's) the king and he went to a house of Mr. Giffard's, called Boscabel, where William Pendrill and his wife dwelt as housekeepers for the said Giffard, who received him joyfully. But the king's feet were so blistered with travelling in such coarse and stiff accoutrements as he wore on his feet, and lying in them, that he was scarce able to stand or go; which William's wife perceiving she stripped off his stockings, and cut the blisters and washed his feet, and gave the king some ease."

The same time, or near thereupon, that noble Colonel Careless, who (as I said before) made good the king's rear at Worcester, and had fought his way through after he had been two days at one, David Jones's, living in the Heath in Tong parish, and there by him secured (for this colonel had lain three quarters of a year before, obscured in this country, when he had been narrowly everywhere searched after), was brought by one, Elizabeth Burgess, to this same house of Boscabel; and there his majesty and he met. But the colonel was so overjoyed with the sight of the king, his master, in such sure and safe hands, that he could not refrain weeping; and the king was himself moved with the same passion.

After a short conference and but inchoated counsel of the king's probablest means of escape, it was resolved by them to betake themselves to the wood again; and accordingly about nine of the clock that Saturday morning, the sixth of September they went into the wood, and Colonel Careless brought and led the king to that so much celebrated oak, where before he had himself been lodged.

This tree is not hollow, but of a sound, firm trunk, only about the middle of the body of it there is a hole in it, about the bigness of a man's hand, from whence it absurdly and abusively (in respect to its deserved perpetual growth, to outlast time itself) is called hollow; and by the help of William Pendrill's wood ladder they got up into the boughs and branches of the tree, which were very thick and well-spread, full of leaves: so

that it was impossible for any one to discern through them.

When they were both up, William gave them up two pillows to lie upon between the thickest of the branches, and the king being over-wearied with travel and his sore journey, began to be very sleepy. The colonel, to accommodate him the best he could, desired his majesty to lay his head in his lap, and rest the other parts of his body upon the pillow, which the king did; and after he had taken a good nap (William and his wife Joan, still peaking up and down, and she commonly near the place, with a nut-hook in her hand gathering of sticks) awaked very hungry, and wished he had something to eat, whereupon the colonel plucked out of his pocket a good luncheon of bread and cheese (which Joan Pendrill had given him for provant for that day, and had wrapped it up in a clean linen cloth), of which the king fed very heartily, and was well pleased with the service, and commended highly his good cheer; and some other small relief he had which was put up in the tree with a long hook-stick.

In the meanwhile Richard Pendrill, the first esquire, was sent to Wolverhampton, some three[1] miles thence, being a market town, to buy wine and biscuit and some other necessary refreshments for the king, and withal to speak with one, Mr. George Manwaring (a person of known integrity and loyalty), from Colonel Careless, with some instructions about the king's removal, though not expressly the king, but one of that ruined party. In effect it was to know of him whether he knew

[1] About seven miles.

Richard Penderel.

of any sure privacy for two such persons; to which he answered he had not himself, but would inquire if a friend of his, one Mr. Whitgrave, of Mosely, formerly and again to be spoken of here, could do it. So that we may see what a loyal, honest combination and secresy there was between all of these persons; and then Richard returned with his wine, &c., to the king, who, towards the evening, came down by the same ladder from the tree, and was brought into the garden of Boscabel house, where he sat in the bower of it and drank part of the wine till towards night.

Neither was Humphry Pendrill, the miller, unemployed all this while; but was sent to get intelligence how things went. And the easier to come by it, he was sent to a captain of the rump, one Broadway, formerly a heel-maker, under pretence of carrying him twenty shillings for the pay of a man in the new raised militia of their county, for their mistress. While he was there, in came a colonel of the rebels and asked for Captain Broadway, on purpose to know what further inquiry had been made at Whiteladies for the king, relating to Broadway the story of it; to which he replied he knew nothing of it further than rumour, but that there was one of that place in the house that could give him an account of it. So Humphry was called, and several questions put to him, which he evaded, but confessed that the king had been there, as was supposed, but there was no likelihood for him to stay there, for there were three families[1] in the house, and all at difference with one another.

[1] Blount says there were five families.

The colonel told him there was a thousand pounds offered to any that would take or discover him; and that they doubted not but within a day or two to have him delivered into their hands.[1]

These tidings Humphry brought with him, and omitted not to tell his majesty of the price the rebels had set on him; at the telling of which the king looked something dismayed, as having trusted his life into the hands of so poor men, whom such a sum as that (though both detestable and of inconsiderable value to the purchase) might pervert from their allegiance and fidelity; which made Humphry to be exceedingly troubled for his rashness, while Colonel Careless assured the king, "If it were one hundred thousand pounds, it were to no more purpose, and that he would engage his soul for their truth;" which Humphry also with many urgent asseverations did succeed.

It was late, and the king was very hungry, and had a mind to a loin of mutton, and being come into the house asked William if he could not get him such a joint; to which he replied that he had it not of his own, but he would make bold at that time, and for that occasion, with one of his master's[2] sheep in the cote. Which instantly he did, and brought it into the ground cellar, where the colonel, not having the patience to stay while he fetched a knife, stabbed it with his dagger. And when William came down they hung it upon a door and flayed it, and brought up a hind

[1] Two Jesuits, viz., Father Joseph Simmonds and Father Carleton Compton were to have paid the £1000 reward. (See Thomas White's pamphlet, "History of the Popish Plot.")

[2] The mutton came from Mr. Staunton's sheepcote and was provided for the Sunday's dinner. (See Blount's "Boscobel.")

quarter to the king, who presently fell a chopping of the loin to pieces, or as they called it then, into Scotch collops, which the colonel clapped into the pan, while the king held it and fried it.

This passage yielded the king a pleasant, jocular discourse after his arrival in France, when it amounted to a question, a very difficult case, who was cook and who was scullion? And the solution of the doubt, when it could not be decided by the lords then present, was referred to the judgment of his majesty's master cook, who affirmed that the king was (*hic et nunc*) both of them.

When this nimble collation was ended, it was time for the king to betake himself to his rest, and his chamberlain, William, brought him to his apartment. It was a place made between two walls, on purpose for secrecy, contrived at the building of the house. Thither they let the king down; where he slept very incommodiously, with little or no rest, for that the place was not long enough for him; and, therefore, the next night they laid him a sorry bed upon the staircase[1] that the meanness of his lodgings might secure him from suspicion.

My Lord Wilmot, as is said before, was all this while safe at Mr. Whitgrave's; only his care of the king made him full of trouble. His hiding-place was so sure a one, that at his first coming to it he wished, so he gave twenty thousand pounds, that the king was either as secure, or there with him. He therefore despatched away John Pendrill (who attended him all along) to the Whiteladies to

[1] Probably before his departure for Moseley at 11 o'clock on the Sunday night.

enquire for the king, and to give him notice of the conveniency that was at Mr. Whitgrave's; but when he came thither, which was on Friday, the king was then gone to Madely to Mr. Wolfe's. The next day he was sent again, and Richard's wife directed him to Boscabel, where he delivered the king his message, which the king assented unto, and resolved to remove thither.

Monday night, September the eighth,[1] at eleven at night, was the time appointed for the king's progress to Mosely, but a horse was hard to be found. John was ordered to borrow one, of one Stanton, of Hatton, but he had lent his out before; when the colonel remembered that Humphry the miller had one, and he thereupon was called and desired to lend him for the king's service. It was a kind of war-horse that had carried many a load of provisions and such like, but now he put upon him a bridle and saddle that had outworn his tree and irons, and at the time prefixed brought him to the gate.

As soon as the king had notice of it, out he came, and would have had none but Colonel Careless and John to have gone along with him; but they told him it was dangerous to venture himself with so few, they therefore entreated his majesty that he would give them leave to go with them, which at their importunity he granted.

Having mounted, the king, Colonel Careless,[2] and the six brethren guarding him, two before and two behind, and one on each side, armed with clubs and bills, Humphry leading his horse by the

[1] This should be Sunday night, September 7.

[2] Colonel Carlos did not accompany the king to Moseley.

bridle, they began their journey. It was five miles from Boscabel to Mosely,[1] Mr. Whitgrave's, and the way in some places miry, where the horse, blundering, caused the king to suspect falling, and bid Humphry have a care; to which he answered, "That that now fortunate horse had carried many a heavier weight in his time, six strike of corn (which measure the king understood not), but now had a better price on his back, the price of three kingdoms, and, therefore, would not now shame his master."

Their travel was soon and safe ended, and the king brought the backway to a stile that led to the house. Humphry led the horse into a ditch, and the king alighted off upon the stile;[2] but (forgetting that most of his guard were to return home) was gone five or six steps onward without taking leave of them, but recalling himself, returned back and said: "I am troubled that I forgot to take my

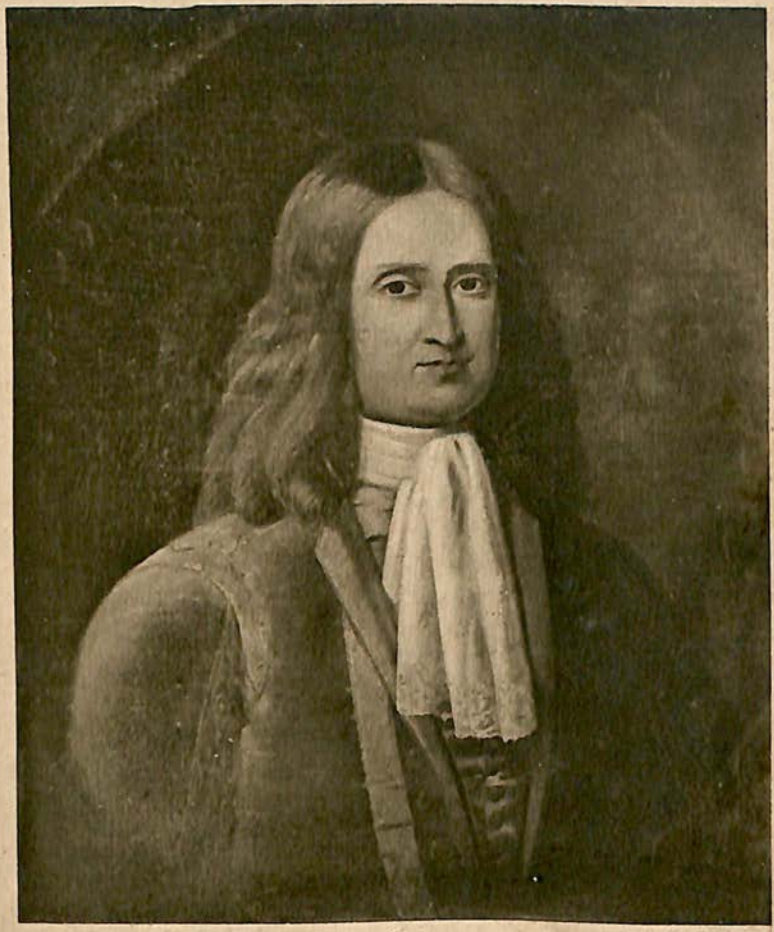
[1] Nine or ten miles.

[2] This was at Pendeford mill, some two miles from Moseley. See Blount's "Boscobel.")

leave of my friends; but if ever I come into England, by fair or foul means, I will remember you, and let me see you, whenever it shall so please God." So they all departed but the colonel,[1] John, and Francis Yates, who guided the king to the house.[2]

[1] This should be Richard and John Penderel, and Francis Yates.

[2] From this point in the pamphlet there are many inaccuracies, we therefore do not transcribe further, the thread of the story being taken up in Tract No. 2 with Charles's arrival at Moseley. That the story should become so faulty at this point is further proof that the account was compiled from the information provided by the Penderels, who part with the king at Moseley.



Thomas Whitgreave.

Tract No. 2

A Summary of Occurrences, relating to the Miraculous preservation of our late Sovereign Lord, King Charles II. after the defeat of his Army at Worcester in the year 1651

Faithfully taken from the express personal testimony of those two worthy Roman Catholics, Thomas Whitgrave, of Moseley, in the county of Stafford, Esq.; and Mr. John Hudleston, Priest of the Holy Order of St. Bennet, the eminent instruments under God of the same Preservation

Permissu Superiorum

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1688

Tract No. 2

To the end, that future ages may be rightly informed and duly sensible of the mercies and blessings of the Almighty, bestowed upon our late sovereign lord, of happy memory, King Charles II., and in him upon the whole nation, by the signal preservation of his sacred life and person from the hands of the rebels, after the defeat of his army at Worcester, we shall here, to the glory of God, the protector of princes, briefly set forth, with all plainness and sincerity, such particular passages and circumstances as occurred immediately before or during the time of the refuge and safety he found, in his greatest danger and exigence, at Mr. Whitgrave's house at Moseley.

Please, therefore, to know that his majesty's army being, on Wednesday the third of September, 1651, wholly defeated at Worcester, his friends dispersed, and his enemies in full pursuit of their victory, the king, conducted by Colonel Charles Gyfford, and accompanied with the Duke of Buckingham, Earl of Shrewsbury, Earl of Derby, Lord Wilmot, Mr. Peter Street, and others, retired on Thursday morning to a house called White Ladies, then appertaining to Mrs. Cotton,

widow,[1] and now the inheritance of her son-in-law, Basil Fitzherbert, Esquire, in Staffordshire.

There his majesty changed his habit, cut his hair, and transformed himself into the dress of a country peasant.

Thus disguised, he dismissed all his retinue and committed his person to the fidelity of the Pendrells, poor Catholics and labouring men, at or about White Ladies. With one of these Pendrells named Richard the king spent the rest of the day in a neighbouring wood, and at night, attended only by the same Richard, set forward on his journey towards Madeley, in Shropshire, with intention to pass over the river Severn into Wales, for the recruit of his army; but arriving near to the river-side he was informed by Mr. Wolfe, a Catholic at Madeley, that all the fords and passages were so strongly guarded and obstructed there was no possibility of effecting his design; so that in this extremity he was forced, after having absconded all Friday in a certain barn of the said Mr. Wolfe, to come back the next night and regain his former asylum at another house of Mr. Fitzherbert, called Boscobel, tenanted by William Pendrell, brother to Richard, and adjoining to White Ladies.

During this interval, those persons of quality whom the king had dismissed from White Ladies endeavoured, each one the best he could, to provide for his own safety. Amongst others, the Lord Wilmot, conjecturing the open ways least

[1] Frances Giffard, the wife of John Cotton, to whom Whiteladies and Boscobel were willed by her father, John Giffard. (See Part I. chapter ii.)

obnoxious to suspicion, departed the same Thursday, in the forenoon, from White Ladies, and took along with him John, another brother of the Pendrell's, as a guide into the common road between York and London; but he soon perceived himself disappointed of his expectations herein; for the whole country was alarmed, the enemy everywhere in pursuit, the avenues on all sides blocked up, and searches redoubled by a promised reward of one thousand pounds to any one who would discover the king. Wherefore my lord, justly despairing of success that way, took refuge in the house of one Mr. Huntbatch, of Brinford, near Moseley, about four miles from White Ladies,[1] and sheltered his horses in a ruined barn of a poor cottager, not far from thence.[2] But this place affording him little or no hopes of rest or safety, he sent his guide, John, to Wolverhampton in quest of some more secure receptacle.

Here also John, miscarrying and frustrated wholly of all relief, in his return to my lord, by the singular conduct of Divine providence, met with Mr. Hudleston at a place called Northcote.[3] John knew both the person, religion, and character of Mr. Hudleston, and therefore, with an assured confidence, related unto him how, the day before, the king's army had been utterly routed at

[1] The distance is about nine miles.

[2] "One Evans' house, a poor man, nigh Mr. Huntbach."—Whitgreave's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts."

[3] The meeting of Penderel and Huddleston was "occasioned by one Mr. Garret's coming—with some new linen for little Sir John Preston and Huddleston, viz., six new shirts, one whereof he (Huddleston) gave to the king, and another to my Lord Wilmot." (See note to King's narrative by Father Huddleston, "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 160.)

Worcester; how, that very morning, the king himself, with other great persons, had come in private to White Ladies; how the king had been there disguised, had dismissed his followers, and was retired, he knew not whither, with his brother Richard; how he had endeavoured to help a brave person towards his escape into York and London road, but not being able to compass it, nor get any harbour for him, either at Hampton[1] or elsewhere, he had left him at Mr. Huntbatch's, at Brinford, near Moseley, where he would be most certainly discovered unless Mr. Hudleston could prevail with his landlord, Mr. Whitgrave, to receive and conceal him in his house.

Hereupon Mr. Hudleston carried John to his chamber, imparted the affair to Mr. Whitgrave, who, touched with a sense of compassion and generosity, willingly undertook the case, however dangerous to himself, of the distressed lord's concealment and protection.

Accordingly Mr. Whitgrave, without further delay, waited upon my lord at Brinford, comforted and encouraged him by his promised assistance, and, in fine, ordered matters so that at ten o'clock in the night my lord was safely brought to his retirement at Moseley;[2] the only difficulty remaining was how to dispose of my lord's two horses, a thing not to be disregarded, both because they would be necessary for my lord's further progress, and also for that, either standing as they did, exposed in an open barn, or being brought to Mr. Whitgrave's stables adjoining and

[1] Wolverhampton.

[2] Wilmot was conducted from Brinsford to Moseley by Mr. Huntbach. (Whitgreave's narrative.)

obvious to the common street, their being detected would occasion a disclosing of the whole secret.

To remedy this, Mr. Whitgrave sent a trusty person[1] to Colonel Lane, at Bentley, about three miles from Moseley,[2] acquainted him with my lord's arrival, and desired him for some little time to secure my lord's horses. The colonel, who had formerly served under my lord in the wars, not only readily complied herein, but the same night gave my lord a private visit, and kindly invited him to his house as the more secure place, adding that his sister, Mrs. Jane Lane, had procured a pass from the governor of Stafford for herself and a servant to go to Bristol, by virtue of which pass he might, as a sister's servant, get clear out of the country. My lord thanked him for his civility, but said he was well satisfied with his present quarters, yet, withal, entreated the colonel that he would keep the opportunity of his sister's pass and retain his horses till he heard from him again. Thus they took leave of each other, and the colonel returned home.

The next day, being Friday, his lordship sent John Pendrell to learn what was become of the king and what had passed at White Ladies. John, returning the same night, brought word that the king went the night before, with his brother Richard, towards Severn, designing to pass over into Wales. Upon this information, my lord resolved to accept of the proferred benefit of Mrs. Lane's pass, and accordingly, next morning, being Saturday, he desired Mr. Whitgrave to send to Colonel Lane's for his horses. He dismissed John, in the afternoon, home to White Ladies;

[1] William Walker, a priest. [2] About five miles.

and the horses arriving at a certain place and time appointed, about midnight he took leave of Mr. Whitgrave, with all due expressions of gratitude and kindness, and so departed to Bentley.

Saturday.—And now my lord being gone, Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston entertained themselves with thoughts and solicitudes concerning the king.

They had heard nothing of him all that day. The last intelligence brought by John, from White Ladies on Friday, was that the king was gone, the night before, with Richard, towards Severn for Wales, but what success he had, or what was become of him since, they knew not. Wherefore, anxious between hopes and fears for his majesty's safety, they resolved to go the next day, being Sunday, to White Ladies for further satisfaction.

Whilst they were thus determined, and walking together very early on the back-side of the orchard[1] on Sunday morning, they were surprised to see John Pendrell unexpectedly coming towards them, who, approaching them with a frightful countenance and much impetuosity, asked "Where is my lord?" They told him that his lordship was gone. Then says the poor man, in great consternation, "We are all undone; for the king, finding the passages over Severn all guarded with soldiers, and no possibility of getting into Wales, is come back to Boscobel, and we know not what to do with him or how to dispose of him. He hath been for the most part since his return concealed in a tree, called the 'royal oak,' with Colonel Carloes, in Boscobel Wood; but searches

[1] Known as the "Long Walk."—Whitgreave's narrative.

are everywhere made, and the king is much dejected, having no hopes or prospect of redress; wherefore, understanding from me that I had left my Lord Wilmot here, he hath sent me to him with orders that he should take some speedy course for his removal and security with him."

Upon this sad relation of John's, Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, deeply moved at the king's danger and calamity, having first offered to God their Sunday duty for his majesty's safety, accompanied John to my lord at Bentley, where being admitted to his lordship, it was resolved, upon mature deliberation, that my lord should come back about eleven at night to Moseley, in order to the waiting upon the king there, [and] that John should return to Boscobel, and from thence conduct his majesty to a certain appointed station near Mr. Whitgrave's house, where Mr. Hudleston was to attend and receive him.

And what was thus designed was accordingly executed. My lord came, and was conducted by Mr. Whitgrave to his chamber; and some few hours after, the king, attended by John and two or three more of the Pendrell brothers, arrived on a mill-horse,[1] near Mr. Hudleston's station, where Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston both waited for him.[2] Upon his arrival, he was immediately conducted to my lord, who, with much impatience, expected him in his chamber. The king, being

[1] This agrees with Tract 1, but as the party arrived at the house by way of the "Long Walk," the king in all probability dismounted at Pendeford. (See Blount's "Boscobel" and Whitgreave's narrative.)

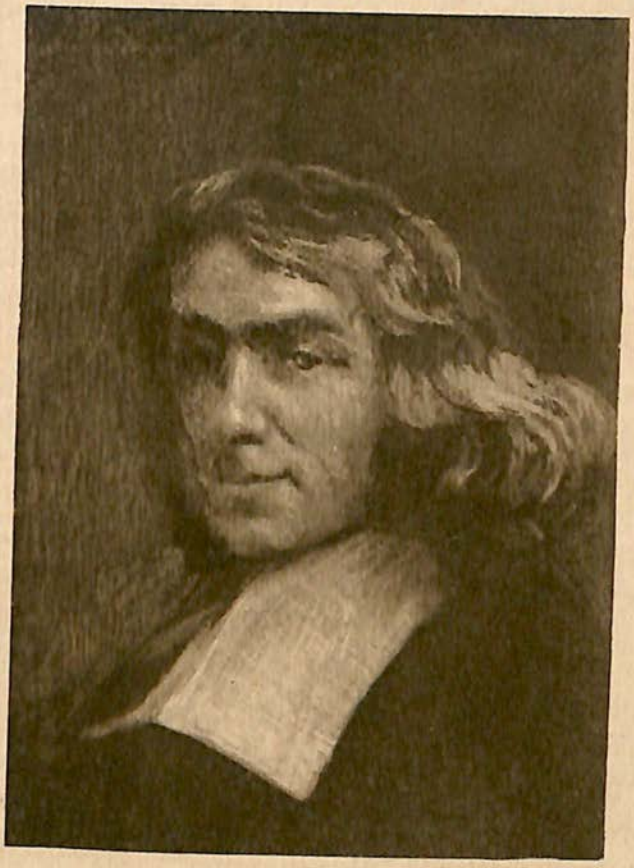
[2] Mr. Whitgreave waited at a close called "Allports Leasow," and Huddleston at a close called "The Moor."

thus, by God's blessing, safely introduced into the house, after some private discourse had between him and my lord, his lordship, addressing himself to Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, said: "Gentlemen, the person whom you see here under this disguise is both your master and mine, and the master to whom we all owe our duty and allegiance." Upon which, they both kneeling down, his majesty admitted them to the hônour of kissing his hand; then bidding them arise, told them that he had received from my lord so good a character of their loyalty and readiness to serve and assist him and his friends in those dangers, that he never would be unmindful of them or theirs.

Immediately afterwards, he asked, "Where is the private place which my lord speaks of?" They then showed him the place of his retreat for avoiding surprisals, which having seen, entered into, and much approved of, he returned to his chamber. He then sat himself down on his bedside, and Mr. Whitgrave presented him with a little biscuit-bread and a glass of sack, which he took.

While he thus sat, his nose bled. At this accident, Mr. Hudleston seemed concerned; but his majesty said that it was usual with him; then taking out of his pocket an old coarse clout, which the Pendrells had given him instead of a handkerchief, he received the blood into it. Mr. Hudleston then presented him with a fair handkerchief, and kept the bloody clout to himself.[1]

[1] "Hodlestone gave it to a kinswoman of his, one Mrs. Brathwayte, who kept it with great veneration, as a remedy for the king's evil." (Note by Pepys to King's narrative, "Boscobel Tracts," 2nd edition, p. 162.)



Father Huddleston.

After this, the king went to the fireside, sat down in a chair, and gave Mr. Hudleston leave to pull off his stockings and shoes, stuffed within with white paper, but yet so uneasy, wet, and full of gravel, that they had extremely inflamed and galled his feet.

Here it may not be unpleasant to some, if we briefly describe part of the rustic habits under which the king was disguised. He had on his head a long white, steeple-crowned hat, without any other lining than grease, both sides of the brim so doubled with handling that they looked like two spouts; a leather doublet full of holes, and half black with grease above the sleeves, collar, and waist; an old green woodreve's coat, threadbare and patched in most places, with a pair of breeches of the same cloth, and in the same condition, the flaps hanging down loose to the middle of his legs; hose and shoes of different parishes; the hose were grey, stirrups much darned and clouted, especially about the knees, under which he had a pair of flannel riding-stockings of his own with the tops cut off.

His shoes had been cobbled with leather patches both on the soles and the seams, and the upper-leathers so cut and slashed, to adapt them to his feet, that they could no longer defend him either from water or dirt. This exotic and deformed dress, added to his short hair by the ears, his face coloured brown with walnut-tree leaves, and a rough, crooked thorn stick in his hand, had so metamorphosed him, he became scarcely discernable who he was, even to those that had been

before acquainted with his person and conversant with him.

Mr. Hudleston, having cleansed and dried his feet with warm cloths, put on new linen and worsted stockings, and accommodated him with slippers and other things necessary for his ease. His majesty became thereby much refreshed and cheerful, saying he was now fit for a new march; adding also, if it should ever please God to bless him with ten or twelve thousand loyal and resolute men, he doubted not to drive these traitors out of his kingdom.

After an hour or two's discourse with my Lord Wilmot, in deliberation of what seemed most expedient in the present conjuncture, it being now about five in the morning, his majesty desired to repose on his bed,[1] and the Pendrells, all but John, were dismissed home.

Monday.—Upon the king's first change of apparel at White Ladies, they had put him on a coarse, patched, harden shirt, which by its roughness extremely incommoded him and hindered his rest. This Mr. Hudleston observing, prevailed with him to accept of a new holland shirt of his own, and reserved for a memorial the coarse one to himself.[2]

For the better security of his majesty's retreat, Mr. Whitgrave sent forth all his servants betimes

[1] According to Blount, "a pallet was carried into one of the secret places, where his majesty lay down;" but from the above and also the Whitgreave narrative, this appears to be incorrect, the only time that Charles occupied the "priest's hole" being on the Tuesday afternoon (September 9).

[2] Father Huddleston afterwards gave it as a relic to "Mr. Sherwood, Lord Abbot of Lambspring in Germany." (Note by Pepys to King's narrative.)

in the morning, each to their several employments abroad, except the cook-maid, a Catholic, who dressed their diet; and it was further pretended that Mr. Hudleston had a cavalier friend or relation newly escaped from Worcester, who lay privately in his chamber, unwilling to be seen; so that this grand secret was imparted to none in the house but Mr. Whitgrave, Mr. Hudleston, and Mr. Whitgrave's mother, whom my Lord Wilmot presented to the king, and whom his majesty graciously saluted and confided in.

At that time, Mr. Hudleston had with him at Moseley, under his tuition, young Sir John Preston and two other youths, Mr. Thomas Palin and Mr. Francis Reynolds, nephews to Mr. Whitgrave.

These he placed at several windows in the garrets, from whence they had a prospect of all the passages from all parts of the house, with strict charge given them to bring timely notice of any, whether soldiers or others, that came near the house; and herein the boys were as exact and vigilant as any sentinel could be on his guard.

It is now Monday, in the forenoon, and John is ordered to go to Bentley, with directions to Colonel Lane to send my lord's horses at night to Moseley to convey his lordship back to Bentley. His majesty eat constantly in Mr. Hudleston's chamber; Mr. Whitgrave himself handing up all the dishes from below stairs to Mr. Hudleston's chamber door, and Mr. Hudleston placing them on the table.

When all things were brought up, old Mrs. Whitgrave was called in, and commanded to sit

down and carve whilst Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston waited behind the king.

This day his majesty spent partly in reposing and refreshing himself from the fatigues of his former journeys and hardships, and partly in recapitulating the late transactions, and taking a view of the present posture of affairs. He recounted his proceedings in Scotland and described the methods of his march from thence to Worcester. He inquired how the gentlemen of the county were affected towards him, and sent Mr. Whitgrave to Wolverhampton to get intelligence of affairs. Sometimes he entertained himself at a window opening to the common street,[1] from whence he had the deplorable sight of divers of his own poor soldiers, even of those whom he knew of his own regiment, the sad remains of Worcester fight.

Some of these had in their hands pease in straw, gathered from the field-sides as they came along; others were eating cabbage-stalks and leaves which were thrown out of gardens into the highways, not daring so much as to beg for food; others, again, wounded and maimed, sought for relief at the door, whose sores, Mrs. Whitgrave, with great tenderness and charity, dressed.

At night my Lord Wilmot's horses arrived, as was appointed, from Bentley, whither his lordship accordingly returned, with further directions that Colonel Lane should, the next night following, himself bring the horses back to Moseley in order to the conveyance of his majesty to Bentley, the

[1] "The next morning, my studie door being open, his majesty was pleased, with Mr. Huddleston and self, to go into it and for diversion to look forth of it into the court and common roade."—Whitgreave's narrative.

king intending to take the benefit, proffered to my Lord Wilmot, of Mrs. Jane Lane's fore-mentioned pass, to quit the country.

The next day, viz., Tuesday, the king conversed for the most part with Mr. Hudleston; Mr. Whitgrave and his mother being employed in the discharge of their several duties towards his majesty's accommodation and safeguard below stairs. He was pleased to inquire how Roman Catholics lived under the present usurped government. Mr. Hudleston told him that they were persecuted on account both of their religion and loyalty; yet his majesty should see that they did not neglect the duties of their church; [and] hereupon, he carried him upstairs and shewed him the chapel—little, but neat and decent.

The king, looking respectfully upon the altar, and regarding the crucifix and candlesticks upon it, said, he had an altar, crucifix, and silver candlesticks of his own, till my Lord of Holland brake them, which, added the king "he hath now paid for." His majesty spent, likewise, some time in perusing Mr. Hudleston's books, amongst which, attentively reading a short manuscript written by Mr. Richard Hudleston, a Benedictine monk, entitled "A Short and Plain Way to the Faith and Church," he expressed his sentiments of it in these positive words: "I have not seen anything more plain and clear upon this subject. The arguments here drawn from succession are so conclusive, I do not conceive how they can be denied." He also took a view of Mr. Turbervill's catechism, and said, "it was a pretty book, and he would take it along with him."

The Flight of the King

This afternoon, a party of the rebels unexpectedly came to search Moseley for Mr. Whitgrave; their approach was timely discovered, and a servant came running upstairs towards the chamber where the king lay, and cried out, "Soldiers! Soldiers are coming!" Upon this alarm, the king was immediately conveyed by Mr. Whitgrave into the private place or receptacle before mentioned, which always stood open and ready, in case of contingencies, for his majesty's retreat; and Mr. Whitgrave, to prevent further searching, and thereby to secure the king from hazard and discovery, generously went down, and exposed himself to the sight and fury of the soldiers, who violently seized upon him and would have hurried him to prison as a person engaged for the king in Worcester fight, but he assured them he had been a long time sick and infirm at home, and called in the neighbours to attest the same; wherefore, after much dispute, they at length let him go, and departed.

When they had quitted the town, and not before, Mr. Whitgrave returned, and with Mr. Hudleston helped the king out of his confinement, and attended him in his chamber. Mr. Hudleston knew that the king was acquainted with his character and function, and consequently, also, with his being obnoxious to the sanguinary laws; and therefore said: "Your majesty is, in some sort, in the same condition with me now—liable to dangers and perils; but I hope God, that brought you hither, will preserve you here, and that you will be as safe in this place as in any castle of your dominions."

The king, addressing himself both to Mr. Whit-

grave and Mr. Hudleston, replied: "If it please God I come to my crown, both you and all of your persuasion, shall have as much liberty as any of my subjects."

It is now Tuesday night, and the hour of his majesty's departure from Moseley approaches. At twelve o'clock, Mr. Whitgrave informed his majesty that Colonel Lane attended at the place appointed, with the horses, to conduct him to Bentley. His majesty then, with all the feelings of kindness and gratitude for their fidelity and indefatigable care, day and night, in his service, bid adieu to Mr. Whitgrave, his mother, and Mr. Hudleston; they kneeling down, begged his majesty's pardon for any mistakes they might have committed through ignorance or inadvertency in discharge of their duty.

And thus accompanied by Mr. Whitgrave and Mr. Hudleston, the king went down to the corner of the orchard, where the colonel waited with the horses.

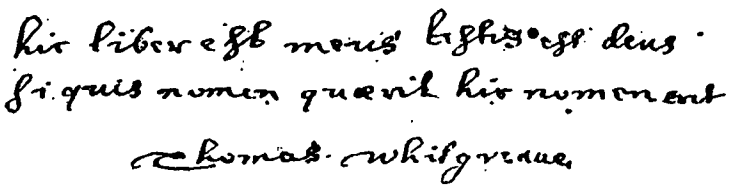
Mr. Hudleston, reflecting on the coldness of the season and thinness of his majesty's disguise, humbly implored he would vouchsafe to accept of his cloak, for a protection from the severity of the weather. The king put it on; then again, they all making their obeisance, and with tears imploring the Divine goodness for his majesty's safeguard, the king mounted,[1] and came that night to Bentley, from whence, by the means of the abovementioned pass of Mrs. Lane, he escaped, under

[1] "John [Penderel] having the honour to hold the king's stirrup while he mounted."—Continuation of "A True Narrative," &c., Tract No. 1.

the notion of her servant, out of the country and nation, remaining beyond the seas till the time of his no less wonderful restoration.

This is the sum of the signal preservation of the sacred life and person of our late sovereign lord, King Charles II. at Moseley; wherein the Almighty Hand of God is clearly manifest, not only in the preservation itself, but also in effecting the same by means so weak and disproportionable to the end. To Him be honour and glory for ever. Amen.

THOMAS WHITGRAVE.
JOHN HUDLESTON.



Tract No. 3

Extract from Dr. George Bate's

"Elenchus Motuum Nuperorum in Angliâ"

1662–3

Tract No. 3

THE king's majesty having a little beyond Barbon Bridge left Leslie, who resolved to march with the horse, that were almost entire, by Newport streight into Scotland, and being attended by the Duke of Buckingham, the Earls of Derby and Lauderdale, the Lords Wilmot, Talbot, and other persons of qualitie, with about fifty horse, followed by-ways; partly that he might refresh himself with sleep and partly that he might disappoint those that pursued him.

Upon their journey, the Earl of Derby told the king that lately, when he was defeated by Lilburn, one Pendrell harboured him safely in Boscobel House; but that he was a papist. Thither the king resolved to betake himself. This house is distant from Worcester twenty-six miles, stands in Shropshire, upon the borders of Staffordshire, seated betwixt Tong Castle and Brewood in a woody place very fit for a retreat.

One Gifford, that was well acquainted with the ways, leaving Kedderminster on the left hand, conducted him by Stonebridge;[1] and at Whiteladies, an old monasterie of Cistertian nuns in the

[1] Stourbridge.

midst of the woods, about a mile from Boscobel, having knockt up another Pendrel about midnight, he and his company are let in.

Whilst the king had his hair cut off in this house, and burnt in the fire, his hands blackned with soot, and shifting his cloaths, put on an old countrey suit, two other Pendrells, brothers—Richard, who lived in a neighbouring little farm at Hobbal, and William, in Boscobel—are sent for, whom the Earl of Derby, acquainting them with the disaster and shewing them the king's majesty, beseeches for God's sake their loyalty, and all that was good and sacred, to keep him safe, and forthwith find out some place for him where he might securly lurk.

The honest countreymen promising to do what lay in their power, Richard by a back door led him out into the next wood; Wilmot having been before ordered to go on horseback to London, where, at the sign of the "Green Dragon," by the Vintry in Thames Street,[1] the king had resolved to meet him; John Pendrell promising to shew him a way which he might more securely follow. . . . What befel the king, the care of Providence, hopes of the English race, and defender of the Church, since the English I know are insatiably desirous to be informed of it, and that hardly in any age a more remarkable adventure hath happened, I shall, accordingly as I have heard it from

[1] "He and I had agreed to meet at London, at the 'Three Cranes' in the Vintry, and to inquire for Will Ashburnam."—King's narrative. ("Three Cranes Lane, so-called, not only of three cranes at a tavern door, but rather of three strong cranes of timber placed on the Vintry wharf by the Thames side, to crane up wines there."—Stow, p. 90.)

the king's own mouth relate with some exactness and curiosity.

The king went into the wood, in the very nick of time, as will appear. For within less than half an hour the soldiers of Colonel Ashenhurst came in quest of him,[1] hunt all over the monastery, and running from chamber to chamber, search into all secret places, recesses, and hidden corners. Yet as fate would have it, they made no enquiry abroad out of the house, for it rained all day, and the droppings from the trees made the grass very wet so that what did hurt to others saved the king. For whilst he lurked amongst the thick shrubs of the woods, Richard Pendrell borrowed a blanket for him to cover him in the rain, and furnished him with a bill, that he might seem busie in mending hedges, entreating the wife of a countreyman, one Francis Yates, that was related to him, that if she had any victuals ready, she would bring it into the wood.

She without delay brings forth some milk and sugar, with a few eggs and butter. The king, somewhat startled at the coming of the woman, because of the babbling the sex is subject to, asked her, "Can you be true to any one that hath served the king?" "Yes, sir," answered she, "I'll die sooner than betray you." At which the king, being reassured, fed heartily on the victuals that were brought him.

Towards the evening, Richard brings him into his house[2] that stood hard by, where he prepares for a new journey that he was to take that night.

[1] Whiteladies was not searched until Tuesday (Sept. 9).
[2] Hobbal Grange.

The Flight of the King

For the king amongst other things had asked if he knew any faithful, honest man living upon the Severn who might provide him a hiding place for a short space, till he might find an opportunity of passing over into Wales; for in that countrey he wanted not faithful friends, by whose means he might either get to London, or lurk more securely amongst the rocks and mountains. Being therefore informed of one Wolfe (but a Papist by religion), living at Madely, five miles from thence, and one from the Severn, at nine of the clock at night, accompanied with Richard, he sets out to go thither. But they were hardly gone the first mile, when they had a water-mill to pass by, where they must cross the river by a wooden bridge. The gate which they opened making a noise, the miller comes out, and in a threatening tone asks them whither they were going so late at night; and bids them stand. Pendrell terrified by that unexpected thunderclap, leaving the bridge, hastily wades through the water, and is followed by his august companion, who in the thick darkness was not so much guided by his sight, as by the ratling of his leathern breeches.

The pursive fat miller soon gave over the pursuit and the rest of the way was free from danger.

At length they come to Madely, where Pendrell knocking at the door, is presently let in. The guest is kindly received by Wolfe, who being acquainted with the design, lodges him in the barn, because in the day time his house was seldom free from souldiers. They send to be enformed of an opportunity of passing the river, and have news brought back, that not only the bridges are

guarded by soldiers, but also the ferry-boats most strictly observed and therefore it would be very difficult and unsafe to pass the river.

When it was night he was received into the house, where the good woman stained his hands and face somewhat more with a decoction of galls, and having taken his leave, he returns back the same way on foot to Boscobel, there to stay for a more commodious opportunity of travelling.

Being come back before day, he tarried in the wood till Richard went to see if any soldiers were in Boscobel House; but he finds none there save Colonel Carlos, whom . . . . with others kept the Cromwellians in play at Sudbury Gate, who being born thereabouts, was just come to a friends house to beg a little bread.

Carlos being informed who lay hid in the wood, with the two Pendrells went straight out to him, and after joyful congratulations on all hands they conduct him into the house; but the sand that was got into his shoes, whilst he ran through the river had rub'd the skin off and fetch'd blood from his feet, which a poor woman[1] cured by washing them.

Then both being refreshed with countrey-fare, they forthwith return back into the wood, where, climbing up to the top of a thick and leafy oak, they spend the day there: the king after long watching falling fast asleep upon the arms and in the bosom of Carlos.

At night they come down, and being very hungry return to the house, where they were

[1] "Dame Joan": wife of William Penderel.

shew'd a place called a priests-hole, almost unscrutable, which pleased the king so well, that whilst he stay'd there he would trust himself no more abroad.

Humphrey, another of the five brothers of the Pendrells, who kept a mill hard by, had gone to Sheffnal to pay his assessment; where in the house of Captain Broadway, collector of the money, he accidentally met with an Oliverian colonel, who very earnestly sought after the king; and hearing that this countrey-man lived near the Abbey of Whiteladies, he asked him if he knew anything of the king, or of the abbey: adding that if any would discover him he might gain a thousand pounds sterling; but that if he were found to have concealed, or hid him, he would undoubtedly suffer death for it.

Yet honest Humphrey, preferring the safety of the king and his own honesty before any hopes of gain, faithfully kept counsel, and made answer, that he knew nothing.

When he returned home at night, he relates the whole matter to the king, who the next day, being Sunday, spent a great part of the day in an arbour adjoyning the house, in reading the scriptures.

In the mean time John Pendrell, when he was shewing the Lord Wilmot his way to London, found it everywhere so pestered with souldiers, that he thought it safest to hide him and his horse in a marle-pit, until he could find out a more commodious lurking-place; and at length he happily committed him to the trust of Whitgrave and Hudlestone (though both Roman Catholicks),

Colonel John Lane.

Hudlestone being tutor in the house to Mr. Whitgrave's three sons.[1]

These having in the night time sent the horse to Colonel Lane's, their intimate acquaintance, who had formerly served the king, hospitably entertained Wilmot at Mosely. The king having notice of this from John at his return, he forthwith sends him back to find out Wilmot, who had before changed his lodging, and removed to Bentley, the house of Colonel Lane. Being found there at length, and acquainted with the king's mind, he promises next night to return and meet the king at Mosely, five miles distant from Boscobel.

John being come back to Boscobel, the king resolved to go thither and see Wilmot. But the unlucky rubbing off the skin of his feet, which we mentioned, made him unable to walk it afoot. Therefore, mounting the miller Humphrey's beast, upon an old coarse saddle, and bidding farewel to Carlos, he goes to Mosely, the four Pendrels and Francis Yates being his guard. Whither so soon as he was come, he dismissed the countrey-men with many promises, which have been since largely performed.

Then did Whitgrave and Hudlestone conduct him to Wilmot, with whom having had a long conference about his affairs, and taken some refreshment of food, he was led into a private chamber to repose himself and sleep. But next day[2] Whitgrave had some notice that soldiers were

[1] Mr. Whitgreave's two nephews, Francis Reynolds and Thomas Paylin, and young Sir John Preston. Thomas Whitgreave was not married until many years afterwards and left only one son, Thomas.

[2] On Tuesday, not Monday; Blount is also in error here.

coming to seize him, as one that had formerly served in the king's army. And so indeed they came, yet he being innocent would not avoid them; but the king slipping into a private place, and the doors being all instantly opened, he confidently speaks to them; and by the testimony of neighbours and other arguments, so clearly convinced them of the contrary of what they suspected, that without so much as coming up the stairs, of their own accord they left him without any further disturbance.

The same day souldiers make a new search in the abbey, having been informed by an ensign who was made prisoner, that the king certainly absconded there; for that he had seen him with some other company arrive there, and that he had observed no such person depart from thence. They therefore break into all the rooms, search every chamber, closet and corner; break down the wainscot and partition walls, and seek in every little hole, but in vain. Then they examine the master of the house, with a charged musket cockt at his breast, threatening him that if he did not forthwith bring forth the king, he should die upon the spot.

But he absolutely denies that he knew the king; yet confessed that many came to his house that night, who having eat up all his victuals went off again. The soldiers thereupon turning to the ensign, soundly banged him for telling a lye.

The night following his majesty having drawn a bill of exchange upon a merchant in London for money to be payed to his landlord, that if it should come to the knowledge of the parricides, that he

had been harboured in that house, he with the rest concerned might have wherewithal to shift for themselves, and get beyond sea, took his leave of Whitgrave, his wife,[1] and Hudlestone, and committed himself and Wilmot to the protection of Colonel Lane, to be conducted to Bently, where his sister Jane Lane undertook to carry him to Bristol where he hoped he might have a passage; having in this manner laid her design. She procured from a certain colonel of the rebels a passport for herself, a gentleman and his wife, with one servant, mounted upon two horses, that they might safely and without molestation travel to the house of one Norton near Bristol, whose wife was ready to lye in.

Her sister[2] Jane must needs be at her labour, and could not have better company to go along with her than her cousin and her husband; which was a scheme very well contrived.[3] Without more delay the king mounts on horse-back, riding before Jane as her servant.

Lassels, her cousin, with his wife,[4] follows after: Wilmot rides before with a hawk on his fist, as a stranger who had accidentally met them on the rode; resolving so soon as they came near Bristol to strike off to the house of his friend Sir John Winter,[5] there to expect the issue of things. The

[1] Mother, not wife, Mr. Whitgreave not being then married.

[2] A name by which she went.

[3] The relationship is here rather confused: Jane Lane's sister was Mrs. John Petre, who with her husband and "a kinsman," Henry Lassels, accompanied her to Long Marston. Mrs. Norton was an intimate friend but not related to Jane Lane.

[4] *Ibid.*

[5] Under the guidance of Rogers, Mr. Winter's servant, Wilmot afterwards continued on his way to Abbots Leigh where, within

design being thus laid, in a good time they set forward upon their journey.

The first remarkable accident that happened was at Bromsgrove,[1] for the king's horse losing a shoe, his majesty was to carry him to a smith to be shod. The king asking him, what news he heard? "Nothing," answered he, "but that Cromwell had routed the Scots, and that though all the rest were slain, or taken prisoners, yet the king had made his escape." "Perhaps," replied the king, "he has got by by-ways back into Scotland." "No," said the smith, "that is not very likely: he rather lurks secretly somewhere in England, and I wish I knew where he were, for I might get a thousand pounds by taking him."

After the horse was shod the king departed and upon the rode told his mistress what discourse he had had with the smith. When they were come near to Stratford, they had a mind to foard over the river of Avon, about a mile below the town; but drawing nearer, they perceived soldiers' horses feeding in the meadows, and the troopers lying upon the ground on the other side. There they consult what was best to be done. The king was for going confidently on; but Lassels thinking still on the injury which he had lately received from the soldiers,[2] thought it safer to turn aside to the next town; the king yielding to his fear, whilst

a mile or so of the house, he was met by Pope, the butler, and taken to an adjacent village where he lodged during the king's sojourn at Leigh. (See King's narrative and Claustrum Regale, "Boscobel Tracts.")

[1] This incident is not recorded by Blount. Charles in his narrative forgot the name of the place where the mare was re-shod.

[2] This was Peters, not Lassels, *vide* Blount.

they rode along the streets they met the same soldiers whom they had avoided; yet without the least molestation they civilly giving hat for hat.

At night they came to the "Crown," in Cirencester,[1] where the king pretending himself sick,

Her Maiestie is vaild by splendancy of Mistry Lane whose Royal constancy did trauell much & vndertake such paine with her Father, King Charles his life to quan

went presently into a chamber. Next evening they came to Marsfield[2] where they lodged at a relation's of Jane's.

On the third day, leaving Bristol three miles to

[1] The *second* night of the journey from Bentley to Abbots Leigh was spent at Cirencester: the first night the travellers slept at Long Marston.

[2] Marston. (Bate probably confused Long Marston with Marshfield, eleven miles from Bristol.)

the left,[1] they arrived at Norton's house, where Jane caused a bed to be made in a private chamber for the king, who she said was the son of one of her father's tenants, and was sick of an ague, getting Doctor Gorge[2] to give him somewhat for his distemper.

As he came out of his chamber in the morning Gorge asked him, what he heard of the king and of the battel. But seeing he faultered in his answer, "I am afraid," says he, "you are a Roundhead; but I will try what metal you are made of," and taking him presently into the buttery, he drinks to him the king's health in a glass of wine,[3] which the king pledging, assured him that he never was a man of that stamp.

The morning following, the king eating a piece of bread and cheese in the buttery, fell into discourse with a bragging fellow there present, who boasted that he had been at Worcester fight, and talked largely of many things that hapned there.

[1] To cross the river Avon and reach Abbots Leigh they must have gone into the city. Blount says "riding through Bristol they had once lost their way, till inquiry better informed them." Lord Clarendon says, "the day that they went to Mr. Norton's they were necessarily to ride quite through the city of Bristol; a place and people the king had been so well acquainted with, that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there, after his departure from thence; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him, round about it."—Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

[2] According to Clarendon, Dr. Gorge was supping at Leigh that night "being a gentleman of good family near that place and allied to Mr. Norton."—*Ibid.*

[3] This was Pope, not Dr. Gorge. The butler "courteously invited him into the cellar and there forced him to drink two or three healths, one to his majesty and another to his mother."—Aurelian Cook's "Life and Reign of Charles II.," 1685, p. 129.

Says the king to him, "Have you ever seen the king?" "Twenty times," answered he. "What kind of man is he, then?" Then looking on the king more steadfastly, "He is," said he, "four fingers breadth taller than you."

Afterwards taking off his hat to the mistress of the house, as she accidentally past through the parlour, the butler eying him more attentively, and observing his countenance, suspected him to be the king; and finding a private occasion fell upon his knees, asking him if it were not so.

The king, enjoining him silence, confessed he was.

This man's name was John Pope, who five years before had been a soldier under his majesty in the west, when he was Prince of Wales; and being afterwards disbanded, he had served several masters[1] before he came to be butler to this Norton. From that time forward he performed a great many good offices to his majesty with extraordinary fidelity.

For first he was sent to Bristol to find out a ship; but could find none there that within a month was to sail either to France or Spain.

Whilst he discoursed with the king of several that had served his majesty, he pitched upon one Windham, whom he thought fit to try in the present streights, and who lived at Trent in Dorsetshire.[2]

Wilmot, coming, as it had been agreed upon, to Norton's house, is by night introduced to the king

[1] He "had served Tom Jermyn, a groom of my bed-chamber, when I was a boy at Richmond."—King's narrative. "A falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn."—Clarendon's "Hist. of the Rebellion."

[2] Somersetshire.

by Pope,[1] and after they had consulted together, presently sent to Trent, to enquire if Windham could receive and conceal the king in his house, until he might find an opportunity of a passage over sea. Windham presently made answer, that he thought himself extremely happy, that amongst so many noble and loyal subjects, he reckoned him chiefly worthy of that honour. That he was therefore ready not only to venture his life, family and estate, but even to sacrifice all to his majesties service. But withal begs leave to impart the secret not only to his mother and wife, but also to four servants of whose faithfulness both to his majesty and himself he was fully assured.

Wilmot consented, and assuring him that the king would be there three days after, he returned.[2]

But the night before, Norton's wife was brought to bed, after a hard and dangerous labour, and

[1] Blount says that Wilmot "came every day to visit 'Will Jackson' and Mrs. Lane as persons of his acquaintance, and so had the opportunity to attend and consult with his majesty unsuspected during their stay at Leigh." This, however, is probably incorrect, for in his narrative Charles says: "I told him (Pope) also that my Lord Wilmot was coming to meet me here; for he and I had agreed at Colonel Lane's, and were to meet this very day at Norton's. Upon which Pope told me that it was most fortunate that he knew me, and had heard this from me, for that if my Lord Wilmot should have come hither, he would have been most certainly known to several people in the house, and therefore he would go. And accordingly went out and met my Lord Wilmot, a mile or two off the house, not far off, where he lodged him till it was night, and then brought him hither by a back door into my chamber, I still passing for a serving man, and Lassells and I lay in one chamber, he knowing all the way who I was."

[2] When Wilmot arrived at Trent (accompanied by his man Robert Swan and still retaining Henry Rogers as his guide) Charles had already started, sleeping that evening (September 16) at Castle Cary, and arriving the following morning at Trent between nine and ten o'clock.

Jane Lane.

was not to be left by her sister (for so she called Jane) in that condition. That she might therefore have a civil pretext of departing, a letter is pretended to have been just then brought from her aged and decrepit father; wherein he acquaints her that since her departure he had been grievously ill, and that he stood in need of her present assistance; he therefore bids her, if she tendered her father's life, to hasten home.

The letters being produced and the rumour spread over the family, Jane and Lassels take their farewel, leaving his wife with the lady in the straw, and with their servant, whom the king's majesty personated, they depart. Rogers, who by by-ways had conducted Wilmot from Winter's house to Norton's, was their guide,[1] and they lodged the first night at Carew Castle, seven miles on this side Trent.[2]

The appointed hour of their coming drawing nigh, Windham and his wife, as if to take a walk, went out to meet them, and send the king privately into the house by one whom they had chosen for that purpose: Jane and Lassels in the meantime are publickly received as relations, who coming from a place far distant, were to be gone next day.

In this place the king's majesty stayed securely nineteen days, expecting a vessel at leisure, and having been several times disappointed. But one day it happened that the countrey people fell to ringing of bells with more than usual solemnity; and the king, enquiring into the cause of this extraordinary rejoycing, was told that it was for the

[1] "Being attended part of the way by one of Mr. Norton's men."—Blount. [2] Castle Cary, about ten miles from Trent.

joyful news of the king's death, which was confidently reported.[1] But whilst they consulted and cast about a long time concerning a passage, Windham bethought himself of one Elden, a merchant, formerly a captain under Charles the First, who since that drove a considerable trade at Lime, that he possibly might procure a vessel, since he had assisted the Lord Berkley in distress with a safe passage.

Therefore Windham is dispatched to him to learn, whether or not he could procure a safe passage for Wilmot and another nobleman, who had made their escape from Worcester fight. He readily listened to it and presently went to Chayermouth,[2] near to Lime; where having sent for the master of a ship, he asked him, under promise of secresie, if he durst venture to carry Wilmot and his servant safely over to France.

He undertook it, and bargains with a captain for threescore pounds, which he obliged himself under hand and seal to pay him after he had carried a nobleman over to France.

The hour and day, when he was to put them on board in a boat, are prefixed.

Hitherto all things succeeding according to their expectation; there only wanted a pretext of staying in lodgings, till all things might be made ready for their passage. For that end Henry Peters, Windham's servant, who was privy to the design, applies himself to an hostess at Chayer-

[1] "There was a rogue, a trooper come out of Cromwell's army, that was telling the people that he had killed me, and that that was my buff-coat which he had then on; upon which, most of the village being fanatics, they were ringing the bells and making a bonfire for joy of it."—King's narrative. [2] Charmouth.

mouth, and amongst other discourses told her that he was servant to a worthy nobleman, who was deeply in love with a maid that had neither father nor mother, who lived not far off, and was as much in love with him; but that her guardian opposing the marriage, he resolved to steal her away by night. He therefore asks her, if she would for some hours entertain them in her house; and at the same time gives her a small gift as a pledge of a greater reward, and drinks a glass of wine with her.

The woman softned by the present, and touched with compassion for the young lady, promises to serve them. Leaving therefore Trent, the king sets out towards Chayermouth, with Juliana Conisbey his pretended bride, who was privy to the matter, riding behind him upon the same horse. The Lord Wilmot, Colonel Windham and Henry Peters accompany them; and were met by Elden, who carried them into a private house whither he went under pretext of viewing a little farm. Here the king's majesty discovered himself unto him, giving him a small present as an earnest of future gratitude.

From thence the merchant goes to Lime, that he might give notice to the master of the ship, to be in readiness to put to sea at the appointed time; the king with the rest went to their lodgings at Chayermouth; and Peters[1] to stay for the boat.

But having waited till it was almost day, he returned without any news of the arrival of the boat.

This put them all into disorder; and made them think of taking other measures, there was no safe

[1] With Colonel Wyndham.

place here to stay in; and the king was resolved not to loyter a moment. After a short consultation, the king with Juliana and the colonel accompanying them, advance towards Bridport. There to expect the coming of the Lord Wilmot and Peters in an appointed inn. Peters being to go to Lime to learn from the merchant the reason of the disappointment, and Wilmot staying behind in the inn, upon pretext of new shooing his horse. But Elden the merchant, who thought that by this time they had made half their voyage, could not imagine the reason of the breach of promise, nor could he attribute it to anything else, save that the man taking his leave of his friends, it being then the market-day at Lime, had drank so much as to make him forget the prefixed time.

But it was known afterward, that the master of the vessel being come home, to take clean cloaths and other necessaries for his voyage with him, was locked up in his chamber, and bolted in by his wife; for that very day a proclamation had been made in the town, whereby it was declared death for any person to aid or conceal the king; and a thousand pounds promised to any that could apprehend him. This put the woman into so great fear, lest her husband in doing that office, which he had confessed to his wife to have taken upon him, might suffer shipwreck on shore; she therefore used entreaties, tears, and almost violence, to hinder him from it; and at length screamed out thereby to allarm the neighbourhood.

Being therefore overcome by so much importunity he kept at home, and committed himself to the direction of his wife.

Jane Lane.

Tract No. 3

Upon the way to Bridport, Windham, went a little before the king, to view the rode; and coming near the town, he found it to be full of soldiers. For there was a muster that day, and a taking on of soldiers, for an expedition against the Isle of Jersey, under Haines. Windham was therefore for the king's going to another place, but he laying aside all fear would needs enter the town, lest he might seem to have deceived Wilmot, and partly also that he might refresh himself, tir'd out with the night-watching and travelling, and wait for the coming of Wilmot.

The colonel took care to provide a chamber and victuals, which was no easie matter to be done amongst so many guests. The king, in the mean-time was employed in carrying the horses into the stable, and looking after them; nor could he avoid talking with the soldiers in the yard about his journey. But the hostler looking him in the face as he deliver'd him the horses, told him, "You are welcome, I know you very well." "Where did you know me?" answered the king. "At Exeter," said he, (for the king had continued long there during the heat of the war), "I lived two years in an inn there." "And so did I," replied the king, "in the service of Master Porter. I am glad I have met with a countrey-man; but I perceive you are so busie that you have no time to drink with me, when I come back from London, we'll talk of old stories."

Being pleased with these promises, and full of business, or God Almighty casting a mist before his eyes, he forbore all farther discourse.

Shortly after, Wilmot passing through the town,

they take horse, and following the streight rode to London, they met with several travellers in the way; and amongst those one who had formerly been a servant to Charles the First; therefore thinking it most convenient to turn out of the rode, they followed the next way upon the left hand, and having rid a long time, towards night they came to a village called Broad Windsor.

Windham goes before to enquire where they were, what the name of the village was, and whither the way led; and by good luck he stumbled upon an inn-keeper, an old servant of his own, who had been also a soldier in the king's army. Pleased with this good fortune, he speaks him kindly, and because it grew dark he easily obtained lodging that night for his company. However, it was not long before the constable came, with forty soldiers at his back, who, marching to the sea coast to be transported over to Jersey, must be quartered there.

The house being pestered with them, the king's majesty had but a very narrow lodging; yet that was not all the inconvenience, for about midnight a woman that followed the soldiers fell into labour, which being noised about, the people of the village flock'd together, and kept a bawling and heavy rout about the keeping of the child and mother, which continued till break of day, when the soldiers, weary of the jangle, hastened to their ships.

During the hubbub, let us look back a little to Chayermouth, where the shoeing of the horse went near to have cost the Lord Wilmot dear, by a discourse started betwixt the smith and the

hostler. The smith asking, "From whence came these gentlemen?" "From Exeter, as they say," answered the hostler, to whom the smith replied, "But I dare swear these last shoes were put on in the North." All these circumstances being considered—to wit, that the saddles were not taken off in the night time, that, though travellers, they had sat up all night, and that the servant went out of the inn early in the morning—they presently conclude that they were persons of quality, who, flying after the late Worcester fight, had wandered thither, and that perhaps the king was amongst them. So that the hostler, hoping to make his fortune, went to consult the minister of the place, one Westley, a great stickler for the regicides,[1] what he had best to do on this occasion. But neither was it fit to disturb him at his morning prayers, nor durst the hostler stay till they were winded out, for fear of losing the vails he expected from the gentleman that was upon parting, and therefore returning without anything done, he lets him go.

The smith having blazed about the story, presently came the minister solicitously enquiring of the innkeeper what the travellers were that he had lodged that night, from whence they came, whither they were going, and what was their business there? His suspicion being encreased by the inn-keeper's answers, he runs to Butler, the next colonel, for obtaining a warrant to raise the countrey and soldiers for apprehending the king.

The colonel refusing, Captain Massey, quartered

[1] This was the great grandfather of the famous John Wesley. (See Roberts's "History of Lyme Regis.")

hard by, having gathered together as many horse as he could in the hurry, follows after on the London Rode as far as Dorchester; but the king, by Divine providence, having quitted the rode, he returned disappointed of his fair hopes.

This set all the soldiers about a-working, who search all places and suspected houses, especially that of Sir Hugh Windham, uncle to the colonel, where they left not a chest nor corner unsearched, and having made the whole family prisoners, they will needs have a young lady of extraordinary beauty and parts to be the king in disguise; nor did they let her go till by an undoubted experiment they had found out her sex.

The king's steps, however, are to be traced by a surer guide; for after mature deliberation, it was resolved upon, that he should return to his known recess at Trent; and that the Lord Wilmot with Peters should hasten to Salisbury, that there he might advise with John Coventry, the eldest son of the Lord Keeper Coventry by a second marriage, by what means the king might either securely pass the seas, or at least find a new retirement; for it was to be feared lest staying too long in one place, he might be discovered.

After a consultation with Coventry, application is made to one Mrs. Hide, a widow, who lived at a village called Heal within a mile of Salisbury,[1] that she would look out for a lurking place; and Robert Philips, who had been a colonel in the army of Charles the First, is sent to Southampton to freight a vessel. He, returning from thence, assured them that a ship and all things necessary

[1] Six miles from Salisbury.

were in readiness for a transportation. But it fell out unluckily that the same ship, whilst the king was going to the widow's house, was taken up, and engaged to carry over soldiers and ammunition to the Isle of Jersey.

Philips being therefore disappointed of his hopes, begs assistance of Colonel Gunter, whom he met with by chance, in that affair. The king in the meantime came to the widow's house in the night time, and goes to supper, Doctor Henchman, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, with other guests, sitting with him at table. After supper, he privately disclosed himself to the widow and entreated shelter from her; and though she had never seen him before but once, and that seven years before in passing, yet at first sight she knew him. She therefore advises him early in the morning to depart towards London, but having turned out of the way, to come back about one of the clock in the afternoon, at what time he should by a back door be let into the house; for that being a market day at Salisbury, and all her servants and other witnesses being gone thither by her permission, she herself would let him in.

The thing was accordingly done; for the king and Colonel Philips, taking formally leave of the mistress of the house, mounted on horseback to go to see Stonehenge, but at the appointed hour returned back again. Here the colonel carrying away the horses, the king is hid in a secret place, which had been made in the time of the war, for securing of jewels and goods of greatest value.

In the meantime, by means of Colonel Gunter, a vessel was hired at Bright-helmstead, in Sussex,

which so soon as the king knew, all things being in readiness for a departure, his majesty in good earnest takes leave of the lady, and in the night-time, accompanied by Colonel Philips, he removed to the house of one Simmons, near Portsmouth,[1] and came next day in the evening to an inn at Brighthelmstead; where all sit down at table together, the king, Gunter, Wilmot, Mansel a merchant, and Tetershal, master of the vessel, opposite to the king.

The master of the vessel, rising from supper, called the merchant aside and expostulated with him for having deceived him in recommending the king to him instead of another person pretended.

The merchant confidently denies it, and urges him to be as good as his word. But he affirmed that he knew him for certain to be the king, though in a mean and ordinary habit he past for a servant, and that he remembered him very well since the time that at his own and other's intercession, he had cleared a fleet of colliers bound thither from New-castle, which were stopt in the Downs. Nor indeed could or ought the merchant be ignorant of the Proclamation whereby it was declared death for any one to receive him into house or harbour, and the large reward of a thousand pounds, promised to him that could discover and apprehend him.

Mansel perceiving that the man understood the design, immediately addresses himself to the king, who being informed of the humour and honesty of the master, his majesty and Wilmot ply him with promises, and give him a considerable freight in

[1] Hambledon, about thirteen miles from Portsmouth.

Jane Lane.

hand. Whereupon promising to be faithful unto them, he departs to make all things ready for their passage.

The vessel lay at Shoram, four miles from thence, as yet half laden with coals, which he had not sold, most of the seamen being at Brighthelmstead. Those he knocks up in the night time, bidding them make haste to the vessel, which having slipt its anchors was at drift, and might be stranded or cast away upon the rocks, that he himself would presently follow after. In the meantime he orders his wife to go and buy a bottle of brandy, and another of sack, and to give him clean cloaths to take along with him. "But why so late in the night?" said she; "would it not do as well in the morning?"

He still urging her, and cutting off all delays. "It's the king," said the woman, "whom I suspect you are to carry over. Pray God you may carry him safe, though I and my small children should for ever after go a begging."

The inn-keeper also being by that time got drunk, and addressing himself to the king, took his hand and kissed it, saying: "Who you are, whence you come, or whither you are going, I know not; yet I pray God he may bless and preserve you: if I guess aright, I shall be an earl, and my wife a countess."[1] And the truth is, some discovered it was the king, so that presently after

[1] "The master of the house, as the king was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeling down and kissed his hand privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going."—Charles's description of his adventures, on his return to England in 1660. (See Pepys's Diary, May 23, 1660.)

his escape, the news of it was whispered all about the countrey.

The hour of departure approaching, they take horse and go to the shore, the master pretending that they were merchants of the Isle of Wight, that had bought the rest of the coals, and that they were to carry them thither. About five in the morning they went on board, and spent a great part of the day coasting along the shore. Towards sun setting the master stands off, as directing his course towards the Isle of Wight. But Wilmot who appeared to be the chief passenger, as if his mind had changed with the wind, after a little squabble with the master in presence of the seamen, as it had been agreed upon, altered his bargain, and instead of the Isle of Wight, ordered him to run over to France, so that in the dusk of the evening they arrived at Fern,[1] an inconsiderable port in Normandy, and at length gained the much longed for shore.

During the passage the master wondered that his majesty understood their course better than himself did. Nor is it to be omitted, what an ignorant seaman wittily blurted out by chance. The king whilst the vessel was under sail, sitting with the master in the cabin, the fellow coming in claps down by them, and blows the smoke of his tobacco in his face; at which the master being vexed bid him begone quickly, and not trouble the gentleman with his smoke. The fellow rising to go out in dudgeon made answer: "That a cat might look upon a king"; a common proverb in England.

[1] Fécamp.

Tract No. 3

Now was the king's majesty safely landed in France, where rendring first thanks to Almighty God, the Protector and Avenger of all kings, Lord of the earth and sea, who stills the raging of the winds and waves, he professes much gratitude to the master, and kindly invites him to stay with him, and share in his fortune.

But he, wishing his majesty all prosperity and happiness, chose rather, with danger, to return home to his wife and children. He therefore puts out to sea again, and the wind presently turning he came the same night to Pool, a port in Dorcetshire, and there sold his coals.

But the king arriving at Rouen, applies himself to Sambourn and Parker, English merchants, who provide his majesty with new cloathes, dividing his old ones betwixt themselves, to be kept as holy relicts.

Mary Lane.

Tract No. 4

Captain Alford's Narrative

Tract No. 4

THE Right Honourable the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England having desired me to give an account of what I knew of his majesty's most miraculous escape, and the great danger he passed through after he came from Worcester, do it here as followeth :—

His majesty came to that loyal gentleman's house, Sir Francis Windham of Trent in the county of Somerset within three miles of Sherburn, and being there, his majesty well knowing the trust he might repose in Colonel Giles Strangways, sent Sir Francis Windham to consult with him as to his preservation and escape, and to desire him to send him what money he could. The said colonel's father being then living he had no great command of money, and for reasons then best known to himself would not communicate such a secret to his father, but readily fetched £100 in gold[1] (protesting it was all he had) and delivered it to Sir Francis Windham.[2]

They then consulted of the safest way for his majesty's embarkation, and thought that about Lyme there might be some convenient place, if

[1] "Three hundred broad pieces."—King's narrative. Charles did not ask for the money.

[2] Then Colonel Wyndham: knighted after the Restoration.

they could find a fit man that might be trusted. Then the colonel advised that one Captain Alford, whom his majesty well knew, might be a fit person to be entrusted, or if he were not to be found, then he knew of no other but one Mr. Ellisdon that lived in Lyme.

So one Peters, a servant of Sir Francis Windham was sent to find out Captain Alford, who was then in Portugal forced to be abroad by reason of his loyalty, but Ellisdon was at home, being newly married to a very rich but rigid Presbyterian.

Therefore, Sir Francis Windham went and conferred with Ellisdon for the transporting, as he said, beyond the sea of two gentlemen,[1] and desiring him to freight some bark for that purpose. Mr. Ellisdon addressed himself to one, Stephen Limbry, who was master of a small vessel of about thirty tons, to whom he declared that there were two gentlemen that desired passage into any part of France, the one whereof having married a great fortune was troubled by her father and friends, and so they would go into France for some time.

They treated on the conditions, which were that whereas Limbry was then bound for St. Maloes, he should ballast his ship at Mr. Ellisdon's cost, who promised the said master to give him £25 more when he should bring him a note or letter that he had safely landed them in any part of France.

[1] According to Ellesdon's account and King Charles's narrative, Wyndham told Ellesdon that it was the king who was to be carried over to France, but in the "Claustrum Regale" the version is that the merchant was informed that the vessel was for Lord Wilmot.

Colonel Francis Wyndham.

This agreement being made, the master fitted out his ship, of which notice was given to Sir Francis Windham, who with the king came to a small house belonging to Mr. Ellisdon's brother, who was a violent Oliverian, about two miles from Lyme, where he gave an account of what was done as to the freighting the ship.[1]

So Ellisdon went for Lyme and told the master that the gentlemen were come, and that they would be at Charmouth at five of the clock that day, and that he should not fail to be there at that time to meet him; and that he would there pay him the £25 and give him his security for his other £25. But the master demanding his charges in ballasting his ship, which was but nine shillings, Ellisdon refused to pay it; for which the master was discontented, yet his dwelling being at Charmouth, he failed not to be there, and came several times to the house where the gentlemen were[2] (with the lady, Mrs. Coningsby, who is now Mr. Hinxt's wife[3]), and demanded of the people of the house if Mr. Ellisdon was come.

The king spoke with the master, who assured him his ship was ready, but still lingered to see when Mr. Ellisdon would come to fulfil his agreement; and it being very late at night and the master finding that Mr. Ellisdon came not, nor had he paid, nor ever did, nor any other for him, one penny of the money, the master retired to his

[1] Ellesdon is here meant, not Limbry.

[2] "About an hour after [the arrival of the party at Charmouth] came Limbry to the inn and assured the colonel all things were prepared, and that about midnight his long boat should wait at the place appointed."—"Claustrum Regale."

[3] Juliana Coningsby afterwards married Amias Hext.

own house, after he had been there three times,[1] and never came again to the king.

So his majesty finding himself to be deluded, was now to consult his further preservation. Command was given that their horses should be made ready, but it was found that the king's horse,[2] which carried double, had a shoe loose; so a smith was sent for, who came, and looking over the shoes of all the horses, said he knew that all the horses had been shod about Worcester; yet he fastened the shoes, and presently went to consult with one Westley, the parson of Charmouth, a rigid, foolish Presbyterian, who was then in a long-winded prayer; and before he had done, the king was gone towards Bridport; intelligence being carried into Lyme (which is a mile and a half from Charmouth), but by what means it is not known, hereupon ten or twelve troopers were dispatched away to pursue them.

The king stopped at the "Red Lion Inn,"[3] in Bridport. My Lord Wilmot[4] and Sir Francis Windham went up into a room, with the lady, as masters.

The groom (who was the king) they left to see the horses well rubbed; they commanded a shoulder of mutton to be made ready. The ostler took great notice of the pretended groom, and told him he was formerly a soldier for the king in Exeter, and cursed the Parliament soldiers that

[1] Once only.
[2] It was Wilmot's horse that cast a shoe; not the king's.
[3] "The George."
[4] Wilmot did not go with them into "The George," but repairing to another inn in the town, sent Peters with a message that he would rejoin them on the London road.

were then in the house; still urging on the king that he had seen him in Exeter, insomuch that the king was forced to call to mind where he lodged in Exeter, and told him that he had lived in Exeter with one Mr. George Potter, and had been his groom. The ostler replied that he knew well Mr. Potter and Captain Alford, that married Mr. Potter's daughter; so on this acquaintance the cans were called for, and they drank lovingly together.

In a short time, the mutton being ready, the king was called up, who made haste to eat (the door being shut), and so went again to fit the horses whilst they did eat. They took care, the house being full of soldiers, to be served by an old woman, to whom they gave the rest of the mutton, who took out the pan of the close-stool to hide it under.

They made haste to take horse, and ride away on the London road a little way; but at the first turning on the left hand, they left that road and went by-ways to Broad Windsor, which was clear back again.

In the evening they came to the "George Inn" there, which was well known to Sir Francis Windham, but it happened that the house was full of soldiers, so that there was but a little top chamber that could be had for the king and his company, and but one bed.

It fell out that night that a woman in the house fell in travail, so that the troopers were forced to go to other houses, so his majesty took horse in the morning with the gentlewoman behind him, and arrived at Sir Francis Windham's at Trent.

The Flight of the King

His majesty had not been gone out of Bridport a quarter of an hour before the twelve troopers from Lyme were come to pursue those gentlemen that had lain at Charmouth. They made inquiry at the inn, where they were informed that the said gentlemen were gone down the town on the London Road, so they made great speed after them, and never stopped till they came to Dorchester, not thinking they had made such a turning back.

Mr. Ellisdon, finding that the king was gone and that the Lyme troopers were returned, took horse himself, and being half a mile from the town of Lyme, met with one Mr. Thomas Taylor, whom he desired to go with him, telling him that there was £1000 to be got for whoever should take the king, and he knew where he was; but the said Mr. Taylor refused to go with him, saying, he would not do it if it were to gain the world.

So Mr. Ellisdon went forward and came to Sir Hugh Windham's house at Pilsdon, five miles from Lyme and two from Broad Windsor, thinking the king had been there. He went in boldly and asked Sir Hugh Windham for the king. Sir Hugh replied to him that he was a base fellow to come to his house to ask for the king, and commanded him out of the house.[1]

The said Ellisdon was gone but a little time before the Lyme troopers which had pursued the

[1] "And here it is much to be observed, that the same day the king went from Charmouth, Captain Ellesdon came to Pilisdon, and enquired of Sir Hugh and his lady for the king and colonel, confidently affirming that they must needs be there."—"Claustrum Regale."

king from Bridport, were come into the house of Sir Hugh Windham, and made diligent search. They did not spare the young ladies, as Sir Hugh Windham, hath said; and the gentleman that since married Mrs. Coningsby both living, hath affirmed that he hath often heard his wife say what is above inserted, of what passed at Sir Hugh Windhams; for she was told it after the king's escape by Sir Hugh and the ladies that were soused by the troopers.

Limbry, the master, hath deposed before a master in chancery (since his majesty's happy return) in the presence of several persons now living, that directly or indirectly, he never received one penny of money of Mr. Ellisdon, nor of any other on the aforesaid contract; but that he had carried away the gentlemen (so called) had he had the money agreed for, which he was to have received at Charmouth; and that whatever hath been set forth to the contrary was notoriously false; and laid the blame wholly upon Mr. Ellisdon, for not coming to Charmouth to perform the agreement made with him.[1]

[1] The true version of the story "given under his own hand," was, however, that he was locked in by his wife and could not therefore keep the appointment. (See "Claustrum Regale.") When the tide was out and after Wyndham and Peters had waited several hours, a man was observed by them, "dogged at a small distance by two or three women," coming towards them: "This, indeed, was the master of the vessel, who by this time had obtained liberty (yet still under the eyes of his over jealous keepers) to walk towards the seaside with the intention to make known to those that waited there for him the sad tidings of this unexpected disappointment together with its causes. The colonel (when they met) though he conceived it might be the master yet, being not certain of it, and seeing the women at his heels, passed him by without enquiring into the reason of the non-performance of his promise."—Captain Ellesdon's letter.

Mrs Hyde of Heale.

Tract No. 5

The last Act in the Miraculous Storie of His M^ties [King Charles the Seconds] Escape, being a true and perfect relation of his Conveyance, through many obstacles and after many dangers to a safe harbour out of the reach of his tyranicall enemies

By Colonell Gounter, of Rackton, in Sussex, who had the happines to bee instrumentall in the busines; (as it was taken from his mouth by a person of worth, a little before his death)

N.B. This account being written at the Commencement in the Third Person, and towards the End, in the First Person, is consequently, in parts, a trifle confusing. The orthography has been modernised, as in the MS. it is very erratic and difficult to follow. There are also in the original many corrections and interpolations in a different hand

Tract No. 5

THE king was now at Heale, within three miles of Salisbury where we begin our story:—My Lord Wilmot, his faithful and watchful attendant, at Salisbury; there Dr. Hinchman, now the right reverend Bishop of Salisbury (inspired by God himself, as may well be thought by the success), gave him counsel first to try at Lawrence Hyde's, Esquire, living at Hinton Daubney in Hampshire, near the seaside, what could be done for a passage; then, if that did not succeed, to repair to Col. George Gounter at Rackton, four miles from Chichester, in Sussex, being very confident of his fidelity, and that he would contribute to the utmost of his power to bring this great and weighty business, as for the difficulties they must encounter so for the consequences of the issue to a good end.

Here before I proceed in the story, [I hope] the reader will give me leave to put him in mind that we write not an ordinary story where the reader, engaged by no other interest than curiosity may soon be cloyed with circumstances which signify no more unto him but that the author was at good leisure, and was very confident of his readers patience.

In the relation of miracles every petty circum-

stance is material and may afford to the judicious reader, matter of good speculation; of such a miracle, especially where the restoration of no less than three kingdoms, and his own particular safety and liberty (if a good and faithful subject) was at the stake. I may not, therefore, omit to let him know how things stood with the colonel at that time when this resolution (which proved happy in the success) was taken.

Not above fourteen days before, the said Colonel Gounter was confined upon pain of imprisonment, not to stir five miles from home. In the very nick of time when he was first thought upon for so great a work comes a messenger with a warrant from the Commissioners of Haberdasher's Hall, London to summon him to appear before them within ten days to pay two hundred pounds for his five-and-twentieth part; which they had set upon him upon pain of sequestration on default.

He first refused, and told the messenger he was confined and could not go five miles from home; but he left with him the order and told him it should be at his peril if he did not obey it.

The colonel the next day repaired to Chichester, four miles from him, to the Commissioners there, to show them his order. They peremptorily replied he must go and his order would bear him out. He went accordingly and compounded with them and got off £100, of the two hundred he was set at; but his credit being shaken, the current running then so hard against the king, the royal party, and all good men, that he could not borrow the money in all London; he was forced with all speed to repair

into the country, and went privately to his usurer, who had the security of his whole estate.

He shewed him his danger, and requested to borrow one hundred pounds upon his bond and his former security; who readily condescended, and told him out the money. The next day he was to call for it and seal the bond. He had no sooner ended this business being stayed somewhat longer by some friends than he intended, but that very night he came home (being 7th Oct. 1651) he found some at his house who were come about this design.

I think it will easily be granted by any that reads and considers, that this was not without a providence, since that it is apparent that if his friends had come before he had been licensed to go abroad, he must needs have been excused; and if they had come much after, it was possible a new restraint might have come between, or his liberty in going so freely up and down after his business ended, more suspected.

But now to the story, and entertainment of his guests. Betwixt eight and nine of the clock at night the colonel came home; entering in at his door the colonel's lady met him, and told him there was in the parlour, a Devonshire gentleman sent by Mr. Hyde aforesaid, about a reference which none beside yourself can decide.

At the colonel's coming in, he found his Devonshire gentleman sitting at one end of the chimney, Captain Thomas Gounter at the other, and his lady (which was gone in before) in the middle.

The gentleman rose and saluted him. The colonel presently knew him to be the Lord Wilmot,

which the noble lord perceiving took the colonel aside to the window; "I see you know me" (said he), "do not own me." Captain Thomas Gounter, the colonel's kinsman for all he had a long time been in the army and under his command, knew him not, which was strange, the noble lord being but meanly disguised. After a bottle of sack, which afforded some matter of discourse, by reason of two wasps or rather hornets which came out at the opening, a short collation being made ready as soon as could (his lady having given leave to her servants to be from home that day), my lord's man, one Swan, coming in to wait, whispered his master in the ear, and told him my Lord Wentworth's boy Lonie (*sic*) was without; and wished him to be careful for fear the boy should know him, being taken by Captain Thomas Gounter in distress at Chelsea, and clothed by him to wait upon him.

Supper ended there was whispering betwixt the colonel's kinsman and his lady; and she told him she was confident of a disguise, and that it was the master by his hand. He beat her off of it as much as he could suspecting no such matter himself.

Within half-an-hour after supper, the colonel offered the noble lord, then by name Mr. Barlowe, it being late and as the greatest courtesy he could then shew him, to wait upon him to his chamber, and to bed which he readily accepted.

The colonel took up the candle, the noble lord following him, his lady and kinsman attending.

When he came into the chamber, it being late the colonel desired his lady and kinsman to go to bed and to leave him for he was bound to wait

upon this gentleman awhile, they took leave and bid him good-night.

The noble lord and colonel being alone, he broke the business unto the colonel with these words (sighing): "The king of England, my master, your master and the master of all good Englishmen, is near you and in great distress; can you help us to a boat?" The colonel looking very sadly, after some pause, said, "Is he well? is he safe?" He said "Yes." The colonel replied "God be blessed," and gave him a reason for his question if he should not be secure, he doubted not but he could secure him till a boat could be gotten.

The noble lord, not knowing what had been done, and what course had been taken for securing of his majesty at Heale, since he came away, answered the colonel, he hoped he was out of danger at present, but intended to be at his house with him on the Wednesday, so he said and so it seems it was resolved; but second thoughts and unexpected accommodations elsewhere had altered the design. However, upon the hearing of this the colonel's thoughts were much raised in expectation of such a guest, until he was better informed, as he was soon after, to his good content and satisfaction; knowing the house well and the conveniences thereof, and the worth and fidelity of the persons.

Now to the main business of procuring a boat. The colonel told the lord seriously, and nothing but the truth, that for all he lived so near the sea, yet there was no man living so little acquainted with these kind of men. However, as he thought

himself bound by all obligations, sacred and civil, to do his utmost to preserve his king, so he would faithfully promise, with all possible care and alacrity, yea expedition (which he accounted to be the life of such a business) to acquit himself of his duty.

The noble lord, my honoured friend (Oh, that God had been pleased to have spared him life), was abundantly satisfied with this answer, hugging him in his arms and kissed his cheek again and again. For that time the colonel bid him good night, desiring him to rest secure, for that he would watch whilst he slept, and that he doubted not but in good time all would be well.

Coming into his chamber, he found his wife had stayed up for him, and was very earnest to know who this was, and what was his business. The colonel desired her to excuse him, assuring her it was nothing concerning her, or that would anyways damnify her.

She was confident there was more in it than so, and enough she doubted to ruin him and all his family; and in that, said she, I am concerned, breaking out into a very great passion of weeping. Which the colonel seeing took a candle, pretending to go into the next room, but privately to my Lord Wilmot, and acquainted him how it was, asking his advice, whether as the case stood it were any way amiss to acquaint her with it; that he durst pass his word for the loyalty and integrity of his wife; however, without his allowance she should know nothing.

The noble lord replied: "No, no; by all means acquaint her with it."

He humbly thanked him and bade him good

night again. The colonel coming into his chamber unfolded the business, wiped the tears off his lady's eyes, who smiling, said: "Go on and prosper; yet I fear you will hardly do it."

"However," said the colonel, "I must endeavour, and will do my best, leaving the success to God Almighty." His lady deporting herself during the whole carriage of the business, with so much discretion, courage, and fidelity, that (without vanity be it spoken) she seemed, her danger considered, to outgo her sex.

Neither will the reader think this an impertinent circumstance, since the success of the business did not a little depend on her concurrence. The colonel contenting himself with very little sleep that night, rose very early the next morning, being Wednesday, the 8th of October, as he had promised the Lord Wilmot, and rode to Elmsworth,[1] a place two miles from him, and by the seaside, passing through Boorne.[2]

He took an old servant of his formerly, John Day, a trusty man and very loyal subject, who was related to seamen of very good account, who with their barks used to lie there, but they being out of the way, could do no good there, although four years after the colonel did at the same place, at his own charges, hire a bark for the Lord Wilmot, who came over at his majesty's command, and losing his design, was forced to come from almost the farthest north to the south before he could get a passage, so few friends then had his sacred majesty in his distress, now so numerous in expectation of rewards.

[1] Emsworth. [2] West Bourne.

The colonel hastened all he could home to give my lord account, who had promised not to stir till the colonel came, but being impatient of any delay had left the colonel's house: so that the colonel met him within half a mile of it, and gave him an account of his morning's work, that nothing could be done where he had been.

The noble lord and the colonel rid on and went to Langstone, a place by the sea, where boats use. As he was riding along he put his hand in his pocket and missed his money; for coming away in haste from the colonel's house he had left it behind him in his bed; immediately he sent his man Swan for it. The colonel's lady hearing my lord was gone, which she much wondered at, had been in his chamber and found the bed open, and in the middle a black purse full of gold,[1] which she had secured, and gave it the man when he came for it.

When they came to Langstone they attempted all they could, but in vain. The noble lord and the colonel eat oysters there, and then they parted—the noble lord to Mr. Hyde's house aforesaid, there to expect the account of the colonel's proceedings—the colonel home, and immediately employed his kinsman, Captain Thomas Gounter (who by this was made acquainted), to inquire of several other places, and to meet the colonel next day at Chichester, to give him an account. All which the colonel imparted that night to my Lord Wilmot at Mr. Hyde's house at Hinton Daubney.

[1] The money sent by Colonel Strangways. "A hundred pounds in gold he delivered to Colonel Wyndham to present to the king; which at his return, by command, was deposited in the hands of the Lord Wilmot for his majesty's use."—Claustrum Regale, "Boscobel Tracts," p. 340.

Humfr. Henchman

After supper the colonel took his leave of the Lord, it being a very dismal night for wind and rain, which made the lord very much to importune the colonel to stay, but he refused, replying that delays were dangerous, and let the weather be what it would, he had a sure guide.

The colonel touched at his own house by the way betwixt one and two of the clock that night, and laid down upon his bed, and after two hours rest rose from bed and went immediately to Chichester, to meet his kinsman, Captain Thomas Gounter (9th Oct.), according to appointment; from whom he received this account that both he and his kinsman, Mr. William Rishton, a loyal gentleman, and one engaged all along in the war under the colonel's command, had endeavoured all they could, but without success.

Then the colonel bethought himself, and conceived the next and best expedient would be to treat with a French merchant, one that usually traded into France, and went to one Mr: Francis Mansell,[1] a stranger then to the colonel, and only known unto him by face, as casually he had met him with several other companies, pretending to give him a visit and to be better acquainted with him.

He received him courteously, and entertained him with a bottle or two of his French wine and Spanish tobacco. After awhile the colonel broke the business to him, saying: "I do not only come

[1] Merchant of Chichester, where Gounter went to see him. According to Parry's "Coast of Sussex," Mansel lived at one time at Ovingdean Grange, which probably originated the erroneous tradition in connection with that house; in 1651, however, the Geer family resided there. (See Burrell MSS., British Museum, No. 5684, p. 93.)

to visit you, but I must request one favour of you." He replied: Anything in his power. Then the colonel asked him if he could freight a bark, for, said he, "I have two special friends of mine who have been engaged in a duel, and there is mischief done, and I am obliged to get them off if I can."

He doubted not but he could at such a place, at Brightemston,[1] in Sussex. The colonel pressed him then to go with him immediately, and if he could effect the business he would give him fifty pounds for his pains, but it being Stowe fair day there[2] and his partner out of the way, he could not possibly until the next day, and then he promised him faithfully he would go with him and do his best, so accordingly they agreed.

Then the colonel, who had promised to the noble Lord Wilmot an account at Mr. Hyde's house, aforesaid, once in twelve or twenty-four hours at the furthest, repaired thither accordingly, and told him all that was done. The noble lord approved and liked the way wondrous well. It being very late, and very dark and boisterous weather, the colonel took his leave. His horse being almost spent, he borrowed a horse of his kinsman, Mr. Hyde, who lent him his falconer's horse, being, as it seems, the best he then had, which served to carry him home, and the next morning to Chichester.

The colonel took his own house in the way, and rested upon a bed for a while, and went unto Chichester, the 10th of October, being Friday, according to former appointment.

The merchant being destitute of a horse, the

[1] Brighton. [2] At Chichester.

colonel horsed him upon the horse borrowed of Mr. Hyde, and borrowed one for himself of his kinsman, Captain Thomas Gounter, and went away accordingly, desiring his kinsman to repair to my Lord Wilmot, and to give him the account of his departure from Chichester, in further prosecution of the business, and to remain with him in order to his commands during his absence.

They arrived to Brightemston by two of the clock that day. The merchant went immediately to inquire; but the seaman he chiefly depended upon was gone for Chichester, who had bargained for a freight there; but, as Providence would have it, he touched at Shoram,[1] four miles from Brightemston. The colonel persuaded the merchant to send to him immediately to come to him upon earnest business and I doubted not but that he would come, which took effect accordingly. The colonel had agreed with the merchant to treat with the boatman, being his affair and trade, he to sit by as neuter, promising the merchant to make good and to pay him whatever he should agree for, but withal desired to get it as low as he could.

They stayed there that night, and by Saturday, the 11th of October, by two of the clock, made a perfect agreement, which was that he[2] was to have £60 paid him in hand before he took them into the boat, for he would know what he should carry or he would not treat, so that the merchant was forced to tell him, himself knowing no more than what the colonel had said to him, of two friends, &c.

He was to be in readiness upon an hour's

[1] Shoreham. [2] Tattersal, the master of the promised vessel.

warning, and the merchant to stay there, under pretence of freighting his bark, to see all things in readiness against the colonel and his two friends' arrival. For the colonel knew not when he should come, but privately promised the merchant to defray all his charges and to give him £50 as aforesaid for his pains, which was afterwards accordingly done; but this £50, and the £60 paid to the boatman, the king himself, before he went away, took order for, and his order was executed.

All things agreed upon, the colonel took leave of the merchant about three of the clock, with all expedition, to give my Lord Wilmot the account, and came to Mr. Hyde's house aforesaid, between eight and nine in the night, but my lord and the colonel's kinsman, Captain Gounter, were removed to a tenant's of his cousin Hyde's, one Mr. Brown,[1] and one that had married his cousin Gounter's sister. But the colonel, coming in at his cousin Hyde's house as aforesaid, found there his cousin Hyde and Colonel Robert Philips, in his chamber going to bed, who were very inquisitive to know how things stood. He gave in short that all things were well and in readiness, upon which the noble Colonel Philips replied, "Thou shalt be a saint in my almanack for ever."

Mr. Hyde was very earnest to have had the colonel stay all night and to go and give an account the morrow morning, but he desired to be excused, for that he knew he was expected and could not in honour but give his account without delay. Whereupon Colonel Philips would

[1] Mr. Anthony Brown, a neighbour and tenant.—Blount.

go with him. So they took leave of Mr. Hyde for that night and came where my Lord Wilmot was and had earnestly expected him.

After he had saluted him and given him a full account of all proceedings, the noble lord was infinitely pleased and satisfied, and presently had in consultation who should go for the king; and it was agreed that Colonel Philips should, by reason that Colonel Gounter was much tired out, and would need rest for further employment. So Colonel Philips, upon Sunday, the 12th of October, went to give the king an account, and to conduct him to the Lord Wilmot and to the said Colonel Gounter.

In the interim, whilst they were expected upon Monday, the 13th of Oct., the Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gounter, and Captain Thomas Gounter, being all together at dinner, agreed to ride out upon the downs. The colonel, for a blind, went to Hambledon, hard by, to give his sister a visit, and there borrowed a brace of greyhounds for that his cousin Gounter and other gentlemen were upon the downs and had a mind to have a course at a hare; and it was possible, if they did not beat too far, and should stay out late, they might all come and be merry with her that night—however, she should be sure of her dogs. "If you do you shall be heartily welcome," was her answer. The colonel brought the greyhounds and beat with my Lord and his cousin until his time served, and then left them, resolving to ride on till he met the king; and just as he came to Warnford town's end from Old Winchester, he met Colonel Philips conducting the king.

Being near the houses, the colonel rid by them

and took no notice, went to an inn in the town, called for some beer and took a pipe, and stayed so long that they were atop Old Winchester before he overtook them.

When he had overtaken them and done his duty to his majesty, he directed them the safest way, and he would ride before to find out my Lord Wilmot, which, being done, they all came together.

The king and my Lord had some private discourse together. When they came to Broadehalfepenny, a little above Hambledon, there the king spake to the colonel: "Canst thou get me a lodging hereabouts?" The colonel told him that his cousin Hyde's house aforesaid was taken up for him, and was very convenient, being near and in the way; but whether his majesty thought it too public a place, or for what other reason I know not, he said, "Know you no other?" "Yes, may it please your majesty. I know divers yeomanry men where for a night we may be welcome, and here is one who married my sister, whose house stands privately and out of the way." "Let us go thither," saith the king.

Whilst they were consulting this affair, Captain Thomas Gounter, the colonel's kinsman, and Swan, my Lord Wilmot's man, rid scouting about Broadehalfpenny aforesaid, the colonel conducting the king, my Lord Wilmot, and Colonel Robert Philips to his sister's house a private way and the backside of Hambledon, it being but half a mile from the place aforesaid.

Alighting at the door, the colonel led them in, Lord Wilmot following, the king putting Colonel Robert Philips before him, saying, "Thou lookest

the most like a gentleman now." Coming in, the colonel's sister met him; they all saluted her. She brought them into a little parlour where was a good fire. This was about candle-lighting.

Wine, ale, and biscuits were presently set before them with a very cheerful countenance, as though the king's presence had some secret influence upon her, who suspected nothing less than that a king was present. In an hour's space they went to supper, being all set promiscuously at a round table; and having half supped, in comes the colonel's sister's husband, Mr. Thomas Symones, who, as it plainly appeared, had been in company that day. "This is brave," said he; "a man can no sooner be out of the way but his house must be taken up with I know not whom." And looking in the colonel's face, "Is it you?" said he, "you are welcome, and, as your friends, so they are all."

Passing round the table and viewing all the company, he said "These are all Hydes now," but, peeping in the king's face,[1] said of him, "Here is a Roundhead," and, addressing his speech to the colonel, said, "I never knew you keep Roundheads' company before." To which the colonel replied, "It is no matter; he is my friend, and I will assure you no dangerous man." At which words he clapt himself down in a chair next the king and took him by the hand, shaking him and saying, "Brother Roundhead, for his sake thou

[1] "Observing how little hair William Penderel's scissors had left him."—Blount. The king "was here observed to be cloathed in a short juppa of a sad-coloured cloth and his breeches of another species, with a black hat, and without cuffs, somewhat like the meaner sort of country gentlemen" (*ibid.*).

art welcome," all the while believing the king to be so indeed, and making himself (whether for fear or in courtesy) to be one too as well as he could act it, the king all the while complying with him, to all their admirations.

Now and then he would swear before he was aware, for which the king reproved him, saying, "Oh, dear brother, that is a 'scape; swear not, I beseech you." Nevertheless, in that humour he was, he plied them hard with strong waters and beer, the king not knowing well how to avoid it, but by somebody or other, when he looked aside, would take it out of his hand.

Supper being ended, it being ten of the clock, the colonel began to bethink himself that the king had rid near forty miles that day, and was to undergo a very hard journey the next, and how to get the king out of his company and to his bed he could hardly devise; yet the colonel whispered his kinsman in the ear, saying, "I wonder how thou shouldst judge so right; he is a Roundhead indeed, and if we could get him to bed the house were our own, and we could be merry."

He readily submitted, and the colonel presently, leaving Lord Wilmot behind, conducted the king and Colonel Robert Philips (who lay in the king's chamber) to bed.

The king slept well all night, and by break of day, the colonel putting up two neats' tongues in his pockets, which he thought they might need by the way, they set out and began their journey.[1]

[1] "But (having then no further use for Colonel Philips) [his majesty] dismissed him with thanks for his fidelity and service, in this most secret and important affair, and then having also

Colonel Edward Phelips.

They were no sooner come to Arundel Hill, as they rode close by the castle, but the governor, Captain Morley, met them full butt, hunting. The colonel the better to avoid them, it being a steep hill they were to go down, presently alighted, and his company (as was agreed before) did as he did, and so happily they escaped them. The king being told who it was, replied merrily, "I did not much like his starched mouchates."

So we came to Howton,[2] where on horseback we made a stop at an alehouse for some bread and drink; and there our neats' tongues stood us in very good stead and were heartily eaten. From thence being come to Bramber, we found the streets full of soldiers on both sides of the houses, who unluckily and unknown to me, were come thither the night before to guard; but luckily (or, rather, by a special Providence) were just then come from their guard at Bramber Bridge into the town for refreshment. We came upon them unawares, and were seen before we suspected anything.

My Lord Wilmot was ready to turn back when I stepped in and said, "If we do we are undone. Let us go on boldly and we shall not be suspected."

"He saith well," said the king. I went before, he followed, and so passed through without any hindrance.

bidden farewel to Mr. Symons and his wife, took horse, attended by my Lord Wilmot and his man, Colonel Gunter, and Mr. Thomas Gunter. When they came near the Lord Lumley's house at Stanstead, in Sussex, it was considered that the greatness of the number of horse might possibly raise some suspicion of them. Mr. Thomas Gunter was therefore dismissed with thanks for the service he had done, and his majesty held on his journey without any stay."—Blount. [2] Houghton.

The Flight of the King

It was then between three and four of the clock in the afternoon; we went on, but had not gone far, when a new terror pursued us: the same soldiers riding after us as fast as they could; whereupon the king gave me a hem. I slacked my pace till they were come up to me, and by that time the soldiers were come, who rudely passed by us (being in a narrow lane), so that we could hardly keep our saddles for them, but passed by without any further hurt, being thirty or forty in number.

When we were come to Beeding, a little village where I had provided a treatment for the king (one Mr. Bagshall's house), I was earnest that his majesty should stay there awhile till I had viewed the coast; but my Lord Wilmot would by no means, for fear of those soldiers, but carried the king out of the road I knew not whither, so we parted. They where they thought safest, I to Brightemston, being agreed they should send to me when fixed anywhere and ready.

Being come to the said Brightemston, I found all clear there, and the inn (the "George") free from all strangers at that time. Having taken the best room in the house and bespoke my supper, as I was entertaining myself with a glass of wine, the king not finding accommodation elsewhere to his mind, was come to the inn; and up comes mine host (one Smith by name), "More guests," saith he to me. He brought them up into another room, I taking no notice. It was not long, but drawing towards the king's room, I heard the king's voice, saying aloud to my Lord Wilmot, "Here, Mr. Barlow, I drink to you." "I know that name,"

said I to mine host, now by me. "I pray inquire whether he was not a major in the king's army." Which done, he was found to be the man whom I expected, and presently invited (as was likely) to the fellowship of a glass of wine.

From that I proceeded, and made a motion to join company; and because my chamber was largest, that they would make use of it, which was accepted, and so we became one company again.

At supper[1] the king was cheerful, not shewing the least sign of fear or apprehension of any danger, neither then nor at any time during the whole course of this business, which is no small wonder, considering that the very thought of his enemies, so great and so many, so diligent and so much interested in his ruin, was enough, as long as he was within their reach, and as it were in the very midst of them, to have daunted the stoutest courage in the world, as if God had opened his eyes as he did Elisha's servant at his

[1] Francis Mansel in accordance with Colonel Gounter's previous arrangement with him, joined the party at "The George." "At supper, Mr. Mansel sate at the upper end of the table, and Mr. Jackson (for that name his majesty still retained) at the lower end."—Blount. "And as we were all sitting together (viz. Robin Philips,* my Lord Wilmot, Colonel Gunter, the merchant, the master, and I) I observed that the master of the vessel looked very much upon me. And as soon as we had supped, calling the merchant aside, the master told him that he had not dealt fairly with him; for though he had given him a very good price for the carrying over that gentleman, yet he had not been clear with him; 'for,' says he, 'he is the king and I very well know him to be so!' . . . . Upon which the merchant came and told me what had passed between them, and thereby found myself under a necessity of trusting him. But I took no kind of notice of it presently to him."—King's narrative.

* Charles was in error here, Colonel Phelips not having accompanied him beyond Hambledon.

master's request, and he had seen an heavenly host round about him to guard him, which to us was invisible, who therefore, though much encouraged by his undauntedness and the assurance of so good and glorious a cause, yet were not without secret terrors within ourselves, and thought every minute a day, a month, till we should see his sacred person out of their reach.

Supper ended, the king stood with his back against the fire, leaning over a chair. Up came mine host (upon some jealousy, I guess, not any certain knowledge); but up comes he, who called himself Gaius (*sic*), runs to the king, catcheth his hand, and kissing it, said, "It shall not be said but I have kissed the best man's hand in England."[1]

He had waited at table at supper time, where the boatman also sat with us, and were then present. Whether he had seen or heard anything that could give him any occasion of suspicion, I know not; in very deed, the king had a hard task so to carry himself in all things, that he might be in nothing like himself, majesty being so natural unto him that even when he said nothing, did nothing, his very looks (if a man observed) were enough to betray him.

It was admirable to see how the king (as though he had not been concerned in these words, which might have sounded in the ears of another man as

[1] "Smith [the landlord] had formerly been related to the Court so that he suspected 'Mr. Jackson' to be whom he really was; which his majesty understanding, he discoursed with his hoast after supper, whereby his loyalty was confirmed and the man proved faithful."—Blount. "So I laughed and went away into the next room, not desiring then any further discourse with him, there being no remedy against my being known by him, and more discourse might have but raised suspicion."—King's narrative.

the sentence of death) turned about in silence, without any alteration of countenance, or taking notice of what had been said.

About a quarter of an hour after, the king went to his chamber, where I followed him, craved his pardon with earnest protestation, that I was as innocent, so altogether ignorant of the cause how this had happened. "Peace, peace, colonel," said the king, "the fellow knows me and I him, he was one (whether so or not I know not, but so the king thought at that time) "that belonged to the back-stairs to my father. I hope he is an honest fellow."

After this I began to treat with the boatman (Tettersfield,[1] by name), asking him, in what readiness he was. He answered, he could not be off that night, because for more security, he had brought his vessel into creek, and the tide had forsaken it, so that it was on ground.

It is observable, that all the while the business had been in agitation to this very time, the wind had been contrary. The king then opening the window, took notice that the wind was turned and told the master of the ship; whereupon, because of the wind and a clear night I offered £10 more to the man to get off that night; but that could not be; however, we agreed he should take in his company that night.

But it was a great business that we had in hand, and God would have us to know so, both by the difficulties that offered themselves and by his help he afforded to remove them.

When we thought we had agreed, the boatman starts back and saith no, except I would insure the

[1] Tattersal.

bark. Argue it we did with him how unreasonable it was, being so well paid, &c., but to no purpose so that I yielded at last and £200 was his valuation, which was agreed upon.

But then as though he had been resolved to frustrate all by unreasonable demands, he required my bond; at which, moved with much indignation I began to be as resolute as he; saying among other things there were more boats to be had besides his; and if he would not act, another should, and made as though I would go to another.

In this contest, the king happily interposed, "he saith right" (saith his majesty), "a gentleman's word, especially before witnesses, is as good as his bond." At last the man's stomach came down and carry them he would, what so ever came of it; and before he would be taken, he would run his boat under the water; so it was agreed that about two in the night they should be aboard. The boatman in the meantime went to provide necessaries, and I persuaded the king to take some rest; he did in his clothes, and my Lord Wilmot with him, till towards two of the night.[1] Then I called them up, shewing them how the time went by my watch.

Horses being led by the back way towards the beach, we came to the boat and found all ready, so I took my leave, craving his majesty's pardon if anything had happened through error, not want of will or loyalty; how willingly I would have waited further but for my family (being many)

[1] "But thinking it convenient not to let him [Tattersal] go home lest he should be asking advice of his wife, or anybody else, we kept him up with us in the inn, and sat up all night, drinking beer, and taking tobacco with him."—King's narrative.

which would want me, and I hoped his majesty would not, not doubting but in a very little time he should be where he would.

My only request to his majesty was, that he would conceal his instruments, wherein their preservation was so much concerned.

His majesty promised nobody should know. I abided there, keeping the horses in readiness in case anything unexpected had happened.

At eight of the clock, I saw them on sail, and it was the afternoon before they went out of sight.

The wind (oh Providence) held very good till next morning, to ten of the clock brought them to a place of Normandy called Fackham,[1] some three miles off Havre de Grace, Wednesday, Oct. 15.

They were no sooner landed, but the wind turned and a violent storm did arise, insomuch that the boatman was forced to cut his cable, and lost his anchor to save his boat, for which he required of me £8, and had it.

The boat was back again at Chichester[2] by Friday to take his freight.

I was not gone out of the town two hours, but soldiers came thither to search for a tall black man, six feet two inches high.[3]

[1] Fécamp.

[2] This is incorrect, "the master being bound for Poole loaden with sea coal."—King's narrative.

[3] Some of the accounts of the king's adventures which reached the Parliament were very amusing. One was to the effect that he wore a red periwig and acted as servant to a gentleman in Cromwell's army, and that the lady who took him to Bristol not being able to procure a vessel accompanied him to London, where he remained three weeks disguised as a gentlewoman. (See Whitelock's Memorial.) On September 29th, 1651, "The Last News of the King of Scots" was published, where he is stated to have "got into Scotland to the Lord Belcarris." (See King's Pamphlets, British Museum.)

The Flight of the King

"Unto thee O God, do we give thanks; unto Thee do we give thanks; for that Thy name is near, Thy wondrous works declare. Great deliverance giveth He to His King, and sheweth mercy to his anointed."

APPENDIX

THE Pedigrees of the Penderels, Whitgreaves, Lanes, and Wyndhams in the second edition of the "Boscobel Tracts" were collected by the Rev. R. H. Barham (of "Ingoldsby Legend" fame) and printed from an interleaved copy of the first edition, formerly in the possession of Bishop Copleston, who originated the plan of Hughes's Compilation.

Supplementary to these we append those of the Carlos,[1] Wolfe, Tomes, Norton, Hyde, Gounter and Symons families.

[1] There is a short Carlos Pedigree in the "Boscobel Tracts," but it is full of errors.

PEDIGREE OF THE CARLOS FAMILY, OF BROOM HALL

John, of Bromhall, Stafford, Gent. — Colonel William Carlos.

Thomas Carlos, *ob.* 1665. — Richard Carlos.

Edward Carlos = Dorothy Smith — Wm. — Jno. — Thos. — Richd. *ob.* 1707. — Francis.

Walter Carlos, Rector of Sandon, Staffs, 1714–1757. = Ann Hector (mentioned in Boswell's Life of Johnson).

A son, died young. — A daughter = — Hopper.

Charles Carlos, of Brewood, Gent. = Mary Wilcox.

William, born 1700; protection granted to, in 1716. = Ann, dau. of — Grizzell, of Warwick.

Lawrence. — Edwd. — Jno. — Augustine.

Edward. S.P. — Wm. S.P. — Eliz. = Robt. Chambers. — Mary. — Ann.

Eliz. — Katherine. = Thos. Child, Gent. — Dorothy. = Mathias Ridinghouse, of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. — Ann = Samuel Soames, of St. James's, Westminster.

William Carlos = Dau. of Thos. Smith, of St. Mary-le-Bow. — Francis. S.P. — Elizabeth = Griffiths.

Dorothy Ridinghouse. = Robert Fogg, of Reading.

Thomas Carlos = ? — William Carlos = Grace Smith.

Robert Fogg. — Anthony. — Dorothy = Francis Carbury.

Charles. Died unmarried. — John. — William. — Ann (living 1894). — Caroline. — Louisa. — Sophia. Died unmarried.

Elizabeth = Charles Carbury. — Charles Clarke.

Edward John Carlos = Mary Ann Glascott. *ob.* 1851. — *ob.* 1890.

Rev. Charles Clarke, of Esher. — Helen = Wm. Barr Brown, of Sunninghill, Berks.

Issue.

Edward Stafford Carlos, Rector of Cheadle, Staffs. — Eliza Mary, *ob.* 1887. — Mary Ann = C. W. S. Corser, M.A. — Edith.

John Gregory Carlos. = Ann Chessell Buckler.

Issue.

PEDIGREE OF THE WOLFE FAMILY, OF MADELEY

Francis Wolfe; *ob.* 7 Dec. 1666, *æt.* 84. = Mary, dau. of — Allen, of Oxon; *ob.* May 1667.

1. Francis Wolfe, of Madeley. = Sarah, dau. of Throgmorton Whitley, of Weston Underwood; *ob.* Jan. 1698.

3. Thomas Wolfe, of Barrow, Salop; *ob.* 1659. = Hester Brooke; *ob.* 1688.

4. Lawrence Wolfe (living in 1659).

Anne; *ob.* Sep. 1672, unmarried.

1. Francis; *ob.* 1663, *æt.* 12.

2. John.

3. Thomas.

Mary = John Hatherly; *ob.* Nov. 1721, at Madeley, *æt.* 70.

2. John Woolfe, of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Middlesex; *ob.* 1673. = Ann, dau. of Jno. Pinchon, of Whittle, Essex.

Richard Woofe, of Much Wenlock. = Sarah, dau. of — Ralph Littlehales, of Wyke, Salop; *ob.* 1720.

Wm. Wolfe, of Haseley Court. = Frances, dau. of Richd. Weston, of Sutton Place, Woking.

Bridget; *ob.* 1729.

Ralph Woofe, of Cardington; *ob.* July 1760. = Susan, dau. of Wm. Pegge, of Wilson, Salop; *ob.* Dec. 1779.

Jno. Woolfe, of Great Haseley Court; *ob.* 1764. = Elizabeth, dau. of Edmund Boulter, of Harewood, Yorkshire.

Philip Woofe = Ann, dau. of Wm. Perry; *ob.* 1806.

Richard Woof = Martha Perkins.

Richard Woof, or Wolfe, of Worcester; *ob.* 1878; unmarried.

John Woolfe; *ob.* 1758, unmarried.

William Cosmos Woolfe, of Haseley; *ob.* 1764, unmarried.

Charles Woolfe; *ob.* 1763, a minor.

PEDIGREE OF THE TOMES FAMILY, OF LONG MARSTON

John Tomes,* of Long Marston; *ob.* 1602. = Ann, dau. of W. Warren, of Wormington.

John Tomes; *b.* 1601, *ob.* 1653. (Sheltered Charles II. at Long Marston, Sept. 10, 1651.) = Amy (? Blower) of Berks.

1. John Tomes, of Long Marston; *ob.* 1656.

Thomas Tomes, of Long Marston and Pebworth; *ob.* 1694. = Anne (? Goodwin).

Anne = Francis Blower, of Bicester, Oxon.
Two sons.

1. John Tomes, of Long Marston; *ob.* 1736, unmarried.

Mary, bap. 1662.

William, bap. 1663.

2. Christopher = (?)

3. Thomas.
4. Anthony.

5. Jeffery.

Mary Ann.

William Tomes, bap. 1705; *ob.* at Long Marston, 1783. = Anne.

Margaret.

Martha.

Jemima.

Amy.

John Tomes, of Long Marston; bap. 1736. Inherited estate from his great uncle John. = Sarah, dau. of Thos. Bennett, of Cleeve Prior.

Anne.

William.

Susanna Elizabeth.

George.

John Tomes, of Long Marston; bap. 1763, *ob.* 1834. = Ann, dau. of Robert Fisher, of Kinwarten, Warwickshire.

Temperance.

Sarah.

Elizabeth.

1. John Tomes, of South Littleton; *ob.* 1864. = Sarah, dau. of Wm. Bayliss, of ~~Welford~~, Gloucestershire.

2. Thomas Bennett Tomes, of Cleeve Prior; *ob.* 1878. = Mary Ann, dau. of ~~Round~~, of Windsor.

Fisher Tomes, of Long Marston and Stratford-on-Avon. = Mary Ann, dau. of Thos. Bennett.

Robert Tomes, Vicar of Coughton, Warwickshire; living 1896, *æt.* 87.

1. Sir John Tomes, Kt., F.R.S.; *b.* 1815.

2. Robert Fisher Tomes, J.P.; *b.* 1823.

3. William Baylis Tomes; *b.* 1825.

Fanny, of Long Marston. = Commander Wm. Carrow, R.N.

* The first part of the Pedigree has been omitted. There is an uninterrupted succession from father to son back to the Conquest.

NORTON OF ABBOTS LEIGH

CONNECTION BETWEEN THE NORTON, TRENCHARD, LONG AND PENRUDDOCKE FAMILIES

From the Abbots Leigh Monuments and Mr. C. Penruddocke's Pedigree in his article on "Mistress Jane Lane" ("Wilts Archæological Magazine," Vol. XXVI.).

Sir George Norton; *b.* 1622, *ob.* 1667. = Ellen Owen, dau. of Sir Wm. Owen, of Condover, Salop; married (2) Sir Timothy Baldwin, of London; *ob.* 1677.

Frances, dau. of Ralph Freke, of Harrington; re-married Wm. Jones, Esq.; *ob.* 1730. = Sir George Norton; *b.* 1658, *ob.* 1715, *æt.* 67.

Edward.

Grace.

Ellen = William Trenchard, of Cutteridge; *ob.* 1713, *æt.* 70.

George; *ob.* a minor.

Elizabeth; *ob.* young.

Grace = Sir Richard Gettrin.

Ellen Trenchard (youngest dau.?); *ob.* 1752, *æt.* 65. = Henry Long, of Melksham; bap. 1687.

Seven other children.

John; buried at Abbots Leigh.

Frances Grace Trenchard. = John Hippesley, of Stanton.

Ellen Long; *ob.* 1753, *æt.* 42. = John Thresher, of Bradford, Wilts; *ob.* 1741.

Robert Hippesley; *b.* 1715; (assumed name of Trenchard); *ob.* 1787; buried at Abbots Leigh. = Mary Gore, of Salisbury; 1740.

Ellen Thresher = Sir Bourchier Wrey, of Tawstock, Devon.

1. John Ashfordby, of Staunton Fitzwarren, Wilts. = Ellen Trenchard; *b.* 1745, *ob.* 1788. = 2. John Long, of Preshaw, Hants.

Florentina Wrey *ob.* 1835. = Richard Godolphin Long, of Rood Ashton.

Rev. John Ashfordby, (assumed name of Trenchard).

Walter Long, of Preshaw. = Lady Mary Carnegie, dau. of the Earl of Northesk.

Walter Long = M. A. Colquhoun.

Walter J. Long = Emily, dau. of E. Morant Gale.

John Long, of Walberton, Jersey. = Georgiana Frances, eldest dau. of Sir B. Stuart, 5th Bart.

Flora H. Long = Charles Penruddocke, of Compton Park, Wilts.

John Stuart Lindsay Long, Com. R.N.; *b.* 1847. = Letitia Blanche, 2nd dau. of Charles Penruddocke.

Charles Penruddocke. = E. M. Speke.

Issue.

Agnes Flora = Reginald Gambier Long; *b.* 1851.

Issue.

N.B.—The description of the Norton family in Collinson's "History of Somerset" (vol. iii. p. 153) has many errors, one of which is that the second Sir George Norton, as given above, was Charles II.'s host in 1651; indeed, it reads as if *his son* were meant!

HYDE OF WEST HATCH AND HEALE

PEDIGREE SHOWING THE CONNECTION BETWEEN THE FAMILIES OF HYDE, GOUNTER, AND SYMONS, AND THE DESCENT OF THE BLACKMANS FROM THE LAST NAMED FAMILY

Sir George Gunter.

John Gunter = (1st) Joane Knight, of Chanton, Hants. (2nd) dau. of Bradshaw Drew, who re-married Sir Gregory Norton, Bt.

Robert Hyde, of Norbury.

Ann, dau. of Nicholas Sibell, and widow of Matthew Colthurst, of Claverton. = Lawrence Hyde, of West Hatch (youngest son); *ob.* 1590.

1. Robert.
2. Sir Lawrence Hyde; *ob.* 1641. = Barbara Castillion; *ob.* 1641.
3. Henry Hyde of Pirton. = Mary Langford; *b.* 1570; *ob.* 1661.
4. Sir Nicholas.
Four daughters.

Thos. Symons, of Hambledon. = 2. Ursula.
1. Mary.
Col. George Gounter. = Katherine; *ob.* 1684; buried at Racton.

Eight other sons, viz.:
3. William.
5. Sir Henry (executed by Cromwell, 1650).
6. Dr. Edward; *ob.* 1659, *æt.* 52.
7. Dr. Thomas.
8. Nicholas; bap. 1611.
9. Sir Fredk.; *ob.* 1677.
11. Charles.

1. Lawrence Hyde, of Heale. = Amphillis, dau. of Sir Richard Tichborne, of Winchester.

Amphillis.
Mary.
Six other children.
George Gounter. = Judith Nicholl, of Norbiton.

1. Lawrence.
2. Amphillis = Thos. Chafin.
3. Helen = Sir Jno. Low.

Sir Chas. Gounter Nicholl. = Eliz. Blundell.

William Legge, 2nd Earl of Dartmouth; *ob.* 1801; ancestor of the present Earl. = Frances Katherine Nicholl.

2. Sir Robert, of West Hatch; *ob.* 1722. = (1st) Lady Finetta Pope. (2nd) Arundell, dau. of Thos. Penrudocke; *ob.* 1713, *æt.* 40.

4. Alexander, Bishop of Salisbury; *ob.* 1667, *æt.* 70. = Mary Townson, 1636.

Mary Symons (grand-daughter of the above); *b. circa* 1719; *ob.* 1759. = Wynn Blackman, of Chichester.

Lawrence Hyde, of Hinton Daubnay; *ob.* 1682. = Alice Granville; *ob.* 1694.

1. Robert Hyde, of Heale; *ob.* 1721.
2. Margaret; *ob.* 1728 = Sir Hy. Parker.
3. Ann; *ob.* 1735. = Francis Eyre.

Arthur Hyde, of Hinton; *ob.* 1760.
Mary Hyde; *b.* 1696. = Mr. Tooker, of Norton, ancestor of Hyde S. Tooker, Esq., of Hinton Daubnay, present representative.

10. James = Margaret St. Lowe.

1. Robert Hyde, M.D.; *ob.* 1723.
2. Mary = Mr. Levinz.

Mary (by first marriage); *ob. infans.* No issue second marriage.

Edward Hyde (3rd son), Earl of Clarendon; *b.* 1608; *ob.* 1674. = Frances, dau. of Sir Thomas Aylesbury.

King James II. = Ann Hyde, eldest daughter; *b.* 1637; *ob.* 1671.
Lawrence Hyde (2nd son); created Earl of Rochester, 1682; *ob.* 1711.
Henry, 2nd Earl of Clarendon.

Queen Mary; *ob.* 1694.
Queen Anne; *ob.* 1714.

Symons Blackman, of Uckfield, in 1770. = Mary Margison; *m.* 1764.
Sir Henry Blackman, of Lewes; *ob.* 1832, *æt.* 88. = Jane ——; *ob.* 1788, *æt.* 29.
John Blackman, of Old Fishbourne, Bosham. = ?
Susanna Blackman; *m.* 1761; *ob.* 1814; *æt.* 72. = Richard Hart, of Uckfield; *ob.* 1796; *æt.* 57; (descended from a branch of the Hart-Dykes, of Lullingstone Castle).

Mary Blackman. = Samuel Shergold.
Henry Blackman; *b.* 1775; *ob.* 1856, unmarried.
Rev. John Blackman, Vicar of Harting (only child). = Mary ——

Mary Shergold, of Hove; *b.* 14 Oct. 1798; living 1896.

Harriet Freman; *b.* 1813.

Baker Blackman; *b.* 1802; *ob.* 1874. = Mary Ann Hitchens, of Truro; *b.* 1804; *ob.* 1893.

Richard Hart, of Uckfield; *ob.* 1854, *æt.* 85.

1. John Blackman; *b.* 1832.
2. Thos. Hitchins Blackman; *b.* 1836.
3. Edward Blackman; *b.* 1843.
4. Frederick Blackman; *b.* 1844.
Two daughters, Julia Ann, and Laura.

Henry Percival Hart; *ob.* 1894, *æt.* 79.
Mary Cozens (*née* Hart), of Brighton.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM ELLESDON'S LETTER TO LORD CLARENDON.

Corrections (from the Original Manuscript) to Captain Ellesdon's Letter in the Clarendon State Papers, Reprinted in the "Boscobel Tracts," pp. 301–22.

Page 302, line 28 *after* "Somerset" *add* "and here the colonel's."

Page 307, line 2 *for* "father's" *read* "brother's."

Page 307, line 8 *for* "had passed" *read* "should pass."

Page 308, line 12 *for* "father's" *read* "brother's."

Page 310, line 16, *after* "did" *add* "to my Lord Wilmot and Col. Wyndham."

Page 312, line 5, *for* "daughters" *read* "children."

Page 314, line 1, *for* "notorious." *read* "very officious and prying."

Page 316, line 19, *after* "to" *add* "Mr. John Butler."

Page 319, line 11, *for* "Dorchester Road," *read* "the common road to Dorchester."

Page 321, line 2, *for* "about a week" *read* "awhile, and taking new councells."

Page 320, line 7, *for* "hour" *read* "half an hour."

Page 320, line 8, *for* "forty" *read* "near forty."

Additions and Marginal Notes in the MS., omitted by Lord Clarendon in his Transcription (State Papers, Oxford Edition, 1773). See "Boscobel Tracts," pp. 301–22.

Page 303, line 6, *after* "Berkeley" *add* "(by means of my brother John Ellesdon, being the receiver of the Customs in the Port of Lyme and brought to me by Colonel Bullen Reymes, having been designed passage in all other places attempted.)"

Appendix

Page 304, line 11, *after* "Majesty," *add* "This I took as a good omen for that the master of that vessel was my tenant and in whom I had at that time more than an ordinary interest by reason he was then in treaty for a forder estate in his liveing, moreover he always had the repute of being well affected to his majesty."

Page 305, line 13, *after* "he" *add* "with proffer of a handsome reward in case he would undertake the business, which wrote so effectually on him as at last he condescended and promised."

Page 307, line 18, *after* "begun" *add* "resolving to act our parts, each in his several station according to the design."

Page 308, line 1, *after* "and me" *add* "This 'and me' was a dangerous word and though said yet, for your discretion, take out, to be left out in your relation." [N.B. A marginal note from Ellesdon to Clarendon.]

Page 313, line 15, *after* "work" *add* "I conjecture unless the strong ale of the fair had made the mariners forget their duty."

Page 314, line 27, *after* "family" *add* "in which he continued so long (for he had not the measure of premeditation as the fellow went away without discovering what he came for, for which reason I have been somewhat reconciled to extemporary prayers ever since)."

Page 316, line 5, *after* "out" *add* "or words to that purpose which I the rather give you in the interlocutors own language that your lordship may see how little loyalty and treason can agree even in the dark."

Page 317, line 10, *after* "neighbours" *add* "and God knows sufficiently disaffected to his majesty."

Page 320, line 4, *after* "house" *add* "where the hostess as I am informed came immediately to welcome Col. Reymes whom she said she very well knew at Exeter when she lived with Mrs. Coventry, and how she caressed Lord Wilmot, instead of him, I leave your lordship to be better informed from his majestie himself, that to this day hath not forgot it."

Appendix

Pension Warrant of the "Pendrill" Brothers in the Salt Library, Stafford.[1]

The vij[th] of August 1663

Rec[d] vpon an order of the xxvij[th] day of July 1663 By vertue of his Ma[ts] tres of privy Seale dated vj Jun[ii] last and according to his Ma:[ts] directon and pleasure signifyed vnder his signe Manuall and privy Signett xviij July last of Lawrence Squibb Esq[re] and of the Tello:[es] of his Ma:[ts] Receipt of Exchec[r] by us Will Pendrill John Pendrill Fran Coffyne assignee of Rich: Pendrill Humphry Pendrill and Geo. Pendrill y[e] sume of one hundred pounds in full of an order of two hundred pounds to be equally divided amongst us of his Ma:[ts] free guift whitout accompt we say rec[d] by us

=θ[ti] one hundred pounds

the mark of William Pendrill

the mark of John Pendril

ffran: Coffyn

the marke of Humfry Pendril

the marke of George Pendrill

Endorsed: To the Pendrills being his Ma[ts] free guift
θ[ti]
iij Aug[ti] 1663

Power of Attorney of Richard "Pendrell" in the Salt Library.

Know all men by these presents that I Richard Pendrell of Hobball Grainge in the County of Salop Yeoman Have Aſsigned ordeyned and made and in my ſtead and place put and conſtituted my truſty and wellbeloved ffreind ffrancis Coffyn

[1] In the Salt Library is another warrant of £200 *further reward* to John, dated November 9, 1674.

of S^nt^ Paul Couent Garden in the County of Middx scriuener to be my true and Lawfull Attorney for me and in my name and to my vſe to aıke demand and receave of ſuch person and persons as ſhalbe appointed to pay the ſame all just ſum̄e and ſum̄es of money as ſhal be giuen by the Kings most Excellent Matie to me and my Brothers Giuing and granting vnto my ſaid Attorney my whole power strength and authority in and about the premiſse and vpon receipt thereof acquittance or any other ſufficient diſcharges for me and in my name to make seale and deliuer as fully Largely and amply in euery reſpect as I myself might or could doe were I perſonally Ratifying allowing and holding firme and ſtable all and whatoeuer my ſaid Attorney shall Lawfully doe or cause to be done in or about the extention of the premiſses by vertue of these p^r^sents In witnes whereof I have hereunto ſett my hand and seale this ffower and twentith day of June in the yeare of o^r^ Lord God 1663 And in the ffifteenth yeare of the Raigne of o^r^ Soueraigne Lord King Charles the Second

The marke of
RICH: PENDRELL (seal)
wafer

Sealed and delivered
in the presence of
Nicholas Webb
The marke of
George Pendrell

Power of Attorney of Eleanor "Pendrell" in the Salt Library.

To all Christian People To whom these Presents shall come Greeting I Eleanor Pendrell of Boscobel . . . in ye County of Salop . . widdow Have constituted and appointed And in my Place and Stead putt And by these Presents Doe constitute & appoint And in my Place and Stead putt Edward Groves of the Pſshe (*parish*) of St Martin in ye ffields in ye County of Midd Distiller my true & lawfull Attorney for me & in my Name to ask demand and receive of and from the Officers of their Maties Receipt of Excheq^r^ All and every such Sum̄e & Sum̄es of money whatsoever which now are or shall at any time or times hereafter become due vnto me Out of their Maties said Receipt of Exchequ^r^ And vpon Paym^ts^ made of the said Sum̄es or any

of them so ye said Edward Groves for me and in my Name to give such Releases and discharges for ye same As my said said (*sic*) Attorney shall think fitt And shall be thereunto lawfully required Hereby ratifying and confirming All such lawfull Acts & things As shall be done by my said Attorney in Persuance hereof in as full & ample manner As If I myself were p^r^sent and should doe the same In witnes whereof I the said Eleanor Pendrell have hereunto sett my hand & Seale this five & twentieth day of ffebruary in the ffourth Yeare of ye Raigne of Our Sōūaigne Lord & Lady William & Mary By the Grace of God of England Scotland ffrance & Ireland King & Queene &c. Anno Dni 1691

Sealed and delivered in
ye p^r^sence of
John Rogers
William Pendrell.

the mark of
ELANOR PENDRELL (seal)

The seal is obliterated.

Grant of a Pension to Thomas Whitgreave of Moseley 1666

Charles the Second—By the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Ffrance, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. To the Treasurer, Chancellor, Under-treasurer, Chamberlaines, and Barrons of the Exchequer, of us, our heyrs, and Successors, and unto all others, the Officers and Ministers of the said Court, and of the receipt there now being, or which at any tyme, hereafter shall be, and to our Receiver-generall of our counties of Oxford and Berks, now, and for the tyme being, and to all others, to Whome these presents shall come—Greeting

Know yee, that wee, reflecting upon the greate loyalty and fidelity of Thomas Whitgrave, Esquire; and particularly in the tyme of our greatest danger, after our escape from Worcester, when he used all his endeavours, to secure us from the search, and violent pursuit, Which our enemies used to pursue us, Wee have thought fit, by some particular marks of our favour and bounty to expresse the value We have put upon his good services and affection; and to begett in posterity, a like confi-

dence in the future, Have given and granted and by these presents, for us, our heires and successors, Doe give and grant, unto the said Thomas Whitgrave, one Annuity, or yearely pension of two hundred pounds, lawfull money of England, by the yeare, To have, receive, perceive and take, the said Annuity or pension of two hundred pounds, by the yeare unto the said Thomas Whitgrave and his Assignes, dureing the time of his natturall life, from the ffeast of the Annunciation of the Blessed virgin mary, last past, before the date hereof, out of the rents, issues, profitts, and revenues, from tyme to tyme aryseing, due or payable to us, our heires, and successors, out of, for, or in respect of all or any of our mannors, lands, Tenements, Rents, Revenues and hereditiments Within our said counties of Oxon and Berks, by the hands of the Receiveor, or collector thereof, for the tyme being, to be paid, And in default of payment of the said Annuity or pension, out of our Revenue, as afore said, then to have, hold, receive, perceive and take, the said Annuity or yearely pension, of two hundred pounds by the yeare, out of the treasury of us, our heires and successors, remaining in our Exchequer att Westminster by the hands of the Treasurer, Chancellor, under-treasurer, of our said Exchequer, to be paid at the two most usuall ffeasts in the yeare, that is to say, at the ffeast of St michaell, the Archangell, and the Annunciation of the Blessed virgin mary by even and equall portions, wherefore, Wee Will, and by these presents, for us, our heires and successors, require and command, the said Receiveor, and collector of our said counties of Oxford and Berks, for the tyme being, and in default of payment there, then our said Treasurer, Chancellor, under-treasurer of our Exchequer, for the tyme being, to make due payment of the said Annuity or yearly pension, unto the said Thomas Whitgrave, and his Assignes, dureing the said tyme of his natturall life, at the ffeast days, and in the manner herein before limited, and appointed for payment thereof, according to the purport, and intent and meaning of these presents. And these presents or the Inrollment thereof shall be unto them, and every of them, sufficient warrant and discharge in that behalfe. And Wee doe hereby also authorise, direct, and appoint the Treas(urer) Chancellor, and under-treasurer of the Exchequer, of us, our heires and successors, for the time being, and all others the officers, to Whome it shall and may apperteine from tyme to tyme, to make and give warrant and direction to the officers of the said countyes, for

due allowing and discharging, the said Receiveor for the tyme being, for, or in respect of the said Annuity, or pension, to be from tyme to tyme paid and payable as aforesaid. And for doeing thereof, or any other matter or thing relateing thereunto, these presents, or the Inrolment thereof, shall be to them and every of them, sufficient warrant and discharge, in that behalfe. Any statute, act, ordinance, proclamation or restraint to the contrary, in any Wise notwithstanding Although expresse mention of the true intent, value or certainety, of the premisses or any of them, or any other guift or grant by us or by any of our progenitors or predecessors, heretofore made to the said Thomas Whitgrave, in these presents is not made, or any Statute, Act, ordinance, provision, proclamation, or restriction heretofore has made, enacted, ordayned, or provided or any other matter, cause or thing, as heretofore to the contrary hereof, in any wise notwithstanding.

In Witness whereof, Wee have caused these our Letters to be made patent. Witness ourselfe at Westminster, the thirtieth day of July, in the eighteenth yeare of our Raigne.

By the King.

VYNER.

Inrotulatur in thesaur receipt
Serenissimi Domini Regis Caroli
Secundi, XVI die Julii, anno
regni sui vicessime quinto

RO: HOWARD

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

WM. WARDOUR. 1666

Grant of Pension to the Son of Thomas Whitgreave of Moseley, 1677

Charles the Second, By the Grace of God, King of England, Scotland, Ffrance and Ireland, Defender of the ffaith &c. To the High Treasurer of England, Commissioners of our Treasury, Chancellor, Undertreasurer, Chamberlaynes and Barons of our Exchequer, and to all other Officers and Minis-

ters of our Court of Exchecquer and of our receipt there, now and for the tyme beeng, and to all others whom it shall or may concerne, greeting

Whereas Wee, reflecting upon the great loyalty and fidelity of Thomas Whitegrave, Esquire, and particularly in the tyme of our great danger after our Escape from Worcester, when hee used all his endeavours to secure us from the search and violent pursuit of our Enemys; and that we might by some particular markes of our bounty to him, expresse our value of his good service, and affection, and begett in posterity a like confidence, in the future. Did by our letters Patent bearing date the Thirtieth day of July in the Eighteenth yeare of our Reigne, graunt unto him a Penson of two hundred pounds per Annum for the terme of his life to bee paid out of such Revenue, and in such manner and forme, as in the said letters patent, is at large expressed. And Wee, being willing further to Reward the good service and faithfullnesse of the said Thomas Whitegrave before mentioned, by making a suitable provision for his sonn Thomas Whitgrave, to take effect after his ffather's deccase.

Know yee therefore that Wee, for the considerations aforesaid and of our especiall grace, certain knowledge, and meere motion, have given and Graunted. And by these presents for us, our heires and successors—Doe give and graunt unto Constance Whitgrave, wife of the said Thomas Whitgrave the ffather, William Parker of Parkehall in the County of Stafford, Gentleman, and Sampson Barnfeild of Great Bloxwich; in the said County of Stafford Gentlemen, Persons nominated by the said Thomas Whitgrave the ffather, and to the said Thomas Whitgrave the sonne, one Annuity or yearely Penson of Two hundred pounds, of lawfull money of England, To have, hold, and yearely to Receive and enjoy the said Annuity or Pension of two hundred pounds by the yeare, to them, the said Constance Whitgrave; William Parker, and Sampson Barnefeild their Executors, Administrators and Assignes out of the Revenue, herein after mentioned, to, and for the sole use and benefitt of the said Thomas Whitgrave the Sonn, untill hee, the said Thomas Whitgrave the Sonn, shall attaine the age of one and twenty yeares And to have, hold, and yearely to Receive and enjoy, the said Annuity or yearly Pension, of two hundred pounds, unto the said Thomas Whitgrave the sonn,

when, and soe soon as hee, the said Thomas Whitgrave the Sonn shall accomplish his full age of one and twenty yeares; for, and during his natural life, out of our Revenue, arising by the Annuatt Tenths of the Clergy, within the Diocesses of Yorke, Winchester, Sarum, Exon, Peterburgh, and Lincolne, by the hands of the Collectors or Receivers of the said Revenue, for the tyme being, at the ffeasts of the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and St. Michaell the Archangell, by equall portions; the ffirst payment thereof to be made at such of the said ffeasts as shall first happen, next after the decease of the said Thomas Whitgrave the ffather.

Wherefore We doe hereby, for us, our heires and successors authorize, Require, and Comand our said High Treasurer of England, now and for the tyme being, and the Commissioners of our Treasury, Chancellor, Undertreasurer, Chamberlaynes, and Barons of our Exchequer, aforesaid, for the time being, to give Warrant and Directions for the Striking and Levying Tallys of Assignement or other Tallys, from tyme to tyme upon the Collectors and Receivers, of our said Revenue, for the tyme being, for the due payment of the said Annuity or yearely Pension, of two hundred pounds, from the tyme, and in the manner aforesaid.

And our Will and pleasure is, that the Receipts or Acquittances of the said Constance Whitgrave, William Parker, and Samson Barnfield, their Executors, Administrators, or Assignes, or any of them, during the mynority of the said Thomas Whitgrave the Sonn, as alsoe of him the said Thomas Whitgrave the Sonn, when hee shall attaine his full age, as aforesaid, together with the said Tallys; shall be sufficient and effectuall Discharges for soe much of the said Annuity or yearly Pension, as they or any of them shall receive as aforesaid.

And further, Wee doe hereby, Will, Require, and Command our said High Treasurer of England, and the Commissioners of our Treasury, Chancellor, Undertreasurer, Chamberlaines and Barons of our Exchequer, and all Officers and Ministers of our Receipt there, now, and for the tyme being, to whome it shall or may apperteine upon the producing of the said Tallys and Acquittances, to give Allowances and Discharges from tyme to tyme, unto such Person or Persons, to whome the payment of the said money, or any part or parts thereof shall appertaine, and to every of them upon their Accompts, of and for such Sume and Sumes of money as they, or any of them

shall, from tyme to tyme, pay by virtue, or in pursuance of these presents, for the doing and performing whereof, and of every Act and thing conduceing to the more effectual Execution of our Will and pleasure, herein before declared, these our Letters Patents, or the Inrollment thereof, shall be, unto all persons concerned, respectively, a sufficient Warrant and Discharge

Any Order, Direction, Command, or Restriction or other matter or thing whatsoever, to the contrary, thereof, in any wise notwithstanding.

In Witness whereof, We have caused these our Letters to be made Patents.

Witness our Selfe att Westminster,the ffifteenth day of June, in the Nine and Twentieth yeare of our Reigne

By Writt of Privy Seal

PIGOTT

Wolfe Grant of Arms.

(*From the Papers of the late Richard Wolfe, Esq.*)

COPY OF ROYAL WARRANT FOR AUGMENTATION OF ARMS AND CREST GRANTED BY PATENT, 4 JULY 1661.

Whereas o^r^ trusty and well beloved subject, Francis Wolfe, of Madeley, in the County of Salop, gent, after the unfortunate Battaile of Worcester, in the yeare 1651, when we were enforced for the safety of o^r^ p.son, being p.sued by barbarous and blody rebells, to rely upon the faith and entegrety of o^r^ loyall subjects, did not onely give us enterteynm^t^ in his owne house and contributed by his advice or otherwise to o^r^ further p-servac̃on to the end Therefore yt the memory of soe greate an examplar an act of service a loyalty may in noe tyme bee forgotten, wee are graciously pleased and do hereby require and command you to grante and assigne unto him the augmentacon out of Royall Armes hereinafter expressed vigt^t^. In an inecodrion Gules a lyon pasant, guardant or, and for his crest, a demy Wolfe sable holding a crowne imperial or, to be borne by him and his posterety for ever, and for yor soe doeing this shall bee yor sufficient warr^t^ and discharge.

Appendix

Given under our signe manuell att o[r] court of Whitehall the 2nd of July, in the thirteenth year of our reigne.

To o[r] trusty and well beloved servaunt, S[r] Edward Walker, Kn[t], Garter Principall, King of Armes.

List of persons who were instrumental in preserving the life of King Charles II., prior to his arrival at Bentley Hall, the seat of the Lanes.

The following names were collected by Sir Roger L'Estrange, and published in the *Royal Observator*, 1681–5:

Francis Lord Talbot.[1]
Colonel William Carlos.[2]
Mr. Charles Giffard.
William Pendrel, senior.
George Pendrel.
Richard Pendrel.
Humphrey Pendrel.
John Pendrel, all the sons of William Pendrel.
Jane Pendrel, mother to the above-named Pendrel.
Elizabeth Pendrel.
Frances Pendrel.
Anne Pendrel, all daughters of William and Jane.
Three wives of the young Pendrels.
Edward Martin.[3]

[1] Lord Talbot (afterwards Lord Shrewsbury) formed one of the small party who conducted Charles from Worcester to Whiteladies. He it was who recommended Richard Walker (in his troop), and afterwards Charles Giffard to act as guide.

[2] In 1651, Major in Lord Talbot's troop.

[3] Edward Martin sent a petition to the king after the Restoration, reminding him of the services he rendered in effecting his disguise by giving him his "noggen" shirt; he also mentioned that he "met his majesty in the wood of whom and his condition his majesty inquired of Richard Penderel, who told his majesty that he was a tenant of Whiteladies, and that his majesty need not fear him, whereupon his majesty desired him to be private, and promised that if it should please Almighty God to settle him in his own again he would assuredly raise his fortune." (See Calendar State Papers, Dom., 1660.)

Appendix

The wife of Edward Martin.
Three sons of Edward Martin.
Mr. Chambers, priest of Whiteladies.
Mr. Manwaring, priest of Wolverhampton.
Mrs. Thomas Whitgrave.
The mother of Mrs. Whitgrave.
Mr. Sampson Erdswyck.
The wife of Mr. Erdswyck.
Mr. Thomas Giffard.
The wife of Mr. Thomas Giffard.
The daughter of Mr. Thomas Giffard.
Mr. Edward Giffard.
The wife of Mr. Edward Giffard.
Captain Thomas Giffard.
Mr. George Giffard.
Mr. Humphrey, ironmonger.
Mrs. Jane Harwell.
Mrs. Andrews.
Mrs. Creswell.
Elizabeth Spicer.
Francis Yate.
The wife of Francis Yate.
Francis Yate, servant to Mr. Charles Giffard.
Charles Giffard.
Mr. Thomas Wolf, senior.
The wife of Mr. Wolf.
Mr. Francis Wolf, junior.
The wife of Mr. Wolf, junior.
The sister of Mr. Wolf.
Mr. Wolf's servant.
John Low.
The wife of John Low.
Mr. Richard Vavasor.
Robert Bird, of Tong.
Mr. John Huddleston, priest in Mr. Whitgrave's family, a principal contriver of the king's escape.

Appendix

Protection from King George I. to the Descendants of those Families who were instrumental in Charles II.'s Escape.

Whereas it has been represented to his majestye in councell by the petition of:

Richard Pendrill
John Pendrill
George Pendrill
Thomas Pendrill
William Pendrill
Lawrence Pendrill
Richard Pendrill
Mary Pendrill
George Gifford
Thomas Gifford
Peter Gifford
Thomas Whitgreave
Francis Yates
Thomas How, jun.
Ann Rogers
John Rogers
John Kempson
Charles Birch
Charles Careless
Edmund Reynolds
John Jones
Richard Loyd
Joseph Loyd
Thomas Loyd
Edmond Loyd
William Loyd
George Thornbury
James Creagh
John Barbour
James Gardiner
William Colcot
Christopher Mollineux
and
William Fielding

that their ancestors were eminently instrumental in the preservation of the person of his late majestie King Charles the Second, after the late battle of Worcester, and it appearing to his majestye that on the 7th day of December, 1678, an order was made by the House of Lords for leave to bring in a Bill to exempt:

Charles Gifford
Francis Gifford and his wife
William Pendrill
John Pendrill
Richard Pendrill
Humphry Pendrill
George Pendrill
Thomas Whitgreave of Moseley
Colonel William Careless
Francis Reynolds of Charlton in the County of Bedford

from whom the petitioners alledge they are descended in consideration of the said service from being liable or subject to the penalties of any laws relating to Popish recusants. But the parliament before any such bill passed was disolved so that by an order of councill dated the 27th day of January, 1678–9, his said late majestye King Charles the Second in remembrance of the fidelity and service of his said subjects was pleased to order and require that untill there should be further proceedings in the House of Lords in favour of the said partyes according to what had been intended, none of the said persons should be subject to the penalties for not taking the oaths or any other forfeitures, as they were Popish recusants; and that her late majestye Queen Anne by a like order in councill, dated the 25th day of July, 1708, on the petition of the descendants of the persons named in the said order of the House of Lords, was pleased to direct and require that untill her majesty's pleasure should be further declared concerning the petitioners, all proceedings against them, as they were Popish recusants, should be stayed.

And the petitioners who alledge they have always behaved themselves peaceable and quietly under the established government, and humbly preying that his majestye in consideration of the premises would be graciously pleased to vouchsafe them continuance of such favour and protection as they have heretofore enjoyed by a like order or by such other effectual means as his majestye in his great wisdom should think fitt.

And his majesty's attorney and solicitor-generall having repeated that the pedigree annexed to the present petition is veryfied by the affidavit of Richard Pendrill: His majestye was pleased in councill to declare that he should always have a due regard to the merit of the said service performed to his late majestye King Charles the Second, by the ancestors of the petitioners, for the benefit of their male descendants, so long as they shall demean themselves peaceably, and as faithful and obedient subjects to his said majestye; and was pleased further to declare that any one of them should be prosecuted on account of their being Papists, they should be at liberty to apply to his majestye for his further directions thereon. Whereof all persons whomsoever it may concern are to take notice of this mark of his majestye's royal favour in regard to the fidelity and services of the said familys to the crown.

Dated in Councill Chamber at St. James', the 6th day of April, 1716.

Appendix

Persons instrumentall in the late King's Escape after the Fight at Worcester (State Papers, Dom., 1685).

From the first Draft of the Civil List at James II.'s Accession.

	Per annum.
Lady Fisher	1000
Sir Thomas Wyndham	600
Thos. Lane	500
Rachell and Frances Wyndham	400
Wm. Ellesden, his wife, sons, and daughters	300
Chas. Gifford	300
Mrs. Hext	200
Frances Mansell	200
Fras. Reynolds	200
Mrs. Gunter	200
John Rogers and his wife	200
Mrs. Yates	100
Robert Swan	80
Mrs. Anne Bird	30

A Particular of the Arrears due to the Persons hereunder mentioned, who have been always accounted instrumental in the late King's escape, though their Patents do not all of them express that particular service.

Arrears due to Lady Day 1685, to;

£		Years	£	s.
1000	Jane Lane, now Lady Fisher, by Letters Patent during life	$\frac{3}{4}$	750	0
500	Thomas Lane, Esq., the like	$5\frac{1}{2}$	2750	0
300	Charles Gifford, Esq., the like	2	600	0

Appendix

Arrears due to Lady Day 1685, to—*continued.*

£		Years	£	s.
200	Francis Mansell, Esq., the like . .	1¾	350	0
200	Thomas Whitgrave, the like . . .	2¾	550	0
200	Katherine Gunter, for twenty-one years from Lady Day 1668 . . .	2½	500	0
50	Joan Hurford, during life . . .	1½	75	0
50	Ellinor Sampson, deceased and paid in full		—	
200	Francis Reynolds, the like . . .	3¼	650	0
100	John Rogers and Anne his wife, and their heirs male	¼	25	0
30	Anne Bird, during life	¼	7	10
600	Sir Thomas Wyndham and his heirs for ever	3	1800	0
100	William Ellesden during pleasure for his two sons, Anthony and Charles, or until such time as His Majesty should make some other provision for them	6¾	675	0
80	Robert Swan, by Privy Seal, which determined by his late Majesty's death, and is paid to Christmas 1684			
3610			8732	10

Memorandum.—That the late Lords Commissioners of His Majesty's treasury, by their warrant dated July 22, 1684, signified his late Majesty's pleasure to pay the annuity of £1000 per annum to Mrs. Jane Lane from Lady-Day 1683, whose husband, Sir Clement Fisher, was buried April 15, 1683, at which time there was an arrear upon the said pension of £6500 for six years and a-half ended at Lady-Day 1683.

It is also alleged that the Lady Anne Wyndham's pension of £400 per annum, lately surrendered in consideration of the like pension granted by his late Majesty to her two daughters Rachel and Frances during their lives, was granted in consideration of her being instrumental in the king's escape. The said Rachel and Frances Wyndham are in arrear £300 for three quarters.

Appendix

And . . . . Juliana Hext has a pension of £30 per annum, payable at the Custom House, granted to her for the consideration aforesaid.

April 10, 1685.

"*Correspondence and Diaries of the Earls of Clarendon and Rochester*," (*Henry and Lawrence Hyde*), *vol. i. app.* 9, *p.* 656.

Isaac Fuller's Paintings of Charles II.'s Escape.

At Hyde Hall, Sawbridgeworth, are preserved five large oil paintings representing various events in the king's wanderings. Isaac Fuller the artist was commissioned for a large sum of money to execute these pictures soon after the Restoration, but when they were completed, not being particularly admired as works of art, they were presented to Ireland, and were hung in an apartment in the Parliament House, Dublin. During some restorations to this building in the last century, Fuller's views were taken down, and, instead of being replaced, were put away as lumber and practically forgotten until Lord Clanbrassil obtained possession of them and had them removed to his seat, Tullymore Park, County Down. They were removed some years ago to Hyde Hall by Lord Clanbrassil's successor, the Earl of Roden, who inherited the property.

The colouring of these historical compositions, like most of Fuller's work, is crude, and the drawing is not remarkable for "line" or grace, failings somewhat emphasised by the huge dimensions of the paintings.[1]

No. 1 represents the king being assisted in his change of raiment by William Penderel. 2. Colonel Carlos presenting himself to Charles at Boscobel. 3. The king asleep in the lap of Carlos among the branches of the Royal Oak. 4. The king astride Humphry Penderel's "dull jade," which is being led by

[1] Horace Walpole tells us that Fuller was "much employed to paint the great taverns in London, particularly the 'Mitre' in Fenchurch Street, where he adorned all the sides of a great room in panels as was then the fashion. The figures were as large as life."—"Anecdotes of Painting."

one of the loyal brothers. 5. Charles and Jane Lane riding pillion to Abbots Leigh. The portrait of Charles II. is undoubtedly good, though in Nos. 1 and 4 he has a particular Italian appearance which, together with his slouch hat, somewhat irrelevantly calls to mind the asphalt and ice-cream fraternity who frequent our public thoroughfares.

Colonel Carlos, both in Nos. 2 and 3, is shown as a young man inclined to be stout, with a clean-shaved face and a good stock of curly fair hair. Jane Lane's face in No. 5 is pleasing and well-painted, and the lady as well as Carlos may have given Fuller "a sitting." William Penderel also was possibly drawn from life, as his features are not unlike his medallion portrait as an old man.

The less said about the artist as an equestrian painter the better, judging from these examples of his brush.

Appendix

Erroneous Traditions of Charles II.'s Escape.

Besides Ovingdean Grange, Sparrowe's House, Ipswich, and other buildings mentioned in the foregoing pages as being erroneously pointed out as hiding-places of the fugitive king, below will be found a list of houses which have been described in sundry histories, guide-books, &c., as such, or which claim by tradition to be connected with the story of the king's escape.

Pickersleigh Court, an old timber house near Malvern. Locally described as one of Charles II.'s hiding-places.

Cubberley Parsonage, four miles from Cheltenham.[1]

Dunster Castle, Somerset. The so-called hiding-place of Charles II. still shown.[2]

Gatacre Park, Worcestershire. The Earl of Derby went here from Boscobel, August 31, 1651, on his way to Worcester.

Talbot Inn, Ripley, Surrey. In 1662 a petition was made to Charles II. by Mary Gibson to the effect that her father, Thomas Gibson, concealed the king at "The Talbot"—"the house . . . . then being full of soldiers . . . . and the next morning . . . . did guide him . . . . by wayes cross the country"—for which he was imprisoned at Kingston-on-Thames, a quarter of a year.[3]

Denham Court, Bucks. (Some panel paintings are preserved here of Lady Bowyer concealing the king in the house.)

Little Woolford Manor House, Warwickshire. Tradition of Charles being concealed here in an oven.[4]

Bowick Hall, Lancashire.[5]

New Hall, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire.

Adlington Hall, Cheshire.

[1] See Gloucestershire *Notes and Queries*, May 1880.
[2] See *Notes and Queries*, October 27, 1883.
[3] See Calendar of State Papers, Dom., 1662.
[4] In the "Royal Oak," by Danvers. An equally extraordinary story is related of Lord Wilmot being hidden by Jane Lane under a lighted kiln.
[5] Charles visited the house the year before the battle of Worcester. See Baine's "History of Lancashire," vol. iv. p. 583.

Appendix

Porch House, Sidford, Devonshire.[1]

Bovey House, Beer, Devon.

Ford House, Newton-Abbot. The so-called hiding-place of Charles II. still shown.

Coaxden Manor House, Devon. The story here is that Charles concealed himself under the hoops of Mrs. Cogan's dress, the soldiers in search of him being in the room at the time![2]

The Bury, Rickmansworth, Herts.[3]

Road Church, four miles from Frome. Tradition of Charles ascending the tower to reconnoitre the enemy.[4]

Llancarach Vawr, Glamorganshire. Tradition of Charles concealed by Colonel Pritchard, a Parliamentary officer.[5]

Lownes Farm, Redditch, Worcestershire. Tradition of Charles being recognised by a farm labourer while being concealed in the house by the Spencer family.[6]

Talbot inn, Knightwick, Worcestershire. Tradition of Charles halting here and turning shoeblack to avoid suspicion of the enemy.[7]

Shire Newton, Monmouthshire. Tradition of Charles being pursued by a party of Cromwellian soldiers who were all drowned in crossing the Severn. Cromwell said to have abolished the ferry in consequence![8]

[1] Murray's "Guide to Devonshire."

[2] See a pamphlet entitled "Charles II. and the Cogans of Coaxden Manor, a missing chapter in the 'Boscobel Tracts,'" by a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; see also Wilson's "Life of Daniel Defoe," Pulman's "Book of the Axe," and Dorset and Somerset *Notes and Queries*, 1893, &c.

[3] See Cousan's "History of Herts."

[4] Kelly's "Topography of Somersetshire."

[5] *Notes and Queries*, 1st series, vol. iii. p. 264.

[6] See Gloucestershire *Notes and Queries*.

[7] See Noake's "Rambler in Worcestershire," vol. iii. p. 353, also *Notes and Queries*, 4th series, vol. i. pp. 517, 594.

[8] See Fosbrook's "Gloucestershire," vol. i. p. 57.

INDEX

INDEX

ABBOTS LEIGH, 95, 96, 97, 98, 101, 102, 103, 247, 248, 249, 250, 252
Abingdon, Capt., 95
Abotts, Ann, 190
Adderbury, 192, 195
Adur, River, 181
Albrighton, 59
Albrighton, Beamish Hall, 59
Alcester, 86
Alford, Capt., 126, 136, 138, 139, 272, 275
Alvanley, Lord, 110
Amesbury Valley, 160
Andrew, Anne, 23
Angmering, 177
Anne, Queen, 52, 165
Anson, Lord, 82
Arden, John, 109, 110
Arden, Ralph, 109
Arun, River, 177
Arundel, 176, 177, 297
Arundel, Henry, 26
Ashburnham, Will, 240
Ashenhurst, Col., 241
Ashton Court, 110
Avon, River, 87, 95, 96, 97, 160, 162, 248, 250
Axminister, 125
Aylesford, Earl of, 107

BABCARY, 121
Backshall, Mr., 178, 208
Bagnal, William, 10
Baillie-Hamilton, Mrs. M. C., 159
Bainton, Henry, 195
Barbon or Barbourn Bridge, 12, 239
Barford, 160
Barlowe, Mr. (Lord Wilmot), 284, 298
Barnhall, 12
Barratt, Misses, 61
Barrow, 102
Bath Abbey, 175
Baxter, Richard, 14
Beaminster, 140
Beard, Robert, 203
Bearley, 86
Bearley Grove, 87
Beckington, 61
Bedminster, 102
Beeding, 176, 178, 180, 298
Beeding, "New House," 178
Bentley Hall, 63, 68, 80, 81, 82, 85, 86, 92, 102, 104, 106, 109, 110, 225, 226, 227, 231, 232, 235, 245, 247, 249
Berkeley, Judge, 5
Berkeley, Lord, 254
Bernardi, Major, 89
Berwick, 123
Bewdley Bridge, 14
Bilstrop, 24
Bird, Benjamin, 127
Birt, River, 140
Blackladies, 58
Blackman, Henry, 174
Blackman, John, 174
Blackman, T. H., 174
Blackman, Wynn, 174
Blackne, Thomas, 139

Index

Blakeshall, 12
Bloxam, Rev. T. B., 179
Bloxwich, 59, 110
Boscobel, 22, 23, 25, 26, 36, 41, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 52, 53, 58, 63, 68, 76, 210, 211, 216, 217, 222, 226, 227, 239, 240, 243, 245
Boscobel Garden, 47, 213
Boscobel Wood, 36, 226
"Bosco bello," 32
Bourne, River, 160
Bowles, Rev. William, 165
Boxwell Court, 95
Bragg, Rev. Mr., 135
Bramber, 176, 177, 297
Brathwayte, Mrs., 79, 228
Brewood, 36, 38, 45, 56, 58, 239
Brewood Forest, 16
Bridger, John, 187
Bridger, Sir John, 186
Bridgnorth, 61
Bridport, 130, 136, 137, 139, 140, 256, 257, 274, 276, 277
Bridport, "The George," 136, 138, 274
Bridport, "Red Lion Inn," 274
Brighton (Brighthelmstone), 166, 168, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 263, 264, 265, 290, 291, 298
Brighton, "George Inn," 180, 182, 298, 299
Brighton, "The King's Head," 182, 183
Brinsford, 63, 64, 204, 223, 224
Bristol, 85, 95, 102, 225, 247, 249, 250, 251, 303
Bristol, Lawford's Gate, 95
Bristol, Redcliffe Gate, 96
Broadhalfpenny Down, 169, 294
Broadwaters, 12
Broadway, Capt., 213, 244
Broad Windsor, 140, 143, 192, 258, 275, 276
Broad Windsor, "The George," 142, 143, 275
Broke, Lord, 195
Brom or Broom Hall, 36, 57
Bromley, Frances, 117
Bromley, Henry, 117
Bromsgrove, 86, 248
Brooke, Sir Basil, 32
Brooksby, 24
Broseley, 61
Brown, Anthony, 167, 292
Browne, Sir Richard, 189
Buckingham, Duke of, 12, 24, 190, 202, 221, 239
Bunbury, 24
Burchant, 169
Burgess, Elizabeth, 211
Burton Manor, 77, 78
Bushbury Church, 64
Butler, Col., 259

CADOGAN, Earl of, 117
Cannock, 80
Carlos (Careless), Col., 36, 37, 46, 54, 56, 57, 63, 79, 201, 211, 212, 214, 216, 226, 243, 245
Carlos, Edward John, 57
Carlos, John G., 57
Carlos, Rev. Edward Stafford, 57
Carlos, Thomas, 57
Carr, Rev. Canon, 41
Carrow, Commander, 88
Carver, Richard, 185
Castle Cary, 102, 103, 252, 253
Castle Cary, "Park Pond," 103
Catherine of Braganza, 52, 59
Chapel, Warwickshire, 121
Charlecote, 105
Charleton Horethorne, 156
Charmouth, 122, 123, 124, 125, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 180, 254, 255, 258, 273, 274, 276, 277
Charmouth, "The Anchor," 135
Charmouth, "The Queene's Armes," 131, 132
Charnes Hall, 106
Cheese, Mrs. 106
Cheeseburn Grange, 79
Chelsea Botanic Gardens, 52
Chew Stoke, 102

Index

Chichester, 166, 174, 187, 281, 282, 288, 289, 290, 291, 303
Chideock, 136
Chillington, 22, 58, 64
Chillington Park, 64
Chilmark, 160
Chipping Camden, 92
Chipping Sodbury, 95
Cirencester, 93, 95, 249
Cirencester, "Crown Inn," 93, 94, 249
Cirencester, "The Sun," 94
Clapton Court, 123
Clarendon, Lord, 26, 129, 142, 150, 158, 160, 165, 181, 195, 202
Clarendon Park, 167, 168
Cleveland, Earl of, 24
Clifford of Chudleigh, Lord, 79
Climpson, John, 207
Cock, Thomas, 12
Codsall, 59, 64
Colliton, Mr., 116
Compton, Carleton, 214
Compton Park, 160
Compton Pauncefoot, 156
Congreve, Mr., 58
Coningsby, Juliana, 121, 123, 129, 130, 136, 156, 161, 255, 256, 273, 277
Coningsby, Richard, 121
Conway, "Castle Hotel," 62
Coombe Place, 187
Cope, Mrs., 59
Corbett, Major, 6
Cotton, Mrs., 221
Cotton, John, 22, 222
Cotton, Thomas, 22
Coven, 207
Coventry, Mrs., 142
Coventry, Hon. John, 147, 148, 154, 260
Creswel, William, 204
Crew, John, 109
Crewkerne, 123, 143
Croker, Crofton, 118
Cromwell, 4, 6, 11, 24, 165, 190, 191, 248
Cuming, H. S., 53
Cyprien, Father, 87

DALE, Rev. Joseph, 20, 21, 50
"Dancing Marston," 88
Danby, Earl of, 190
Darnbrough, Rev. J. W., 110
Darnbrough, S., 109
Dartmouth, Earl of, 170
Day, John, 287
Dearnsdale, 78
De Bunsen, Rev. H. G., 50
Derby, Lord, 12, 13, 23, 24, 201, 202, 203, 204, 221, 239 240
Desborough, Maj.-Gen., 160, 175
Devizes, 176
Digbeth, "Woolpack Inn," 82
Dilke, Mrs., 110
Dilke, Sir Charles, 107
Dinton, 160
Dirham House, 95, 102
Ditchley, 192
Done, Mary, 109
Done, Sir John, 109
Donington, 49, 50
Dorchester, 138, 260, 276
Dropmore, nr. Maidenhead, 52
Dugdale, Sir William, 64
Durant, R., 5
Dutton, Henry, 61

EARLE, Dr. John, 188
Easton, 102
Ellesdon, Anthony, 128, 140
Ellesdon, Charles, 140
Ellesdon, Capt. William, 122, 123, 124, 126, 128, 129, 130, 139, 140, 141, 158, 254, 255, 256, 272, 273, 276, 277
Elmley-Lovett, nr. Droitwich, 10
Elsdon's Farm, 125
Ems, River, 170
Emsworth, 287
Enmore, 195
Evelith Mill, 29, 36, 209

Index

Evans, Miss, 51
Evans, Sir Thomas, 41
Evans, Walter, 37
Evelyn, John, 104
Ewell (Elwell), Robert, 126, 127

FANSHAWE, Lady Anne, 189
Fanshawe, Sir Richard, 189
Faringdon Hall, Preston, 79
Fawsley, 109
Featherstone, 64
Fécamp, 185, 266, 303
Fethard, Baron, 195
Fisher, Lady, 105
Fisher, Mary, 107
Fisher, Sir Clement, 92, 107
Fitzherbert, Basil, 22, 49, 202, 222
Fitzherbert, B. T., 22
Fleetwood, General, 5
Fleurie, 189
Flushing, 191
Fonthill, 160
Fookes, Captain, 139
Fountaine, Sir Andrew, 107
Fownes, Mrs., 106
Fox, Margaret, 185
Fox, Sir Stephen, 181
Frampton, Dr., 165
Freer, John, 106
Freer, Richard Lane, 106
Frome, 61

GARRET, Mr., 223
Gatacre Park, 23
Gerard, Elizabeth, 141
Gerard, Etheldred, 144
Gerard, Thomas, 141, 144
Gidding Abbots, Hunts, 22
Giffard, Capt. Thomas, 77
Giffard, Charles, 13, 22, 24, 79, 201, 203, 210, 221, 239
Giffard, Frances, 22, 222
Giffard, Francis, 79
Giffard, George, 22
Giffard, Jane, 22
Giffard, John, 22, 32, 58, 222
Giffard, Peter, 22
Giffard, W. T. C., 22, 58
Gloucester, Duke of, 191
Gopsal Hall, 53
Gorge, Dr., 250
Gounter, Amphillis, 172
Gounter, Capt. Thomas, 168, 176, 283, 284, 288, 289, 291, 292, 293, 294, 297
Gounter, Catherine, 172
Gounter, Col. George, 149, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 172, 175, 177, 178, 180, 181, 182, 263, 264, 281, 282, 293, 297, 299
Gounter, George, 172
Gounter, Mary, 172
Gounter, Ursula, 173
Graves, Col., 9
Graves, Mary, 9, 13, 25
Great Packington, 107
Greville, Fulke, 195
Grove, Capt., 159
Gunter, Sir Peter, 172
Grove, John, 185
Gunter, Col. Robert, 172
Gunterstone, 172

HAINES, 257
Halsenoth, Joan, 118
Hambledon, 166, 169, 173, 174, 175, 264, 293, 294, 299
Hamilton, Duke of, 11
Hampton Court, Herefordshire, 121
Harbin, Mrs., 118
Harbin, William, 118
Harden Hall, 109, 110
Hardinge, W. M., 110
Hardwick, William, 13
Harptree, 102
Hart, H. P., 175
Hartlebury, 12, 202
Harvington, 75
Hatton, 58, 216
Hawkchurch, 127, 128
Headley Cross, 86
Heale House, 121, 149, 150, 156, 160, 161, 162, 163, 165, 166, 167, 172, 260, 281, 285

Index

Henchman, Dr., 148, 149, 150, 161, 162, 167, 263, 281
Henley in Arden, 86
Hennell, E. W., 195
Henrietta Maria, Queen, 189
Hertford, Marquis of, 102
Hewett, Hewitt or Huit, Mr., 147, 154
Hext, Amias, 121, 273
Hext, Mrs. F. M., 121
Hext, Rev. A., 121
Himley, 15
Hindon, 160
Hinton Daubnay, 166, 167, 168, 169, 281, 288
Hobbal Grange, 26, 29, 208, 209, 240, 241
Hobbal Lane, 26
Hodgson, Dr., 110
Hodnet, 58
Holland, Lord, 233
Hookes, Ellis, 185
Hopton, Lord, 192
Horne, 148
Horton, 179
Horton, "Gypsey Lane," 179
Horton, ostler at Bridport, 136
Horton Place, 85
Houghton, 177, 297
Howell, C. A., 110
Huddleston, John, 23, 59, 63, 64, 78, 79, 204, 223, 224, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 244, 245, 247
Huddleston, Joseph, 79
Huddleston, Richard, 233
Hungerhill, 207
Huntbach, John, 64
Huntbach, Margery, 64
Huntbach, Mr., 63, 64, 204, 207, 223, 224
Huntley, Capt. Mathew, 95
Husey, Herbert, 156
Hyde, Alexander, Bishop of Salisbury, 165
Hyde, Arthur, 166
Hyde, Dr. Robert, 165
Hyde, Edward, 144
Hyde, Lawrence, 149, 165, 16 167, 169, 195, 281, 283, 288, 290, 291, 292
Hyde, Mrs., 149, 150, 161, 162, 164, 165, 166, 172, 260
Hyde, Sir Edward, 9
Hyde, Sir Frederick, 161
Hyde, Sir Lawrence, 161, 165, 172
Hyde, Sir Nicholas, 166
Hyde, Sir Robert, 149, 165

Ilchester, Earl of, 122
Inge, Charles H., 58
Inkberrow, 86
Ipswich, 104
Ipswich, Butter Market, 104
Ipswich, "Sparrowe's House," 104
Irnham Hall, 75
Ironbridge, 29
Isham, Sir Charles, 10

Jermyn, Sir Thomas, 251
Jersey, 257, 258, 263
Johnson, Rev. J. P., 110
Jones, David, 211
Jones, Frances, 58
Jones, Mr., 162
Jones, Rice, 143

Keele Hall, 23
Kemberton, 29
Kennedy, A. J. Clark, 9
Kidderminster, 12, 14, 239
Kidderminster, Chester Lane, 12
Kidderminster, Green Hill, 12
Kilsall, 50
King's Bromley Hall, 106, 108
Kingstone, Devon, 121
Kinver Edge, 12
Kinver Edge, Round Hill, 12
Kinver Heath, 12
Kiplin Hall, 53, 109
Kirton, Dorothy, 103
Kirton, Edward, 102, 103
Kirton, William, 103

Index

Knightley, Mary, 109
Knightwick, 105

Lambert's Castle, 123
Lane, Col. Cecil, 108
Lane, Col. John, 63, 79, 82, 85, 92, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 225, 232, 245, 247
Lane, Dorothy, 105
Lane, Elizabeth, 105
Lane, Frances, 105
Lane, Grace, 105
Lane, Jane, 54, 85, 88, 92, 93, 101, 102, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 225, 231, 233, 235, 247, 250, 252, 253
Lane, John H. H. Vincent, 108
Lane, Lætitia, 53, 105
Lane, Mary, 108, 110
Lane, Rev. Canon E., 82
Lane, Sir Thomas, 82
Lane, Thomas, 106
Lane, "Withy," 85
"Langley Lawn," 64
Langston, 288
Lassels, Cornet Henry, 85, 86, 88, 92, 94, 95, 102, 104, 247, 248, 252, 253
Lassels, Margaret, 85
Lauderdale, Earl of, 24, 239
Lea Castle Park, 12
Lechmere. Sir Nicholas, 11
Lee Farm, 177
Lee, Sir F. H., 192
Legge, William, 170
Legge, W. F., 32
Leigh Church, 98
Leigh Down, 97
Leighton, Rev. W. A., 50
Leslie, Lieut.-Gen., 239
Lewes, 187
Lewis, Mrs. Hanson, 187
Leyburn, 79
Lichfield, Earl of, 82
Lilburn, Col., 203, 239.
Limbry, Stephen, 122, 123, 129, 139, 180, 272, 273, 277
Lisburne, Viscount, 195
"Little John" (Nicholas Owen), 41
London, "Green Dragon," 240
London, "Three Cranes," 240
"Long Birch," 64
Long Marston, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 247, 249
Long, Walter John, 101
Longford House near Newport, 24
"Lonie," Lord Wentworth's boy, 284
Louvre, The, 6, 189
Lower Woodford, 160
Low Ham, 121
Loyd, Anne, 58
Lucy, John, 105
Lucy, Mrs., (Maria Lane,) 105
Lumley, Lord, 297
Lyme Regis, 122, 123, 125, 126, 128, 130, 139, 254, 255, 256, 271, 272, 273, 274, 276

Madeley, 25, 26, 29, 33, 35, 36, 209, 210, 216, 222, 242
Madeley Court, 32
Madeley, "Upper House," 30, 32
Magdalene Farm, 177
Maiden Bradley, 116
Mallet, Elizabeth, 192
Mallet, John, 192
Manningford Bruce, 108
Manning, Frederick, 92
Manning the "Spy," 191
Mansel, Francis, 166, 167, 180, 187, 264, 289, 299
Manwaring, George, 212
Marlborough House, 52
Marlborough, Sarah, Duchess of, 52
Martin, Bartholomew, 23
Martin, Edward, 23, 204
Martley, 105
Massey, Capt., 259
Massey, Maj.-Gen., 11
Moes Hill Farm, 21

Index

Melbury, 122
Mere, 157, 158, 159
Mere, "The George," 157, 158
Merry, A. S., 106
Merton Hill, 16
Miles, Philip John, 97
Monkton Wyld, 125, 126, 127
Montacute House, 144, 176
Montague, Edward, 195
Montfort, Lord, 117
Montgomery, Gen., 4
Montpensier, Mdlle., 189
Morecamblake, 136
Moriceaux, 189
Morley, Capt., 177, 297
Morton, Sir F., 192
Moseley, "Allen's Rough," 83
Moseley, "Alport or King's Leasow," 67, 68, 227
Moseley, "Barn Croft," 80
Moseley, "Big Rough," 80
Moseley, "Cooke's Gorse," 80
Moseley Court, 78
Moseley Hall, 36, 63, 64, 65, 68, 75, 78, 79, 81, 204, 213, 215, 216, 217, 218, 221, 223, 224, 225, 227, 231, 232, 234, 235, 245
Moseley, "Long Walk," 67, 226, 227
Moseley, "Orchard Stile," 80
Moseley, "Pit Leasow," 67
Moseley, "Stable Croft," 67
Moseley, "The King's Pit," 68
Moseley, "The Moor," 64, 227
Mottisfont, 168

NARFORD Hall, 105, 107
Netherbury, 140
Newport, Salop, 24, 239
Newton Somerville, 117, 118
Newton Tony, 162
New Windsor, 85
Nicholas, Edward, 108
Nicholas, Richmond, 108
Nicholas, Secretary, 9, 191
Nicholas, Sir Oliver, 108
Nicoll, Sir G. G., 170
Norbury, 22
Northallerton, 110
North Cheriton, 156
Northcote, 223
Northleach, 93
Norton, Ellen, 101
Norton, Mr., 247, 250, 251, 252, 253
Norton, Sir George, 98, 101

OARE, Mr., 61
Old Swinford, "Crab Mill Inn," 15
"Old Winchester," 169, 293, 294
Ombersley, 12
Orange, Princess of, 104
Orleans, Duke of, 189
Ormond, Marquis of, 62
Ossory, Earl of, 190
Over-Compton, 123
Ovingdean Grange, 289
Owen, Nicholas, 41, 113

PACKINGTON Hall, 92, 95, 105, 107, 109
Parker, Mr., 188, 267
Parsons, Walter, 81
Paylin, Richard, 78
Paylin, Thomas, 78, 231, 245
Pendeford, 64
Pendeford Hall, 64
Pendeford Mill, 64, 217, 227
Penderel, Brodhurst James. 59
Penderel di Boscobello, Marquis, 59
Penderel, Edmund, 59
Penderel, Eleanor, 59
Penderel, George, 17, 23, 58, 79, 202, 203, 204, 207, 208
Penderel, Humphry, 19, 58, 59, 63, 79, 203, 207, 208, 209, 213, 214, 216, 217, 243, 245
Penderel, Jane, 29, 61, 209
Penderel, Joan ("Dame Joan"), 21, 55, 58, 209, 212, 243
Penderel, John, 23, 36, 58, 59, 63, 79, 204, 215, 216, 218, 223

Index

Penderel, John, 224, 225, 226, 227, 230, 231, 235, 240, 244, 245
Penderel, Mary, 58
Penderel, "Nan," 209
Penderel, Richard, 23, 25, 26, 29, 36, 58, 61, 79, 183, 203, 204, 207, 208, 209, 210, 212, 213, 216, 218, 222, 224, 225, 226, 240, 241, 242, 243
Penderel, William, 20, 23, 58, 59, 62, 79, 203, 204, 207, 209, 211, 212, 214, 215, 222, 240, 295
Pendrell, Charles Stuart, 59, 61
Pendrell, John Richard, 59
Penk, River, 64
Penruddocke, Charles, 108
Penruddocke, Col. John, 190
Penruddocke, Flora H., 101
Pepper Hall, 109, 110
Pepys, Samuel, 204
Peskett, A. G., 147
Peters, Agnes, 85
Peters, Henry, 123, 129, 130, 131, 136, 147, 154, 156, 161, 254, 255, 256, 260, 272, 274, 277
Peters, or Petre, John, 85, 86, 247, 248
Petersfield, 168
Phelips, Agneta, 175
Phelips, Col., Edward, 148, 175, 176
Phelips, Col. Robert, 144, 147, 148, 149, 156, 158, 161, 167, 168, 169, 175, 176, 190, 260, 263, 264, 292, 293, 294, 296, 299
Phelips, Sir Edward, 176
Phelips, Sir Robert, 176
Pickford, Mr., 164
Pilsdon, 138, 139, 140, 276
Pilsdon Pen, 123
Pinbury, 95
Poole, 267
Pope, John, 248, 250, 251, 252
Portisham, 141
Portslade, 177
Portsmouth, 264
Potter, George, 257, 275
Powick, Old Bridge, 4
Preston, Sir John, 79, 223, 231, 245
Preston, Sir Thomas, 79
Price, Col. Herbert, 191, 192

RACTON, 166, 170, 172, 176, 281
Racton Church, 171
Rathbone, W., 35
Raynes, Col., 9
Redbridge, 148
Redditch, 91
Redditch, "Crab's Cross," 91
Redlinch, 121
Reymes, Col. Bullen, 141, 192
Reynolds, Francis, 78, 79, 231, 245
Reynolds of Coalbrookdale, 35
Reynolds of "The Hide," 207
Rhodes, Rev. Gregory, 187
Riddell, E. F., 79
Ripon, "High Berrys," 109
Rishton, William, 289
Rochester, Henry, Earl of, 190, 191, 192
Rochester, John, Earl of, 192, 195
Roger, Abraham, 126
Rogers, Henry, 247, 252, 253
Rooke, Mr., 191
Roscarrock, Col., 23
Rose, Richard, 191
Rottingdean, 61
Rouen, 175, 187, 188, 189
Rownham Ferry, 95
Royal Escape, 186
Rudge, Dr., 127

ST. BARBE, Col., 148
St. Giles-in-the-Fields, 26, 183
St. James's Park, 62
St. John, Anne (Lady Rochester), 192
St. John, Sir John, 192
St. Leonard, Whiteladies, 18

Index

Salisbury, 121, 144, 147, 148, 149, 160, 161, 167, 168, 172, 175, 190, 260, 263, 281
Salisbury, St. Anne's Gate, 150
Salisbury, St. John's Street, 150
Salisbury, "The King's Arms," 147, 150, 153, 154, 166
Samburne (Sambourne), Jas., 188, 267
Sandford Orcas, 156
Sandwich, Earl of, 195
Scott, Mr., 188, 189
Seawall, 64
Selleck, Mr., 156
Severn End, 11
Severn, River, 4, 12, 25, 36, 201, 222, 225, 226, 242
Seymour, Francis, 116
Seymour, Jane, 116
Seymour, Sir Edward, 116
Shaw, Mr., 61
Sheldon, Gilbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, 107
Shepton Mallet, 102
Sherborne, 102, 127, 140, 271
Shergold, Mary, 174
Sherwood, Mr. 230
Shiffner, Rev. Sir G. C., 187
Shiffner, Sir George, 186
Shifnal, 29, 244
Shoreham, 166, 180, 181, 185, 265, 291
Shores, John, 207
Shrewsbury, Earl of, 202, 221
Simmonds, Joseph, 214, 264
"Simonds, Mr." (Wilmot), 190
Singer, J. W., 61
Slade, Rev. Canon, 106
Smith, landlord, "George," Brighton, 180, 298
Smith, Sir Hugh, 110
Snead, Richard, 23
Sneyd, Walter, 23
Snitterfield, 86, 87
Southall, the "priest-catcher," 71
Southampton, 148, 260
Southampton, "The Bear," 148
Southwick, 180, 181
Sparrow, C. H. Burnaby, 104
Spilsbury Church, 192
"Spring Coppice," 23, 25, 26
Stafford, 225
Stanstead, 176, 297
Staunton (or Stanton), William, 58, 214, 216
Staunton-Fitzwarren, 101
Stockbridge, 168
Stonehenge, 263
Stour, River, 12
Stourbridge, 14, 15, 239
Stourbridge, "White Horse" Inn, 14
Stow-on-the-Wold, 93
Strangways, Col. Giles, 122, 271, 288
Stratford-on-Avon, 85, 86, 87, 88, 248
Street, Peter, 221
Stukeley, Dr., 46, 50
Surprise, 185, 186
Swaffham, 105
Swan, Robert, 168, 195, 252, 284, 288, 294
Swinnerton, 21
Symond, Richard, 188
Symondsbury, 143
Symons, Mary, 174
Symons, Mrs., 169
Symons, Thomas, 173, 295, 297

TALBOT, Lord, 12, 24, 239
Tattersal, Capt., 54, 166, 167, 177, 180, 181, 184, 185, 186, 187, 264, 291; 301, 302
Tattersal, Nicholas, 186
Tattersal, Susan, 186
Taylor, Thomas, 276
Teffont, 160
Teme, River, 4
Thorn Farm, 86
Thurloe, Secretary, 190, 191
Tichborne, Amphillis, 162
Tichfield, 169
Titherly, 168
Tomes, Fisher, 88, 89

Index

Tomes, John, 88, 91
Tong, 29, 38, 45, 202, 203, 239
Tong, The Heath, 211
Tooker, H. S. W., 167
Tooker, Mr., 166
Tregunter, 172
Trenchard, Ellen, 101
Trenchard, Frances, 101
Trenchard, J. A., 97, 101
Trenchard, John, 128
Trent, 102, 103, 104, 109, 110, 116, 117, 118, 121, 122, 123, 124, 137, 141, 144, 147, 148, 156, 157, 161, 162, 251, 252, 253, 255, 260, 271, 275
Tuppon, Thomas, 185
Turton, Mr., 82
Twyford, 168

Upton-on-Severn, 11
Utkinton Hall, 109

Vaughan, John, 195
Vaughan, Lord, 195
Vaulx, Thomas, 10

Waddington, M., 59
Waddington, Thomas, 59
Wade, Margaret, 129, 132
Walker, Richard, 12
Walker, William, 23, 204, 225
Walsall, 81
Walton, Mr., 110
Warnford Downs, 168, 169, 293
Weeke, Mrs., 175
Wesley, Mr., 259, 274
West Bourne, 287
West Bromwich, 81
West Hatch, 144
West Waddon, 141
Wetherby Grange, 172
White, Dr., 187
Whitechurch Canonicorum, 125
Whiteladies, 6, 13, 16, 21, 22, 26, 36, 38, 59, 63, 79, 170, 202, 204, 207, 213, 215, 221, 222, 223, 224, 226, 230, 239, 241, 244
Whiteladies Farm, 20
Whiteladies, Foregate, Worcester, 6
White Lady, Aston, 6
Whiteley, Mr., 61
Whitgreave, Constance, 78, 232
Whitgreave, Francis, 68, 77, 80
Whitgreave, Mrs., 231
Whitgreave, Robert, 77
Whitgreave, Thomas, 63, 64, 67, 71, 77, 78, 79, 204, 207, 213, 215, 216, 217, 221, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 230, 231, 232, 234, 235, 244, 245, 247
Wiggin, Mr., 68, 77
Wight, Isle of, 266
Willenhall, 81
"Will Jackson," 17, 89, 92, 95, 190, 252, 299, 300
"Will Jones," 17, 208
Wilkinson, Ann, 85
Wilkinson, Capt. Anthony, 85
Wilmot, Lord, 12, 36, 54, 63, 64, 68, 81, 82, 92, 95, 102, 103, 123, 129, 130, 136, 137, 141, 142, 144, 147, 150, 154, 162, 166, 167, 168, 170, 178, 179, 180, 182, 184, 185, 187, 189, 190, 191, 192, 202, 204, 207, 215, 221, 222, 223, 224, 227, 230, 231, 232, 233, 239, 240, 244, 245, 247, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 260, 264, 266, 272, 274, 281, 283, 286, 287, 288, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 296, 297, 298, 299, 302
Wilmot, Ann, 195
Wilmot, Charles, 192, 195
Wilmot, Elizabeth, 195
Wilmot, Mallett, 195
Wilton, 160
Wincanton, 156, 157
Winchester, 168
Windimore, Mrs., 165
Winter, John, 95, 253
Winter, Sir George, 95
Winter, Sir John, 247
Withers, Eleanor, 118

Index

Wolfe, Ann, 83
Wolfe, Francis, 25, 29, 31, 32, 33, 35, 209, 210, 216, 222, 242
Wolfe, John, 33
Wolfe, Lawrence, 33
Wolfe, Mary, 32
Wolfe, Thomas, 33
Wolverhampton, 15, 29, 78, 80, 82, 212, 223, 224, 232
Wolverhampton, Lane Chapel, St. Peter's, 108
Wombourne, 16
Woof or Wolfe, Richard, 33, 35
Wood, Lady, 55
Wootton Wawen, 86
Worcester, 4, 6, 11, 12, 13, 14, 33, 51, 104, 130, 201, 202, 203, 208, 211, 221, 224, 231, 232, 239, 274
Worcester, Commandery, 11
Worcester, Corn Market, 5, 6
Worcester, Foregate Street, 10
Worcester, Fort Royal, 4
Worcester, Friar's Street, 9, 10
Worcester, Guildhall, 11
Worcester, New Street, 5
Worcester, Perry Wood, 3, 11
Worcester, "Pitchcroft," 4
Worcester, Redhill, 3
Worcester, St. Martin's Church, 12
Worcester, St. Martin's Gate, 9, 10, 12
Worcester, St. Peter's Church, 9
Worcester, Sidbury Gate, 9, 10, 243
Worcester, "Towne Ditche," 10
Wordsley Church, 14
Wrottesley, Sir John, 58
Wrottesley Woods, 16
Wylde Court, 12
Wyndham, Lady Anne, 110, 118, 121
Wyndham, Mrs. Anne, 139
Wyndham, Elizabeth, 118
Wyndham, Francis, 117
Wyndham, Col. Francis, 95, 102, 103, 118, 121, 122, 123, 129, 130, 136, 140, 144, 147, 154, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 257, 258, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 288
Wyndham, Sir Hugh, 138, 139, 260, 276, 277
Wyndham, Sir Wadham, 127
Wyndham, Thomas, 127

YARMOUTH, 104
Yates, Elizabeth, 13, 25, 58
Yates, F. W., 59
Yates, Francis, 13, 202, 203, 208, 209, 218, 241, 245
Yates, Margaret, 59
Yeovil, 140
Yonge, Rev. Vernon G., 106
York, Duke of, 189, 191

ZEALS, 141, 158, 192

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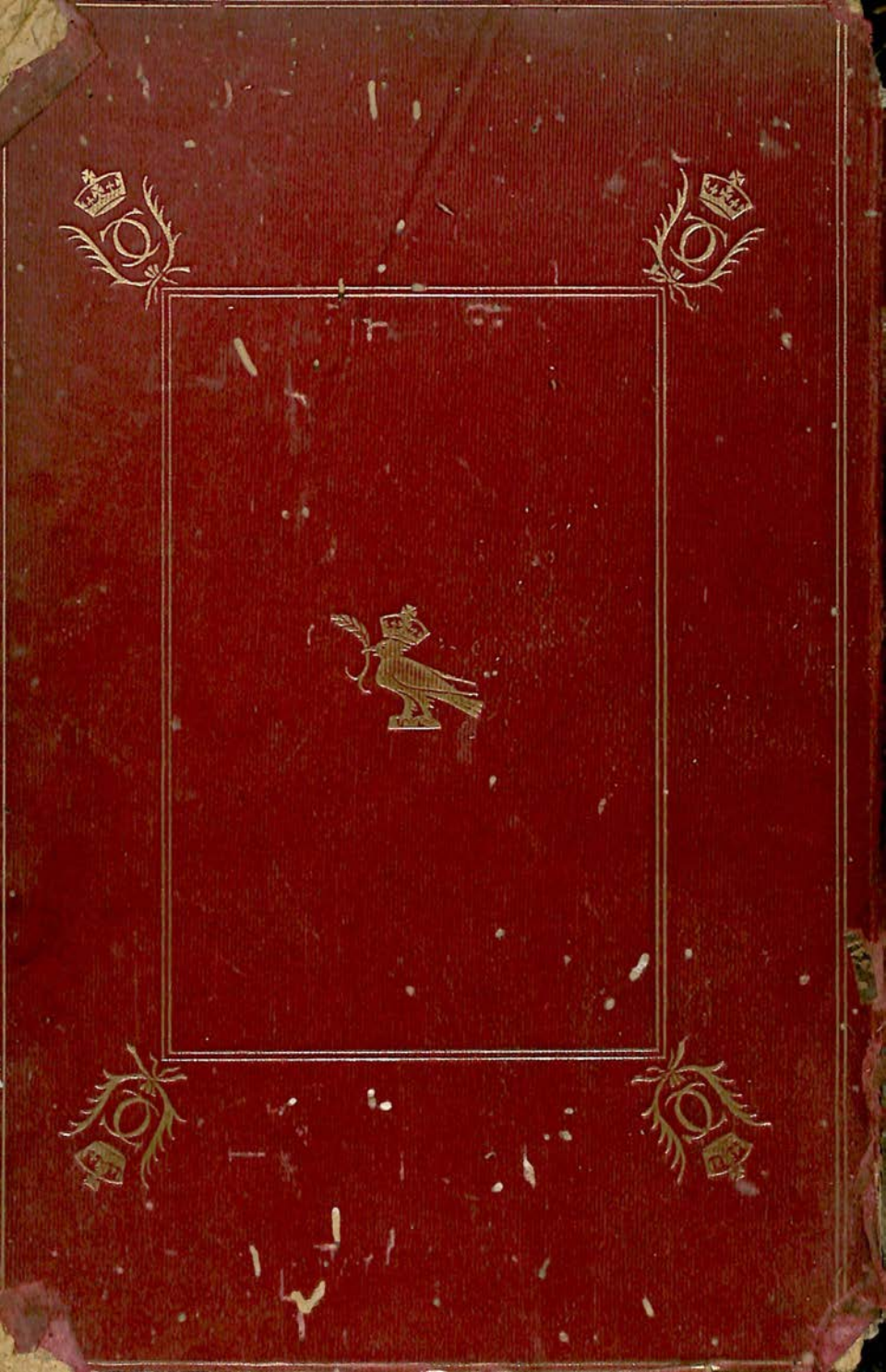
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